THE ART AMATEUR

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JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.

(See page 112.)

MEISSONIER.

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER is one of the most interesting figures of the modern artistic world. His reputation was already established in 1836, when he was only twenty-three years of age. He has won more medals of honor in the great international exhibitions of Europe than any of his fellow-artists. He has been petted by kings and emperors and universally admired. His works have commanded the highest prices ever paid for any modern painting. Millais has written that he "is more complete than any old master ever was," and Ruskin, who detests the Dutch school, has had only praises for the Frenchman who derived from it his peculiar style. Every one of his productions is a small masterpiece, and he has shown that "la grande peinture" is consistent with the most diminutive size—indeed, no one else has produced so many great paintings on so few yards of canvas.

THE ART AMATEUR has already had the opportunity of illustrating Meissonier's work. In connection with the fine portrait on our first page we shall therefore principally dwell upon his character as a man, which is by no means less interesting. Meissonier was born at Lyons in 1813. It is needless to state that from his earliest boyhood he gave evidence of his artistic talent. He was, however, far from offering tokens of that gravity which has characterized his after life.

At the age of nineteen, Meissonier entered the studio of Léon Cogniet, and after drawing and painting a while under the latter's tuition he proceeded to Rome. But the cholera was then raging there, and he moved to Geneva. The wonderful scenery of Switzerland filled his heart with a strong desire for travelling. Though his purse was slender he visited nearly the whole of Europe, always studying most earnestly the great masters of the old schools, and particularly Rembrandt and Correggio. His admiration for the latter borders almost on mania. On two occasions he has, later in life, undertaken a journey to Dresden for the sole purpose of seeing again this master's famous painting, "Night."

Meissonier's sojourn abroad lasted several years. Meanwhile he had sent to the Paris Salon (1836) his "Chess Players" and "The Little Messenger"—the former of which (not to be confused with his "Game of Chess," which he exhibited in 1841) is probably the most important painting executed in his early manner. These two efforts brought him at once into prominence. Such artists as Delacroix, Decamps, Diaz, Rousseau, and Marilhat treated him on terms of equality. His fortune, however, was yet to be made.

Whoever is not well acquainted with the development of the genius of this king of battle-painters will be surprised to learn that after achieving success as a *genre* painter, he next sought inspiration from the Bible, and that in 1840–41 he exhibited a "Saint Paul," an "Isaiah," and a "Saint John at Patmos." The former now belongs to Alexander Dumas and the latter to Sir Richard Wallace. We think, however, that the artist did well in abandoning religious art.

From 1841 to this day the life of Meissonier may be condensed in these two words—work and success. He lives in a princely villa at Poissy, which cost more than a million; he has, however, another and no less valuable house at Paris, where are gathered about two millions' worth of paintings by himself and other masters. The greatest simplicity prevails throughout his dwellings. He has a taste for bric-à-brac only so far as objects of this sort are endued with real artistic beauty. Only his stables reveal extravagance. He keeps magnificent horses, his favorite among these being a white steed similar to that of the great Napoleon, which he has himself broken and trained. Meissonier is passionately fond of playing billiards, and fancies he can play well, though he rarely wins when his partner is Dumas or Bougereau, or any other of the artists admitted to his intimacy. His library is all contained in an old press of carved wood, which he keeps in the atelier. His books are comparatively few, but in rarity of edition, binding, and intrinsic value of the text, they might excite the covetousness of any art-collector. He seldom misses a first representation at the Theatre Français or the Gymnase, and, as Dumas has it, "he is one of the three hundred men in Paris who have a right to express an opinion on a dramatic production." Music is, however, the art which most tells upon his soul. It so affects him as to draw tears from his eyes and put him into a transport. Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Bellini are the composers whom he cherishes above all others, and he will listen in perfect rapture to five and six repetitions of the same piece whenever he can get hold of a player capable of expressing with the piano the feeling with which those masters endowed their productions.

In 1838 Meissonier was married to the daughter of the painter Steinheil, and has had two children—a daughter, now the widow of one of the most distinguished officers in the French army, and a son, Charles, who has followed his father's career, and who, though he has to contrast with the latter's glory, has succeeded in asserting a personality as a *genre* painter far above the average.

Meissonier is gray; he is short, stout, strong, and younger looking than his years. His countenance bespeaks the same energy, sincerity, and robust elegance that characterize his paintings.

THE NUDE IN ART.

MUCH has lately been written touching the moral tendency of undraped human figures. Appletons' Journal, in its October number, has joined the cavillers, and left the cause of High Art—which we fancied was dear to the house of Appleton—to be championed by the society paper, The Home Journal. The editor of Appletons' Journal considerately admits "the possibility of pure marble nudities," quoting the words of Chancellor Crosby, who had written on the same side of the question in The Christian at Work. It certainly does seem—in spite of a very pretty myth—that white, cold marble would go far towards chilling any sensuous emotions that the most liberal beauties of a statue might inspire. On the other side no one, we believe, has denied that voluptuousness *may* be the "motif" of a work of art; that a picture or a statue may be suggestive or even plainly indecent, and that such a picture, if not such a statue, is dangerous and demoralizing to its beholders. The issue, then, which is most generally disputed, and to which we shall confine ourselves, is this: Should nude figures be discountenanced on moral grounds *in pictures whose theme and treatment are not impure?* In impure works of art, it may be observed, impropriety or sensuous beauty boldly exhibited is not so widely mischievous as half-veiled beauty or subtly-suggested impropriety. The former repels the pure and at once alarms modesty; the latter makes the curiosity and the imagination of the unguarded beholder the instruments of his debasement.

If chaste nudities on canvas do more moral harm than moral good, Morality should certainly discountenance them, however Art may murmur at her threatened loss of territory. That they may do *some* harm we are ready to admit at the threshold of our inquiry. Undraped female beauty painted in warm flesh-tints—however pure its expression—*may* inspire unhallowed thoughts. But so does living female beauty. The unveiled face of a maiden, the curves of the costumed figure of a matron, may excite a fervid and uncontrolled imagination. Should we therefore keep our pretty women's faces covered, or force them to conceal the undulations of their forms in nun's habiliments? This moral experiment has been tried by the Orientals and has proved a failure. By the policy of secluding and veiling women the passions of the other sex may be less seldom roused, but when they are they are more uncontrolled: the will, unexercised and undisciplined, has lost its mastery over them. There is a story of a man who had not seen a woman for twenty years, and who embraced the first woman he saw.

Similar *demoralizing* effects may reasonably be expected if we are to taboo the nude or semi-nude in art. Moral philosophers, it is true, tell us that sensual temptations should be stifled and extinguished, not reasoned with. But, like other temptations, they must be met by every child of Adam, and to meet them frequently, when they are least seductive and easiest to suppress, trains and strengthens the will to do what the moralists advise, to reject and trample on them. Prudent parents do not bring up their children in total ignorance of evil, but teach them to use and not abuse their inalienable birthright of free-will. Our volition and our intellect—the power of choosing between what is morally right and wrong, and the power of choosing between what is intellectually right and wrong—should be practised, the former as well as the latter, upon easy objects at first. He who, viewing a nude Venus on a canvas, feels and fails to stifle an unchaste desire, cannot complain of the view—for he was predestined to yield to every sensual temptation, and live a foe to himself and a danger to society. He who views the same figure without an indelicate idea also remains as he was before—in little danger from lust. But he who thinks and represses an impure thought goes forth morally stronger from his simple ordeal.

The editor of Appletons' Journal justly remarks that, while artists are the highest authorities in art-features, they are not the highest authorities as to the moral effects of a class of pictures. "They are even," he thinks, "partial, one-sided judges, their personal interests being largely concerned in the verdict." It is not quite so clear that "the true experts as to the morals of a work are those persons who make a study of the operations of the mind, of the natural tendencies of emotion and passion, of the laws of ethics." Ergo, argues the editor, a certain clergyman is a better judge of the moral effect of Titian's Venus than a certain famous painter. This is rather misty reasoning. The editor's moral experts, according to his own definition, are moral philosophers, not clergymen. Even the former would be improved by being physiognomists as well as students of ethics. But it is only to a limited extent that clergymen "study the natural tendencies of emotion and passion." Their metaphysical speculations are narrowed by sectarian dogmas, and their profession tends to bias them against countenancing nudities at least as much as an artist's profession disposes him to resist all efforts to curtail the domains of Art and to rob her of her fairest province.

THE poet Bryant, in his later years, arranged for himself a physiognomy that lent itself especially well to caricature. The artists who have been working away at him since his decease have usually made a sort of hobgoblin out of him; and the prevalence of those child-terrifying images, with their threatening beards and eyebrows, is gradually displacing in people's minds—which is a pity—the genial, quiet, reserved, manly personality which was known to Bryant's friends. This consideration gives importance to the tender and poetical treatment accorded to Bryant by the sculptor Hartley, in a capital statuette recently presented to the Century Club by Roswell Smith, Esq., publisher of Scribner's Monthly. It is the vivid image of serene, intellectual old age; and what might be called the Kris Kringle business, or the Rip Van Winkle business, has been tastefully moderated by the correct sentiment of the artist. Instead of being a capillary exhibition, the figure is an embodiment of thought, tenderness, and authority. There are hardly any accessories; it is simply a noble old man leaning his head on his hand as he sits alone. But the sculptor wished to sketch the situation, so far as to indicate that the personage was meditating in the open air, not in the study. Accordingly, by the simple device of a rustic chair and of a "terrasse" covered with grass, he contrives to plant the poet unmistakably in the midst of the Nature he loved. It is hoped that this statuette, which forms an excellent "maquette" for a larger work, will be repeated in heroic dimensions for the Central Park. It will be, if so copied, about the best thing there.

THE display of American pottery at the American Institute Fair must be regarded as an additional proof that success in ceramic industry can be attained in this country, but it also proves that too little attention is paid in native work to harmony of color. The claim of originality in the shapes exhibited cannot be allowed in many cases. Notwithstanding some slight alterations it is easy to recognize old friends from abroad. Charles Field Haviland's "Home" shape in particular is readily discovered in a considerable portion of the ware on exhibition. American Parian yet lacks the peculiar tone and color which such works should possess, and resembles too much in general appearance the better grade of plaster figures. In faïence there is no display.



My Note Book.

LITTLE is being done in the American picture trade as yet. Some sales are reported, but in most cases the name of the buyer is mysteriously withheld. Beyond the sale of Mr. J. G. Brown's well-known picture, "The Dress Parade," representing some street boys playing soldier, which has been sold for $1500 to Mr. Irving M. Scott, President of the San Francisco Art Association, and S. J. Guy's "First Up," bought by the same collector for $750, the only authenticated sale in New York of importance I know of at the present writing is that of Mr. Constant Mayer's "Adversity." This latter was sold to Mr. John Newell, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, for fifteen hundred dollars, through Mr. Reichardt. The subject is in Mr. Mayer's characteristic vein and is painted in that peculiarly subdued key of color with which all who know his work are well acquainted. The story is of two reduced gentlewomen selling flowers in the street; they have just been repulsed. It is a sad picture, and, like all this artist's works, is full of sentiment. I saw it in the spring, before it was finished. There has been rather an important change in it since then. The background, which originally showed a flight of steps leading to the terrace of an aristocratic mansion, has given place to a dead wall in a by-street, Mr. Mayer, on second thought, having wisely concluded that the unfortunate ladies would be less likely to seek their bread among persons of their own caste than among those of lowly station.

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Now here are two picture sales which, being bona-fide, are void of all mystery. Neither artist, dealer, nor buyer has any motive for withholding the facts from the press. There is, indeed, no sufficient reason for making a secret of the sale of an important picture, if the sale be effected in good faith. In the interest of all parties concerned such a transaction should be a matter of record.

* * *

"It is certainly curious," the art critic of The Sun remarks, "that there should be offered in New York at present a larger number of really fine examples of modern masters, dead and yet living, than one would suppose it possible to get together in the market abroad or anywhere else." Not so very curious. There is a rage for foreign paintings just now, and the dealers intend that the supply shall be equal to the demand.

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The present extravagant prices for foreign paintings with "big names" cannot be expected to continue much longer. The dealers doubtless know this, and so make their hay while the sun shines. Even the really fine examples of modern masters—and there are doubtless many such in the dealers' hands just now—are held at prices far beyond their actual value, and those persons who buy them as investments I believe will make a mistake.

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The picture auction sales will soon begin. Let buyers be wary of those auctioneers who decline to furnish the press with the names of the buyers, and look out at future auctions for some of the same pictures to be put up for sale again.

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Furniture auction sales, it is well known, are very seldom conducted fairly. I looked in at one in Broadway a few weeks ago, being attracted by the announcement that the surplus stock of a well-known first-class furniture house in Twentieth Street was to be sold, without reserve, to the highest bidders. "A walnut chamber-suit in crimson figured wool tapestry," which must have cost $100 to make, was knocked down for $27.50; a "walnut Eastlake chamber set" of about the same value immediately followed for $42.50. Then a "walnut Eastlake parlor-suit in raw silk"—six pieces—was declared sold for $42. A "walnut library suit in dark crimson figured tapestry, silver threads, and plush bands," which never cost the manufacturer less than $200, was knocked down for $41. All this time not a name had been announced by the auctioneer in connection with any of these alleged purchases. Occasionally some lady in good faith would bid on some trifle, and a great show was made of the fact, and her name was duly published and her deposit was duly received. Presently a gentleman who had come to buy a certain suit of Eastlake parlor furniture, seeing that it was apparently going for a mere trifle, made a bid on it. He was immediately snapped at, as a voracious blue-fish snaps at a moss-bunker, and in a few minutes he was run up to the full value of the Eastlake suit, and became its owner. At this stage, being fully satisfied as to the character of the sale, and wondering how the first-class furniture firm in Twentieth Street could afford to risk its reputation in such hands, I left with the conviction that I had yet to meet the auctioneer in whom there is no guile.

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Some more of the Tanagra figurines have gone out of the city, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art is yet unprovided. This time it is the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts which is the possessor, and Mr. Fairman Rogers is the generous donor.

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"Le Portrait de la Marquise," an important picture by Kaemmerer, exhibited in the Salon this year, has been bought for two thousand dollars by Mr. Angelo L. Myers, a wealthy connoisseur of this city.

* * *

QUEEN SEMIRAMIS was cruel and licentious, as we all know; but hereafter let history relieve her from the odium of having been extravagant in her expenditures. Calista Halsey has been writing about the fair Assyrian in The Boston Sunday Courier, and shows that the celebrated hanging gardens of Babylon cost next to nothing—in fact, "did not amount to much any way." They were, it seems, nothing but an ordinary kind of garden on the roof, such as any of us might have. Miss Halsey evidently knows what she is talking about; for, in the following interesting bill of particulars, she gives every item of the cost of the hanging gardens. Where she got her information, of course, is none of my business:

Madeira vine bulbs	$0 20
Twine	05
2 boxes petunias at 50 cents	1 00
6 crocks verbenas at 37½ cents	2 25
5 crocks geranium at 15 cents	75
1 crock nasturtion	35
Phlox	50
Filling one gypsy kettle	1 00
3 day lilies at 20 cents	60
2 crocks ferns at 20 cents	40
Chrysanthemums	1 00
Cost of delivery	50
Total	$8 60

* * *

At the dolls' shops in Paris, where everything that a fashionable doll can crave, in the way of clothes, is kept "in endless variety," as the advertisers say, there was, not long ago, added a jewelry department, where there were real gold ear-rings, real gold watch-chains, real gold necklaces, and real solitaire diamonds for dolls. Now we read of furniture departments in the dolls' shops. Miniature chairs and sofas in the most fashionable materials are displayed, and tiny bales of carpets, yards of small curtains, rolls of bed-hangings, and chintz for chair-covers; the little dressing-tables are marvels of elegance, and the washing apparatus is thoroughly "a l'Anglaise," to suit the present state of mind in French fashionable society. There is even a piano, whose tiny keys respond with a little noise when tapped with a pin. The great doll-show of the Paris Exhibition last year revealed to the English manufacturers how very far they were behind the French and Austrian makers in the dolls' furnishing line. I am afraid that the American makers are still further behind.

Take such a case as occurred in Paris recently and created a great commotion in the world of dolls. A doll belonging to the daughter of a noble house was going to a dolls' and children's ball that very evening, and had no dress! What was to be done? "A rush was made to a certain well-known dolls' establishment, and a dress in white tulle embroidered in floss-silk was ordered. Thirty fingers were set to work, and the entire costume was finished in time!" Now had such a contingency arisen in New York, or Boston, or Chicago, say, what would have been the consequence? I dare not answer my own question. The contemplation of the subject cannot but be humiliating to our national pride.

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By a curious process of evolution The Music Trade Review, hitherto a weekly periodical devoted solely to the interests of musicians and musical instrument makers, within the short space of two or three months has gone through a series of changes almost revolutionary, apparently without any loss of its original patronage. As a preliminary step the title was changed to "The Musical Times and The Music Trade Review." Its readers having become tolerably familiar with that, it is now announced as "The Musical and Dramatic Times *and* [in very small letters] Music Trade Review," which title, fully explaining the increased scope of its aims, it will retain. Mr. John C. Freund, its editor, has established the fact that he knows how to interest musicians and the music trade, and no one who reads his sparkling journal in its present improved form will doubt his ability to interest the general reader.

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Matters journalistic are not particularly within the scope of "My Note Book." But while I am on the subject, it may not be uninteresting to note that I am informed by a London correspondent in a personal letter that, apropos of the Levi Lawson-Labouchère squabble, Mr. Lawson told my friend that the Prince of Wales had written thanking him and assuring him of his sympathy.

* * *

I am indebted to the courtesy of Colonel I. Edwards Clarke, of Washington, for a copy of his pamphlet entitled "A Tribute to Bayard Taylor." It consists of an essay and a poem, both of decided merit. The pamphlet has an interest quite apart from its literary claims, however, in the curious steel engraved portrait of Mr. Taylor that faces the title page. The distinguished traveller and scholar is represented, with turban and scimetar, in the fanciful garb of the Orient. He is depicted in the moment of drawing the weapon from its scabbard; but his face is composed, and it is evident that the act is without hostile intent. The original of the portrait must have been taken many years ago, for the slim figure and guileless cast of features are those of a very young man. Those who knew Mr. Taylor in the vigor and mature dignity of his later days will hardly regard the picture with pleasure. It is too much like the familiar one of Disraeli, taken in the days of gorgeous waistcoats and mosaic scarf-pins, when the great premier was the curled darling of the ladies and his shrine was the drawing-room of Lady Blessington. But a generation or so ago it was quite "the proper thing" for young geniuses to have their pictures taken in fancy costume, and I doubt not that the gentle Bayard in the fierce-looking habiliments of the blood-thirsty Turk was vastly admired by the sentimental young ladies of his day.

* * *

The recent death of William Henry Powell was very briefly noticed by some of the newspapers, and by others not at all. By the public at large it passed almost unheeded. Yet, years ago, Mr. Powell had already proved himself an artist of marked ability, and, by his works, had made for himself a reputation which will long be associated with the history of our times. It seems almost impossible that his name should be soon forgotten, for his work is perpetuated to-day on millions of bank-notes which bear the miniature of his painting in the Capitol, "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi." His "Battle of Lake Erie" has been engraved again and again, and is hung on the walls of thousands of American homes.

MONTEZUMA.

The Art Gallery

DE NEUVILLE AND BERNE-BELLECOUR.



BOTH of these painters are men whose reputations have arisen in the half-score years that have elapsed between the last two Paris Universal Expositions — that of 1867 and that of 1878. We look in vain for the names of Étienne Berne-Bellecour and Alphonse Marie de Neuville in the little 1867 catalogue; even among the list of water-color artists we fail to find their names.

De Neuville, a designer on wood of the last degree of facility—a master of all the tricks, effects, tints, hatchings, and arrangements—one who knew how to "vignette" a drawing off with rich crumbly scribbles at the edge, and how to concentrate its crispness of light and shade in the centre—was not satisfied to remain a mere draughtsman in sober suits of black. The laurels of Miltiades—read Edouard Detaille—would not suffer him to sleep. Out of this restlessness proceeded a neck-and-neck contest with the painter of "Nos Vainqueurs," an immediate renown as colorist and battle-painter, and a prompt rise in the market value of his labor that threw even his handsome gains for boxwood drawing quite into the shade.

De Neuville, who had sketched Russians, Turks, and Sandwich Islanders for the "Tour du Monde," began to paint Prussians for the admirers of Detaille's battle-pictures. The canvases gained favor immediately, and all the sore hearts that resented Sedan and took artistic consolation from the military painters admitted De Neuville into the charmed circle of pictorial remedies. Besides him and Detaille, there were Dupray, Protais, Lançon, and Berne-Bellecour. These artists, by depicting the heroism of defeat, administered almost as much gratification to that class of French patriots who collected pictures as if they had been the Horace Vernets of many an Austerlitz, Wagram, and Friedland. French fighting was once more justified by French art. De Neuville and Berne-Bellecour had not been military painters before the events of 1870, though the others had; they were new recruits in the "genre;" they found it popular, and no doubt they found it profitable. Last summer the writer of this sent a young American draughtsman on wood to De Neuville, to see if the expert would admit him as a pupil, and explain to him all his marvellous tricks. "I no longer practise designing," said the designer. "I have renounced it altogether for oil-painting. But you might go to Émile Bayard."

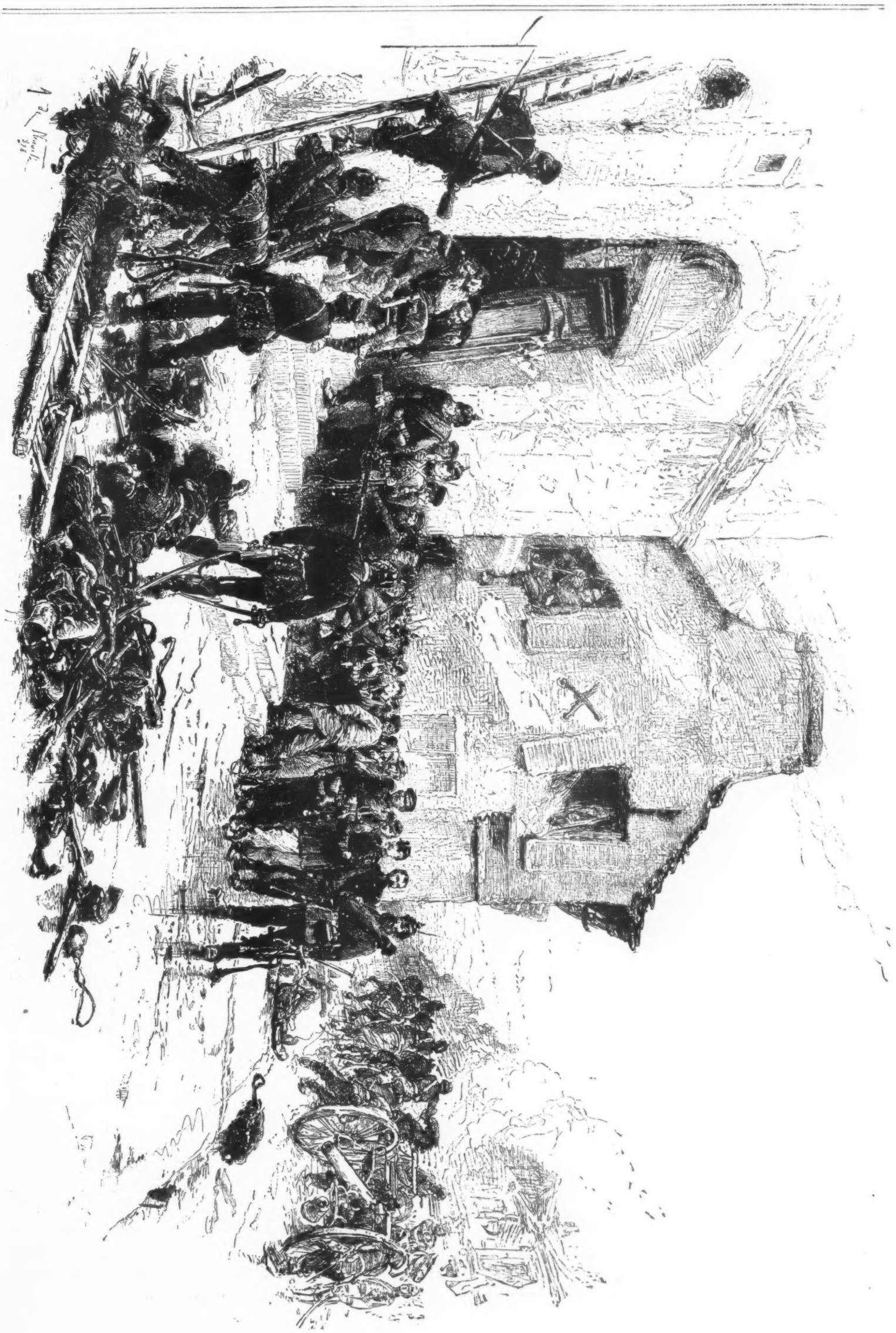
The tone of the painter "by convincement," full of his new specialty and ready to forget his past, is not the only tone we can perceive in De Neuville since assuming his present phase. Beneath and above all merely artistic conviction there is the conviction of the angry patriot. The following letter, which he wrote to Bergerat, the art-critic of the "Journal Officiel," sheds a flood of light on his personal character. Let our German readers, while still preserving their proper national feeling, make due allowance for the irritation of a defeated opponent. "You will do me a favor, if you speak of my picture of Bourget," wrote the artist, "by not recording that I have represented the Prussian conquerors as polished and considerate. That would make my hair creep, for it is the reverse of the truth. I have painted them as clumsy and insolent in their triumph, like so many buffaloes, just what they are in fact—as people who are not in the habit of being conquerors." This letter was written just eight years after the action of Bourget illustrated by the painting, when Commandant Brasseur rendered himself so illustrious by his brave defence. Eight healing years have passed, the peaceful din of the Universal Exposition was in the writer's ears, and Paris was thronged with philosophic Germans who resorted thither as pupils in the arts of peace. For the patriotic painter, however, nothing was forgotten, no consolation was possible. Still in his excited brain was ringing the thunder of the cannonade, the roll-call which identified the dead, and the chanting of the Marseillaise. Thoughts of the French humiliation still keep full possession of this troubled spirit. It is a delirium perhaps, but the delirium of a fever to which we owe the masterpiece of "Le Bourget."

This masterpiece is a proud and virile composition, the greatest work, for feeling and depth, that has come out of the events of 1870–1871. If it could have been admitted to the Exposition, it would have been the sensational historical picture of the display. Never, it has been universally admitted, had the talent of the painter of the "Last Cartouche" and "Vilersexel" gone so high. The scene of "Le Bourget" represents the defence of the church and public square of the village, or rather the surrender after that defence was no longer tenable. During the second combat which the town was forced to support, a handful of valiant Frenchmen, consisting of only twenty privates and eight officers, driven to bay by the mitrailleurs and bayonets under the walls of the village church, decided to break into the edifice and barricade themselves there, swearing to die rather than let themselves be taken. General Ducrot, in his work on "The Defence of Paris," writes of this obstinate defence: "It was necessary to fire upon them through the windows, and even to bring up cannon to force a capitulation for this brave remnant of a troop." The death which the brave defenders had sworn to await is represented in the figure of the officer who is being brought out on a chair by two mobiles, wounded to



"ON THE DUELLING GROUND." BY BERNE-BELLECOUR.

EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1879.



SCENE AFTER THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH OF "LE BOURGET." By De Neuville.

death, and whose helpless figure is advancing through files of indifferent Prussians, among whom the French prisoners stand haughtily with streaming wounds, while the neighboring windows are occupied by German soldiers contentedly smoking and glancing with satisfaction on the spectacle.

Fine as the picture was, however and certain of a medal if exhibited, De Neuville's "chef-d'œuvre" was not admitted to a place at the Universal Exposition. By a judicious and honorable resolution the organizers of the display decided to refuse all subjects calculated to wound the feelings of the German visitors who should examine the Fine Arts section. In due time after this rule was published the Germans concluded, so far as the artistic exhibit was concerned, to rescind their determination of not participating. The wonderful pictures of Gebhardt, and Liebel, and Knaus were accordingly made visible to the throngs at Paris, but, as a reciprocal compliment for French abstinence, the pictures representing the victories of 1871, such as those which glared so exultingly upon the neighboring French galleries at our Centennial Exposition, were one and all excluded.

De Neuville, though still youthful in appearance, is old enough to have received a Salon medal of the third class in 1859—presumably for designing, not for oil-painting. After he had begun to be known for his canvases illustrating the Franco-Prussian war, the merit of his workmanship, and the gratefulness of the peculiar salve he had invented for French honor, began to be acknowledged. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1873. He was born at St. Omer, Pas de Calais, and educated for his profession in the atelier of Picot. In 1877 he gained great fame at the Salon by his picture of "The Bridge over the railway at the Styring passenger-station, an episode of the battle of Forbach, August 6, 1870." This action represents the attack on a railroad depot, which the Germans had turned into a fortress. A few French chasseurs, who had defended the edifice, took refuge behind the standing trains of cars, where the Prussians opened a murderous fire upon them at fifty paces from the barricaded windows of the depot. The narrow bridge crossing the railway cut became the scene of a violent hand-to-hand combat, where the chasseurs of the Third Battalion held the position for awhile, until compelled by the arrival of new Prussian reinforcements to retreat.

We always pity an artist whose evil genius leads him to wreck himself on batttle-pictures. The conditions of military illustrations make impossible all the qualities which are proper to high art, and preclude grace, beauty, balanced composition, and ideal calm. All that we can say is, that if this particular kind of machinery has to be manufactured, it is better that it should be manufactured well. De Neuville is a practised, an infinitely clever composer; but there is but little true music to be got out of war, and the "Battle of Prague," with its "cries of the wounded," is better as a curiosity than as a model for imitation. Still it is not surprising that in the dead level of modern civilization, in which the searcher for the picturesque finds all his dramas dressed in ugly and dreary garments, these illustrators of actual life should send out a detachment to take off the picturesque uniforms and equipments and harmonious evolutions of military life, just as they send off another detachment to capture the modish dresses and graces of "La Femme."

"La Femme" and "Le Soldat" have about equally occupied the other subject of our notice—Berne-Bellecour. He is best known in this country, perhaps, as a capital painter in water-colors; but some of his works in oil, notably his grand canvas which we engrave, have passed to us across the seas and justified his reputation. This artist was born at Boulogne, and like De Neuville entered the studio of Picot; he also received instruction from Félix Barrias. Distinguished up to the epoch of the war for a lively selection of anecdote-subjects, painted with plenty of dash, precision, and brio, the misfortunes of his country have developed a deep historical vein. We would select from among his prominent works in the old style his "Désarconné," or "Out of the Saddle," of the 1869 Salon, representing an over-ambitious huntsman limping into his doorway, assisted by a groom. At the same Salon he exposed a water-color, "The Lover." An oil-color work of the Salon of 1872 was "Un Coup de Canon," and this, with the "Désarconné" and a representation of "Un Officier de Mobiles," was the amount of his contributions in oil-painting to the late Exposition. His lighter style was there seen in the water-colors "A Russian Coach-Driver," "A Japanese Lady," and "The Bouquet."

The resolution to exclude the pictures referring to the Prussian war was as great a misfortune to Berne-Bellecour as to De Neuville. The latter had on hand his "Bourget;" the former was ready with "La Tranchée," or "The Ditch," from the 1877 Salon, with its death-scene of Lieut. Michel, Tirailleur de la Seine, at Boulogne-on-the-Seine, January, 1871; and likewise with "The Tirailleurs of the Seine at Malmaison, October 21, 1870." Great tumults arose in the world of artists over the exclusion of these subjects, which deprived an important class of French painters of fame and honors. A compromise was effected, and the great picture-merchant Goupil arranged the "Bourget," and the "Tranchée," and the "Tirailleurs" in an exhibition of thirty battle-pictures in his magazine of the Rue Chaptal. The little gallery was vastly popular, and of course not a German in Paris failed to see it; but this Teutonic fame scarcely recompensed either of our two artists for the fact that their masterpieces could get no medals.

The Salon picture of Berne-Bellecour for the year 1879 is now in America awaiting the selection of some collector of taste. It arrived at the gallery of Knoedler & Co. in the month of September. It is of unusual size for the artist, and painted with address, wit, accuracy, and decision. It is called "Sur le Terrain," or "On the Duelling-ground," and represents a garrison quarrel. How plainly we see that, for the young soldier who has stripped for the fight, it is a first affair of honor! Angry, sullen, in the pride of youth, with the muscles and bones of a young Hercules, it is a question whether he will be a match for the dry and wiry, and cool, and very experienced duellist who turns his sleeve up without the fuss of undressing, and exhibits his angular back to the spectator. The regimental physician turns away to examine his case of instruments, while the seconds in the affair, who have rushed out from the mess-table without their equipments in the hurry of the quick insult and quarrel, are putting on their sword-belts. The ancient château, used as the barracks, with its tower and extinguished roof, boils over with interested soldier-spectators from every window; one casement is barred, showing that the room is the caserne-prison, and out of this looks dully a stubble-bearded, nightcapped face of some comrade confined for breach of discipline. The fine training ever to be found in a French artist in matters of anatomy is exhibited with a little pardonable over-emphasis and pride by the painter in the solid, flexible body and arms of the combatant who has bared himself for the sword-practice.

FAMOUS OLD-TIME AMATEURS.

THE recent revival of engraving and etching, as congenial occupations for ladies of culture, is no new thing under the sun, as both these arts have been favorite pastimes of high-born amateurs as well as of professional artists, for centuries back. Isabella Cunio, of Ravenna, is said to have practised wood engraving with her brother Albéric in the thirteenth century, long before the master of 1423 put the earliest known date on a woodcut, the "St. Christopher" in Lord Spencer's collection. Diana Ghisi, of Mantua, took a prominent place among the copper-plate engravers of the sixteenth century. Elisabetta Sirani, of Bologna, and Gertrude Roghman, a Dutch lady, were famous etchers of the seventeenth century.

In the eighteenth century the Marquise de Pompadour set the fashion to ladies of practising the higher branches of pictorial art. She herself etched, under the guidance of C. Vanloo and Cochin, many plates after designs of Boucher, and a set of sixty-three etchings after cameos of Le Guay, which she distributed among her friends during her lifetime, and which were afterwards published in a volume to testify to her proficiency in the art.

Numerous French ladies followed her example as amateur and professional artists, and the pursuit was even taken up by royalty. The Archduchesses Charlotte and Mary Anne of Austria, Princess Caroline of Würtemburg, and Princess Elizabeth of England, the daughter of George II., amused themselves with the etching needle, and their performances in black and white are still coveted by collectors for their portfolios. Angelica Kauffman and Mary Cosway spread the taste for engraving among English women, and, besides Caroline Watson, who is deservedly famous for her mezzotint engravings, we could quote many other names of talented lady etchers, like Sarah Green and Isabella Countess of Carlisle. Queen Victoria practised etching in earlier days, and her daughters, it is said, have all been instructed in the art.

Private Galleries.*

COLLECTION OF THE ESTATE OF ALEXANDER TURNEY STEWART.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

ANOTHER genre picture, by Zamacois, wafts us from the humors of the present to the humors of long ago. It is an antechamber of King Francis the First, with his menagerie of court dwarfs and buffoons, in full conclave assembled. How bad the air is in this crowd of captive monstrosities, how plain the close menagerie-smell, how mephitic the atmosphere of a despotism in its most tyrannical purlieus! The painter has comprehended what a telling blow at feudalism can be delivered by hitting at once at feudalism's meanest fashion, that of purchasing its merriment from imprisoned unfortunates. In the early part of his career the sardonic Zamacois dwelt much on this aspect of feudal systems—on the vagaries of Pedro the Cruel, and the miseries of Triboulet in "Le Roi s'amuse"—representing many a group of wretched, objectless hunchbacks in splendid liveries and gilded cages, preparatory to planting his downright anti-monarchical blow in "The Education of a Prince." The present scene is his most elaborate effort in this kind, and his sarcastic humor finds vent, too, in a notion that never occurred to a painter before, and would only occur to a Spaniard—he places his own portrait and the portraits of his friends on the shoulders of these unfortunates. When we see the symmetrical profiles, with grim mock-serious expressions, of his comrades Worms and Berne-Bellecour on the hunched backs of dwarfs, his own lean face in the ass-eared cap of a jester, and his pretty young brother's fresh cheeks and curls over the collar of a saucy page, we discern some meaning within the lines akin to the moody strictures of Goya—some half-uttered jibe to the effect that the art of the Second Empire was one of bondage and baseness, certain to take its place in the history of painting as a form of gilded degradation, and able to bear the slave's worst misfortune—that of smiling in slavery.

Shall we consider that the bondage in question is shown by such painters of the empire as Toulmouche, one of whose most elaborate efforts is shown in "The Serious Volume"? This insatiate elaboration of a poverty-stricken idea—this wealth of detail and research of microscopes applied to a painter's jest worthy at most of a sketch in Charivari—is it not a sign of slavery, of humiliation? The painter, in one of the most highly-finished boudoir scenes ever painted, simply asserts that it is the province of "The Serious Volume" to put modern folks to sleep. A large, handsome lady in a modish cap of lace, and another lady of slenderer proportions, have fallen upon each other's shoulders in uncontrollable slumber, while the good book that has been trying to entertain them effects a cataract down their laps unnoticed. The jest is not so bad, but is it observing the proportions of things to worry over the painting-niceties of Metzu and Breughel, and Mieris and Terburg, and produce at last a masterpiece of artistic delicacy, merely to declare once more that sermons are soporifics? A picture with a piquant title is almost necessarily in a false position; we glance at it to see if the expressions are good, if the faces will yield us a moment's smile. If on top of that we find it making a claim to

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be examined for finish and profundity, for artistic seriousness and rich effect, we are bored and not attracted. The moment Toulmouche's canvas, having beguiled us by a jest, attempts to detain us by its exhibition of art-knowledge and depth, it inflicts, itself, the ennui of "The Serious Volume."

A society subject of immeasurably higher quality is the "Confidence," by the Belgian Alfred Stevens, which was etched by Monziès for the Gazette in February, 1878, as belonging to the "Collection Stewart." This artist is the interpreter of the nineteenth-century woman. He records her graces, her airs, her caprices, her temper, with the sympathetic and infallible acumen of Musset. The "Confidence" is extended by a beautiful lady to her friend, as both return at daybreak from a ball to the privacy of the nuptial chamber. On the lamp-stand, illuminated by the saffron rays that stream through the glass shade, lies a letter, the evidence of a temptation, or a treason, or a desertion. The woman whose pain is caused by the missive casts herself on a seat and buries her face in the knees of her friend, who stands sadly regarding the written record of folly or cruelty. Hand in hand, the heavy cashmere sliding from the polished shoulders that emerge from the ball dress, and the jewels rising and falling over two unquiet hearts, the friends clasp each other between the artificial light that reveals a perfidy and the gray dawn that crisps the window-curtain as it enters. "The warmth of these glowing hands which the lady holds in her own," says Lemonnier, describing the picture, "has softened her timid heart. The whole chamber is filled with a desolate sorrow. A lamp illuminates the two friends with a golden translucence which lends a gentle reflection to the velvet skin and moderates the glitter of the ornaments." Mr. Stewart was well inspired when he introduced this faultless bit of social drama to give a "cachet" to his collection; as long as it exists it will justify the refinement of our century in art, manners, and feeling. Of its painter the author just quoted remarks: "The man, in one word, is precisely such as his painting would make you suppose, and what renders the correspondence still more perfect is the frame in which he lives, that is to say the coquettish little house in the Rue des Martyrs at Paris, with its garden buried in foliage, its rooms smothered in draperies and hangings, its bustle of feminine feet on the stairways, its revelations in the way of feminine toilets. Potteries, and rare furniture, and cabinets crowded with objects from Japan and China—nothing is wanting to make it the type-mansion of a contemporary artist."

By Raymond Madrazo, perhaps the best painter of womankind to uphold beside the Belgian master, there is a subject interesting chiefly for its technique and embodying one of those odd studies of Spanish manners which could hardly be invented outside of the unconventional back-yards of the Peninsula. You feel, though, that this careless señorita, who has run up to converse with her monkey before she is dressed, whose linen is falling from her shoulders, and whose costume otherwise consists chiefly of an exaggerated girdle, will be a pattern of Spanish "morgue" and etiquette when the hour for full-dress arrives and the gentlemen begin to call. For the rest, it is a fine bit of chaste color-harmony.

By Gérôme, whose color and technical aim are so different from the pure petal-like surfaces of Madrazo and Stevens, there are three important examples. The "Pollice Verso" is one of his elaborate scenes of Roman life, corresponding with the "Death of Cæsar" and the "Ave Cæsar." Gérôme's intense dramatic instinct has made him seize upon the paradox of the Vestal Virgins, emblems of all purity, cruelly demanding in a body the death of the vanquished gladiator. The painter's authority for this bloody mood of the nuns of Vesta is nothing more than our knowledge of the fact that a row of seats was reserved for them at the theatres and circus, as representatives of Vesta, the great protectress of the city. From this certainty it was easy for the artist to imagine a moment when they would be carried away by the interest of the spectacle, and feel their grim Roman veins throbbing to the point of clamoring for blood. Accordingly we see the chaste creatures in a white-robed row in the foreground, excited to the ferocity of fishwives, their hot mouths open for cries of blood, while the immaculate veils still cover their heads in the garb of sacrifice. This is one of the splendid antitheses which Gérôme so loves, and of which he has discovered in his time a greater number than any novelist, any dramatist, or any epic poet of the day. Beneath the Vestals, in the bloody sand, the stout "myrmillo" from Gaul, with the fish on his helmet, has overthrown the light-limbed net-thrower, the "retiarius." The vanquished youth extends his hand for pity. But Domitian on his throne (another of Gérôme's inimitable bits of drama) is crushing a fig in his mouth with consummate indifference, and the Vestals towards whom he turns are mad for his death. Poor youth! vile maidens! infernal Roman holiday! It will soon be time for the Goths to rise and glut their ire. A still more crowded scene is the "Roman Chariot-race," an imperfect, unlucky effort of Gérôme's, into which, however, are crowded enough of study and knowledge to make the fortune of a dozen ordinary pictures. This canvas, which was not finished till the year of Mr. Stewart's death, had been lingering on the easel for ten years previously. The writer saw it there in 1866, with the concentric oval terraces merely indicated in lines of chalk. "It will be possibly the hanging-gardens of Semiramis?" he asked the master. "No, it is intended for the Circus Maximus," corrected Gérôme with all courtesy. The composition, evidently finished with ennui for the American market, is the worst in color and quality of any Gérôme of its pretensions. The benches of scarlet-robed senators are particularly offensive in hue. Only a figure of a slave leaning against the wall, a driver breathing hard through the leather straps wound round his breast—only some accidental and episodical figure here and there gives us the refreshment of a good, photographic reality of the Gérôme kind. Yet the erudition in the picture is quite encyclopædic, from the reconstruction of the architecture to the "ordonnance" of the game, from the tribune of the emperor to the obelisk erected in the middle (presented by Augustus, and now in the Piazza del Popolo) and the egg-shaped goals, recalling the origin of Castor and Pollux, the guardians of all horse-tamers. Six or seven chariots are engaging in the race. "There were never more than four," says a critic recently quoted in Harper's Weekly, anent this picture. There are seven chariots engaged at once in the racing mosaic from Lyons (cited by Guhl and Kohner, "Life of the Greeks and Romans"). The painter, strange to say, has not adopted the opinion of the American critic, but has followed the information afforded by his native relic. Imperfect and "niggled" as seems this "Chariot Race" compared with other things in a great gallery, it would be an absorbing parlor picture, and its temperate and classic treatment lifts it high above Wagner's turgid, un-Roman, disproportioned, and technically worthless restoration of a similar scene. The other Gérôme in the Stewart collection is the "Collaboration," a delightful interior group, characterized by those attitudes of complete abandonment which Gérôme continually discovers, so very careless that they make you take notice of their carelessness: the actor bending a rod in his Greek theatre-scene, the augur twirling a crozier with his little finger extended, Molière resting two fingers on the king's table in the "Louis XIV. and Molière," and Molière shrugging his shoulders quite above his head as Corneille reads his manuscript of "Psyche" in this picture, are instances of our painter's perfection in the minor drama. To make the "Collaboration" complete, and properly emphasize the introduction of native opera in France, there might have been inserted two more figures, Lulli, who composed the music of "Psyche," and Quinault, who wrote the "intermèdes."

Other pictures in the Stewart gallery (monsters in size some of them, and the sarcophagi of great lumps of dead capital) the Cicerone will pass over with a light hand. By Boulanger, the friend and attentive follower of Gérôme, there is the "Appian Way in the Time of Augustus," with flower-girls, princesses in sedan-chairs, and naked African slaves in silver collars beating off the beggar-boys. Its merit is that it is a foil to Gérôme on his own ground, and makes the latter seem classical, serene, and perfect. The difference between a work of style and a work wanting in style is that between one of the balanced compositions of the Vesoul painter and such a pasticcio as this. By Edouard Dubufe fils there is the study (2 feet by 4) for the "Prodigal Son," which in some sort preserves this burned effort to the world in form and color. We remember seeing the large original in a place of high honor in the Salon of 1867, but it was never admired by the judicious, though the artist has conquered a great reputation. The large canvas was also the property of Mr. Stewart, and was burned in the West a few years ago, after reimbursing the owner for the high price paid for it by the profits of its exhibition in the principal American cities. By Yvon, the principal illustrator of the Crimean war, there is his smaller color-study for the "Battle of Inkerman." It has the dark and disagreeable effect not unusual in these condensed sketches. The same artist's "March of the American Republic," a colossal canvas, is hoarded among the Stewart effects, but is not shown; its proper apotheosis would have been the chromo-lithograph, but the owner, discouraged by the storm of faint praise which it received, never translated it into that easy form of success. It represents the thirty-four States grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, which moves hand in hand with Wisdom. Immigrants press up in crowds; the torch of Rebellion is quenched by a river-god. The Indians and negroes emerge from darkness into the light of civilization, and heralds trumpet to the four winds a volume of flattery apparently distasteful to the severe and placid statue of Washington. This allegory, painted some ten years ago, would probably have been liked by the majority of Americans if they had not heard that the French made fun of it.

By Louis Gallait, the greatest survivor of the school of Delaroche, though a Belgian, there is the "Confession." At the feet of a sallow, intellectual young priest, the very type of a lady's ideal confidant, who is seen in profile, falls a "femme éplorée," in a heap of draperies, her silky blonde hair on her shoulders, her attitude crushed and desperate.

Edouard Detaille contributes to the Stewart collection "Le Repos pendant la Manœuvre, en Camp à Saint-Maur," executed in 1869, and the real beginning of his fame. It has been highly praised by Théophile Gautier, in the Journal Officiel, by Edmond About, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and by Paul Mantz in the Gazette. The figures, a little too regularly studded about, like Hans Andersen's "hardy wooden soldiers," stand up in their chess-board uniformity with all the necessary individuality, when you choose to look at them, and with wondrous little-thinking faces beneath their bearskin caps. An early work of De Nittis, since become so celebrated for his sketches of London character, shows the "Promenade du Bois de Boulogne," with carriages and walkers going out through the avenue of the Champs Elysées at the blessed afternoon hour of liberty which releases the dandy and the lorette towards the freedom of the daily drive. By Troyon there are two cattle-pictures, not very large or important. By Bouguereau there are three examples of his best style; first, the large and showy picture alluded to in the beginning of these articles, a late order (1868), representing peasant children grouped around a donkey; second, "Blind Homer," led as a beggar by a fine dark youth of twenty, with a series of dimmer figures in the upper part of the composition; and "Le Nouveau-né," a refined and very faultless subject of a shepherdess tenderly carrying a new-born lamb. The late Daubigny is represented by his large, exquisite, most poetical "Mois de Mai."

American art was copiously, liberally, and on the whole intelligently fostered by Mr. Stewart. Huntington's large scene of "The American Court" would perhaps be the favorite of the greatest number of spectators. It represents General and Mrs. Washington presiding at a reception, and introduces sixty figures of revolutionary heroes and beauties of the time. By Church there is the great view of Niagara from the American side, some eight feet high by five in width; it is painted with a dash and freedom rare for Church. By Bierstadt there is a study of "Seal Rock," just outside the city of San Francisco, showing the natural arch in the cliff, like that at Capri or that at Etretat, and a gigantic breaker blown to powder as it lifts. James H. Beard shows portraits of two parlor dogs in a group.

The statuary includes several subjects which have made an immense stir in their time, and whose resting-place is known, perhaps, to few. Powers' "Greek Slave," one of six "repliche" made by the artist, and in this example an order from Mr. Stewart, occupies

a place of honor it represents a modern Greek girl captured by the Turks and exposed in a slave market at Damascus or Constantinople, nude, insulted, and haughty with the superiority of Christianity. Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia," walking through the streets of Rome in the triumph of Aurelianus, and crushed beneath her weight of Eastern jewels, is another celebrated work, seen in the hall. Powers' two statues of "Eve," one before and one after the fall; and Randolph Rogers' "Nydia," or the blind girl feeling her way through Pompeii during the eruption, are popular and highly-appreciated works of sculpture in the gallery. Of foreign sculpture may be mentioned two very decorative and elegant busts of maidens in white marble, heightened with gilding for the jewels and ornaments, by Aizelin.

The Stewart Gallery is not exactly the shrine of a poet-painter. You do not go thither to see examples of Delacroix, Decamps, Millet, Corot, Rousseau; it is evident that the collector knew what he liked, and did not mean to be mystified. On the whole, believing it to be fully a representation of the owner's choice and taste, we uphold it as a noble example of the æsthetic discernment of a merchant-prince. CICERONE.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS—A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION—CURIOUS REVELATIONS OF A GREAT AUTHOR'S CHARACTER.

BOSTON, October, 1879.

AT last we have a real lion in Boston—nothing less than the great John Ruskin's drawings, the same drawings of which an exhibition was made in London last year. You may see the veritable animal—teeth, claws and all—for the moderate charge of fifty cents and twenty-five cents for the catalogue, which is the greatest curiosity in the show. A Harvard professor officiates as showman, and explains, and the exhibition is patronized by all the art nobility and gentry of the shire. It came to pass in this way: Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, who fills the chair of art, and has long been a trusty friend and correspondent of Mr. Ruskin, wrote to him that his London exhibition of 1878 ought to be repeated in America for the edification of the faithful "in partibus." Our professor, who is a learned and amiable Dryasdust in Turner and the Old Masters, represented to the Oxford professor—as is learned from the catalogue—that an exhibition of his drawings would make good to Americans in large degree the lack of opportunity to study the works of art in European museums (!); and would, moreover, save Mr. Ruskin's standing among students of his works here from the injurious effect of "the pirated edition of Mr. Ruskin's books, with its disgraceful travesties of the noble and exquisite illustrations with which the author's editions of his own works are adorned." Mr. Ruskin appears to have acceded with great cordiality. Twenty-five of the sixty pieces in last year's exhibition are here, and with them have been sent others, including some executed this year, so that with those already in Prof. Norton's possession a collection of over one hundred drawings is made up—an exhibition not only numerically half as large again as that in London in 1878, but also much fuller and more complete in its illustration of Ruskin's work for fifty years.

Yes, it is actually here. It seems really quite too wonderful to be true, and we rub our eyes and pinch ourselves and try to realize it. But we rub our eyes and pinch ourselves more when we get inside the show and try to realize what there is so great about Ruskin's drawings and what their boon to art consists in. It is but fair to premise that Mr. Ruskin in the preface to his notes on his drawings—which are reprinted in the catalogue here—acknowledges that he has "amused and humiliated myself by arranging a little autobiography of drawings from childhood until now, out of which it appears to me some useful points might be made evident respecting the service of particular methods or the danger of particular errors." It is also required in fairness to state that Prof. Norton in his introductory remarks admits that "these drawings are not the work of an artist by profession; there is not a picture among them." They are merely to illustrate patience, industry, and single-minded devotion, training "an eye of exceptional keenness and penetration and a hand of equally exceptional delicacy and firmness of touch, to be the responsive instruments of faculties of observation and perception such as have seldom been bestowed on artist or on poet." Exact knowledge of the facts of nature, data for principles in art, memoranda of work of periods in which "art gave better expression to the higher interests and motives of life than at the present day," were among the objects aimed at by Ruskin in these sketches, rather than picture-making.

The first impression on entering the small gallery where they are exposed is that you have fallen into an architect's office with pen and ink drawings of front and side elevations pinned to the wall. The next is that it is a grammar-school exhibition of drawing. For the first number on the catalogue is a Map of France precisely such as we executed in boyhood's happy hours, and the next number is an equally remarkable Map of Africa. The note to these achievements explains: "I began to learn drawing by carefully copying the maps in a small quarto atlas, of excellent old-fashioned type, the mountains well marked (but not blackened all over, like those in the modern Geological Survey), the names clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, where one can pick them up." They are examples of many, the artist tells us, done by the time he was eight years old; the coloring round the edges was the reward for all the tediousness of the printed names—towns and villages as well as departments are all "printed" in—"the printing an excellent discipline of hand and eye, and the mountains and sea a most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work." This childish note of these infantile exploits I have quoted so much of because it aptly illustrates Ruskin's pedagogic temperament and attitude towards art—the dry, laborious, conscious, and conscientious self-discipline—the always didactic spirit of the man. Nothing could be further from "art for art's sake" than this stopping publicly to approve maps in which the names are "clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, where one can pick them up." Fancy the artistic nourishment in printing hundreds of town-names in small type-letter and in tracing the lines drawn for mountains and sea in "most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work." Not to be put down in his ideas of the importance of map-drawing, Mr. Ruskin goes on to elaborate his directions for laying out the proportions of a map by degrees: "And the degree is to be divided always into sixty (so-called) miles, of which great measure of longitude and latitude I hope my young students will form a more practical estimate by often walking it." One catches a glimpse herein of possible use and beauty in the "go-as-you-please" infatuation. After these geography lessons follow a number of equally puerile sketches of architecture—as the candid critic says himself of one—"always supremely stupid, but no shirking of work till I get near the bottom." In a long autobiographical note, which bursts upon the catalogue at this point, Mr. Ruskin laments (after noting that in certain copies the gray wash was introduced where the pencil shade was impossible, "but not carelessly or licentiously") that he "got overpraised for mechanical industry," and that had he "been permitted at this time to put [his] whole strength into drawing and geology," his life "would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one." But he was, he says, "too foolish and sapless to persist in a healthy bent," and his friends mistook him for a genius and wanted to make him a poet, or bishop, or member of Parliament. It is a sad enough story of misdirected and mixed-up effort, but it does not solve the mystery why these drawings are exhibited, unless it be as warnings of things to be shunned.

Leaving these pale and juiceless flowers of his youth, uninspired except by the spirit of self-immolation to the Moloch of "Culture," which act of virtue is almost indistinguishable oftimes from the sin of selfish vanity, we turn to his sketches in Switzerland and Venice, and here one is rewarded with two or three pieces of work showing something besides grinding labor, some joyousness in the perception and reproduction of beauty. The Falls of Schaffhausen show the use of the faculty, laborious delineation of form to some artistic purpose; the plunging and white explosions of the tumbling masses are full of life, force, and truth, and the color is sweet and convincingly probable in its gradations from white into light blue. The note to this piece of work, which was not in the London exhibition, is an extract from a recent letter, saying: "That drawing of the Falls of Schaffhausen is the only one of mine I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room. How destiny does mock us! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!" But in the midst of these mostly freer Swiss sketches is a snuff-colored, mechanical, lateral drawing of a farmer's house and barn-yard, which might be paralleled by the coarse print on the cover of a child's box of wooden toys, to comment on which Ruskin appends *four full pages* of moralizing reprint, in French, on the sweetness and honorableness of the Swiss farmer's life, showing singularly well how inextricably he has mixed up art and ethics.

Again there are some richly-shaded and superbly-finished drawings in sepia of the architecture of Venice; the chiaroscuro and atmosphere are deeply satisfying. One sketch in color of a porch of St. Mark's is beautiful in opalescent, almost changing, hues, so faithfully and delicately have the relations of color and tone on the pillars been preserved. The varying masses of shadow in the figured compartments of some old door-heads in Venice have also been delineated with true feeling. But the notes show how curiously the artist's mind was preoccupied all the time with the historical or sociological significance of the structures. It was the litterateur and social philosopher quite as much as the skilful draughtsman that was at work.

The similar combination of artist and materialist appears in the latest pieces of work, and some four or five are dated 1879. These are studies of a wild violet, of a feather, and of dry oak leaves. There is "a stone of my garden wall," and another larger stone which has not even that interest, being simply an infinitely patient delineation of every crack and scratch and plane and hollow on one side of a small bowlder, simply Chinese in patient labor. Still we ought to be, and are, thankful for so full and unsparing a self-revealing of one of the most remarkable characters of our day as this exhibition grants. GRETA.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB—ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS.

BOSTON, October, 1879.

UPON the first Saturday evening in November the Boston Art Club will meet for the first of the monthly suppers of the winter and to transact such business as may have collected during the summer demanding immediate attention. Among the painful memories that must arise will be the sense of the great loss sustained in the deaths of Dr. Rimmer and Mr. Hunt, upon which appropriate action will be taken. But the Art Club certainly never began a year with greater promise of success than at present. It has forcibly felt the fluctuations and vicissitudes of time in years past, but seems at last to be established upon a firm foundation.

Far back in the earliest days of native art in America the bright lights of the nation centred in Boston; but by degrees the centre of the nation's art was removed to New York. Again, in the courage that was so generally instilled into the veins of art about the year 1850, the profession was so ably supported in Boston that a movement was begun for the mutual protection and advancement of artists. This association was formed in 1854, and became distinctively an art, and not simply an artists', club; some of its strongest supporters then and ever since having been men of other professions, only connected with art by a thorough and earnest love of refinement and the beautiful. In January, 1855, the club was legally organized by twenty members, many of whom are still its strong supporters. Among them were Benjamin Champney, the well-known figure-painter; Walter M. Brackett, the celebrated fish-painter; his brother, E. A. Brackett, the sculptor; William Lee, of the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard; Gilbert Attwood, at present the valued vice-president of the club; Charles A. Barry, the head master of the Rhode Island School of Design, and others.

Until the opening of the Rebellion the association breathed at fitful intervals; then it went into a chrysalis state, as one might say. Nine years afterward it began a vigorous growth, with Walter M. Brackett as president. A determined effort being made for its rejuvenation, convenient rooms were leased for a term of years, and a gallery built, where twice during each winter elaborate exhibitions have since been held. Social suppers are provided for the members the first Saturday of each month during the winter, at which independent exhibitions are given of such productions as the members may desire to display. At present the club numbers nearly six hundred members, and with the enthusiastic assistance of the vice-president, Mr. Attwood, the flourishing growth begun in 1869 and '70 is well sustained. Last spring the Architects' Association and the Art Museum united with the Art Club in the admirable exhibition held in the new wing of the Art Museum. This endeavor was of such excellence, and met with such success, that a very general desire is expressed to have the same union of forces annually repeated.

The club has a library well supplied with books of criticism and reference, and parlors and reading room stocked with periodicals, while during the winter and spring months there is almost every week a lecture or concert, or some other entertainment in the hall, free to the members of the club. The admission fee is but twenty dollars, and the yearly assessment is never allowed to exceed that sum. The management of the club is exceptionally satisfactory, and the very moderate admission is balanced by the careful and critical selection of new members. The associations and surroundings are of the most refined and artistically elevating character. The library has been chiefly formed from friendly donations, the resources of the club not yet having reached a point where appropriations could be made from the treasury for that purpose; it is still open to receive the gifts of those disposed to contribute.

The lease of the building upon Boylston Street at present occupied by the club will soon expire, and everything seems propitious to the project, naturally agitated, of securing a permanent home to be owned by the club. The wealth represented in the association is fully sufficient to meet the demand if sufficient interest can be aroused. A new and substantial building, with departments fully adapted to all the requirements of the club, seems to be all that is necessary to an establishment that should meet every ambition of its most sanguine friends.

The direct object of the club, as announced in the constitution, is "to advance the knowledge and love of art." This certainly has been accomplished in the past in many ways, and the club seems each season more adequate to meet each rising emergency.

H. W. F.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

A REVIEW OF THE ART DEPARTMENT—ENGRAVINGS, OIL PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, CERAMICS, WATER COLORS, AND WOOD CARVING.

CINCINNATI, October, 1879.

THE Exposition that opened in Cincinnati on the tenth of September, and continued till October eleventh, has been an invigorating power for all this part of the country. The management was uniformly able, the different exhibits all good and many of them of a high degree of excellence. The Art Department, including paintings in oils and water-colors, sculpture, engravings, and decorative and household art, has been the principal centre of attraction, for we have here a vast amount of ardent if not critical love for the arts.

It is to the engravings that we go for the purest type of artistic enjoyment. This gallery is not apt to be thronged, the "black and white" room of an exhibition not having the popular attraction that is inherent in a glow of color. The engravings at the Exposition were mostly from the fine private collections of Mr. Sewall of New York and Mr. Claghorn of Philadelphia. The collection represented Mantegna, Marc Antonio, Dürer, Rembrandt, Raphael, Morghen, and various distinguished followers of these great artists. There were also several from Moran and Longhi, one Brescia, and three etchings from Fortuny.

The oldest school of engraving is that of Andrea Mantegna, from whom was shown "The Entombment," a subject full of the most delicate religious feeling. The body of the Virgin lies extended, while the mourners group reverently around. Above, in the clouds, the soul of the Virgin is joyfully welcomed by the angels. Another was "Jesus After the Resurrection," in which Christ stands between St. Andrew and St. Longinus The composition is simple and noble in outline. St. Andrew is distinguished by the transverse cross, which is of that peculiar form on which he suffered and which is always known as St. Andrew's Cross. The only other engraving from Mantegna is "The Virgin and Child," a very antique and beautiful composition. The angels on each side typify birth and life, and death and resurrection.

Marc Antonio was a contemporary of Raphael and a pupil of Francia at Bologna. One of his best works is the engraving (after Raphael) of the "Massacre of the Innocents." The copy shown here is a very clear and soft impression. Very beautiful, also, is "The Virgin Lamenting over the Body of Christ." It is in this picture that we have Raphael's "Mater Dolorosa," the face of the Virgin which has been so universally painted and photographed as a single head. In this engraving are shown several figures—the Christ, the Virgin supported in the arms of Mary Salome and Mary Cleophas, while another figure sustains the feet of Christ, and St. John stands near with clasped hands. This painting is otherwise known as "Mary with the Bare Arm," and the impression shown at the Exposition was a very rare one. An engraving of Antonio's after Raphael's "Virgin and Child on Clouds," or the Foligno Madonna, is one of the series of the Madre Pia. The exaltation of the sentiment is finely expressed in placing the sacred mother among the clouds, and in the aureole of light in which mother and child are glorified. "The Holy Family" is after Raphael's "La Vierge à la Longue Cuisse" in the Vatican. The drawing is exquisitely fine and clear. For delicacy of composition and perfection of finish the "Judgment of Paris" is one of the finest in the collection. Antonio has been accused of borrowing from the antique, but the work seems rather to have grown out of a familiarity with the antique spirit. "Mount Parnassus" is from one of Raphael's paintings in the salon dedicated to culture in the Vatican, in which there are typical compositions representing Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In Poetry we have this "Mt. Parnassus," at the top of which sit Apollo and the Muses. Near them are the epic and tragic poets, Homer, Virgil, and Dante, while a little lower are the lyric poets, Petrarch, Sappho, Corinne, Pindar, and Horace.

From the Albrecht Dürer school many fine things are shown. In Dürer's work as an artist the peculiar qualities of the German spirit seem united. There is the stern industry, the penetrative meditation, the honest, rugged, yet tender feeling so pre-eminent in the German nature. He was too careful a master to work rapidly, and thus his greatest fame comes to us from the reproduction of his pictures by engraving, which he elevated to a place among the fine arts. "St. Jerome in His Cell" is an engraving of Dürer's celebrated for its beauty of execution. It is an interior scene, every detail shown with delicate fidelity to truth. From the windows at the side comes the sunlight that illumines the picture; in the background is the figure of St. Jerome seated at his table, writing. This print is a rare one. An engraving of "Adam and Eve" was shown in its first state. A brilliant background of foliage with glimpses of animal life; the figures of the man and woman stand out in primeval simplicity, the outline noble as the antique, the lines touched with a majestic grandeur that renders these figures triumphs of art. "The Prodigal Son" shows strong action and that grand, pure style of head and drapery that is an especial attribute of Albert Dürer's.

The Rembrandt school of art holds a place as peculiarly its own as if it came from another world and another race. Rembrandt is a magician, and out of strange twilights he conjures spells and weaves his fantasies. The largest engraving ever produced by Rembrandt is the "Christ Shown to the People," a very beautiful impression of which was shown here in the second state. "The Death of the Virgin" is fine and full of feeling—the solemn consecration of mystery subtly interpreted. There were two Rembrandt portraits of himself, both taken when young, whose expressions are elusive. Two copies of the "Ecce Homo," one in the third and one in the seventh state, were shown.

The oil paintings at the Exposition formed a good collection. It was noticeable that there was scarcely a poor picture among them, and a few rose to a high type of excellence. Among the fine of the modern pictures was a "Stormy Morning in the Sabine Country, Italy," by Dwight Benton, of Rome. It is a painting of power, and makes one feel as if he were looking through an open window at the landscape. There is the yielding curve of the hillside where the short stubble lies golden upon the ground; the olive orchard that covers it; the dusk of violet shadows at the horizon, and over all that wonderful sky where the storm is gathering and the clouds lie low in heavy masses. "Under the Palisades," from Herbert McCord, of New York, is a study of moonlight effects on rippling water, and wind-stirred foliage seen through a transparent veil of mist. "The Fall," by Gilbert Gaul, of New York, is a picture of strong feeling. It tells its own sad story. The happiness which "the bridal wreath and the ring enclose" has never been felt by the poor mother who sits there shivering with her baby in her arms and the basket of street-vender's wares by her side. The face shows a woman delicately reared. The fair brow from which the soft hair ripples away is marked by intellect and refinement, but about the mouth there is an expression of hopeless misery.

A picture in which it is easy to lose one's self is Paul Weber's "Sunset." The glow of sea and sky is wonderful, but the water is a little hard in execution. The "White Isles of Shoals" of De Haas is a painting too good to have the one fault that it has. The distances are not well managed, but the action is strong and the tone good. So is the tone especially fine in Yirr's "Magdalen," a face delicately sad in its repentant sorrow. "The Miser," from Couture, is a picture of the utmost delicacy of touch; the drawing is perfect and the coloring exquisite. A "Landscape" from Luring shows a brook winding in broken curves through quiet summer meadows—the same brook, one feels, in which he waded in childhood, with bare, dimpled feet, on the sand shining through the clear water. It is a poem, a picture, a summer idyl all in one.

"The Bazar," by Joseph Jefferson, is a picture fine in tone but stiff in the drawing. J. R. Meiher, an artist of St. Louis, is the painter, par excellence, of swamp scenes. The deep, overhanging moss, the peculiar outline of the trees, and the strange, dreamy light—all is absolutely translated to his canvas.

Among the finest works at the Exposition was a marine of Gudis—"On the Coast of Norway" The sky is a realization that an artist might well consider the triumph of a lifetime. The "Marguerite" of Grund is a sad, haunting picture; the sorrowful, despairing woman in her prison cell, with bare feet on the straw and the chain and manacle on her hand. Wynant's "Evening" is a little after the Corot order, and much like the work of the new school of Impressionists. It is a picture of strong sentiment, and one in which technicalities are quite subverted to the feeling—a picture of dreams and subtle inspirations.

"Forging the Shaft," from J. T. Weir, N. A., was one of the notable pictures. It represents the interior of the Cold Spring Foundry at the moment of casting a huge Parrott gun, and contains nearly twenty figures, which are treated with marvellous fidelity. The two effects of light, from the daylight and the glare of the molten iron, are managed in a manner that shows the master's touch. "The Choristers," from Anderson, are six seraphic boy faces that look out from the canvas as if they only waited a signal to begin some sacred chorus.

The modern school of sculpture was represented at the Exposition by several portrait busts and a few minor works. A bust of Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, the munificent donor of the great Music Hall, is in plaster, and is a very faithful likeness, the expression of the countenance being caught to a striking degree. This is the work of Preston Powers. Underneath is the happy inscription, "He learned the luxury of doing good." A marble bust of Psyche was shown, by Hiram Powers. It is a Psyche of mind and heart as well as soul—an ideal of the spiritual nature strengthened by the intellectual. There was also a marble bust of Judge Taft, the Ohio states-

man, whose residence is at Mt. Auburn, a suburb of Cincinnati. It is a fine, clear-cut face, indicative of benevolence and firmness.

Unquestionably the finest thing shown in sculpture was the bust of Agassiz, in marble, by Preston Powers. This seems like exalting the comparatively inexperienced art of the son above the experienced genius of the father. There is no especial need of any comparison, but in this bust Mr. Powers has certainly transcended any other effort of his own. It is not so much a work as it is an inspiration. A touch more or less would have marred that subtle charm. You see a grand head rising from the pure, solid marble; a noble, impressive countenance; the firm lines that thought has chiselled; the light of the soul that seems to shine from the marble itself and give expression to the whole. One copy of this bust is in the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, and several copies were ordered by Mrs. Agassiz and the family. There were also shown a bust in marble of Mrs. Preston Powers, made by her husband—a sweet, refined face, with the hair in a simple Greek coil at the back of the graceful head; a lively group in plaster of "The Deserted," and a bust in marble of a page. Joseph Sibbel also showed, in terra cotta, an exquisite design for a fountain—a woman pouring water from an Egyptian vase into the cup of a lotos flower. Longworth Powers, of Florence, Italy, sent an exquisite bust of Tennyson's Maud, a beautiful interpretation of the poet's dream. This artist is the second son of Hiram Powers, and is named for his father's old and prized friend, Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati. Miss Laura Fry exhibits a bust of her grandfather, the well-known master in artistic wood-carving. Miss Fry is a natural artist, and in sculpture she is acknowledged to have much talent. This work shows that delicate skill and fine insight characterizing her father and her grandfather, William and Henry L. Fry.

The exhibit of sculpture has given an impetus to the art, and Preston Powers has been persuaded to establish himself here and take charge of a school of sculpture. Mr. Powers will remove his studio from Florence, Italy, to Cincinnati, and bring over skilled Italian workmen. This school opens in November, in the rooms of the Art Museum Association, at the College of Music.

Some fine ceramic work shown at the Exposition was that of Mrs. C. A. Plimpton; it has been previously referred to in these columns. The excellence of Mrs. Plimpton's work lies in the fact that the different clays themselves are combined to form the shadings of color; that her figures are modelled in relief, as a sculptor builds up his work, and that this decoration is all underglaze work. There is nothing in the ceramic exhibit indicating such possibilities for the future of ceramics as this work of Mrs. Plimpton's. It marks an era in pottery manufacture, the development of a new style of decoration.

The underglaze painting of Miss McLaughlin was represented by some twenty-five pieces. There were two or three plaques, and the remainder were vases of various shapes. One plaque presented a fine likeness of George W. Jones, of Cincinnati, taken in court dress; another showed an ideal head. These were as life-like as if painted on canvas, though they are simply enamelled oil-painting on faïence. The talent and energy evinced by Miss McLaughlin are well known. To ceramic art in America she has contributed results which will always identify her name with the establishment of the art in this country. Alone and unaided, this American girl set herself to work to rediscover the cautiously guarded secrets of old European manufactures, and alone and unaided she succeeded, as the American woman has a habit of doing when once she undertakes a project. Miss McLaughlin is now working out a decoration in relief, to be modelled under the glaze, and the perfection of this will contribute materially to the variety of her beautiful work.

An exhibit of underglaze painting by Mrs. Dr. Meredith, of Cincinnati, was of great beauty. It is curious how this old secret of Europe, guarded as closely as a prisoner in the Bastile, ever escaped and flitted over to Cincinnati. Perhaps it did not. Whether Mrs. Meredith and the other ladies have discovered precisely the foreign method, or arrived at similar results by an original process, we cannot say. Mrs. William Dodd, of Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, displayed much beautiful work, among which was a great vase of mixed yellow and white clays, giving a cream ground, on which she had modelled in high relief a branch of apple-blossoms, with a bird's nest and two fluttering birds among the branches.

From Mrs. George Ward Nichols some very rare and beautiful work was shown. Six great vases—vases so large that they looked like urns—were ornamented in the most unique and original manner. Mrs. Nichols builds up her decorations in high relief on the wet clay and paints them under the glaze. Her designs are Oriental—a great dragon, for instance, with his huge tail almost encircling the jar; the sacred martin of the Japanese; a staring griffin; flights of tropical birds; a great stork, and star-eyed flowers trembling among reed grasses.

Among the most interesting specimens of Mrs. Nichols' work was a set of deep-blue cups and saucers, decorated with light traceries in gold. This set is of ordinary stone china, the same (except that it is more gracefully fashioned by the potter) that we see in railroad eating-houses. But the difference is that the potter has just dipped it in this deep brilliant blue, and that the decorator—in this case Mrs. Nichols—has dipped her delicate brush in liquid gold and scattered over it tiny sprays, and stars, and delicate arabesques, and, behold! it is a thing of beauty.

The water-colors painted by Mrs. Keenan and her pupils of the Art Museum Association excited deep interest. Mrs. Keenan has introduced a new school in this branch of art. We are getting a glimpse of what American water-colors may be. We have all grown enthusiastic over the intense delicacy and purity of English water-colors, and grown, too, to feel a kind of hopeless resignation to our own conventionalized flowers and foliage, our stiff and barbarous groupings, that have been but too common in American water-color painting. Mrs. Lotta Keenan Raymond, Mrs. Keenan's daughter, and the wife of our artist Raymond, showed work evincing the same fine interpretation and careful touch that marked that of her mother. Here, against a pale gray ground, a single spray of morning-glory is twining about a weed, lifting up the white cup of one delicate blossom. There is a study of blackberry blossoms and dogwood flowers, against a blue-gray ground, with great yellow roses breaking their hearts of bloom against a pale ground—all strangely beautiful.

In wood carving two schools were represented—those of Benn Pitman and of Henry L. Fry, both of whom are artists in a line where the ordinary worker would be only an artisan. In the Fry exhibit the frames were especially noticeable. The San Sistine and Holbein Madonnas were framed in ebonized wood, dark and richly carved. Another engraving was in a Florentine frame, carved in bold relief in a scroll pattern and perfectly gilded. A large triple cabinet had its centre frames carved in designs of the lily and the rose. The doors were of plate-glass, and the cornice in charming designs, in colors, of butterflies and fans. Two elegant pedestals were of ebonized wood, with the four panels painted in flower designs. One just showing a spray of golden rod was especially lovely. A writing-desk had the doors of its cabinet carved in designs of birds on a spray. The birds were life-size, in relief, and instinct with almost the flutter of life.

The Pitman School of Carving has become known all over our own country and to a considerable extent in Europe. Its fame had been quietly growing before the Centennial Exposition, but it was there that it attracted the attention which gave it a cosmopolitan reputation.

The most striking object from this school was the Kemper family mantel, carved by Miss Eleanor Kemper, the capitals by Miss Adelaide Nourse. One feature in the execution is that these capitals, and all the work in alto relievo, were first modelled in clay, and from this model the carving was done. This mantel is over eleven feet in height, the centre containing a heavy plate mirror with bevelled edges; on each side is a tier of bracket shelves, supported by turned pillars of French walnut, the capitals of each delicately carved; at the back of each shelf is a small mirror, which repeats, in pictured beauty, the objects of virtu on the shelf. Over the top projects a cove elaborately carved in foliage designs. The construction of this mantel is from an original design of Mr. Pitman's.

It is of black walnut, in the Gothic style, and though each part, separately considered, is simple, the effect of the whole is that of a stately elegance suggestive of the baronial halls of England. There is something a little marvellous in the fact that American girls, in the simplicity of the American home life, are producing such results as those seen in the Pitman School of Household Art.

A beautiful clock of French walnut and ebony was also shown. The decoration in front was ivy in a spiral form, signifying life that has a beginning but no end—time unfolding into eternity. On the frieze was the little star mountain plant found only on Granite Mountan, Ga., and which is held to be either the survival of a prehistoric plant or a new creation. The panels of the case were carved, one in sharp leaves, indicative of the arrows of Time; the other in thorny leaves, suggestive of the slow passing of Time when he treads on thorns. A beautiful sideboard had panelled doors in strong alto relievo, representing summer and winter, told by the flight of birds and by birds among the branches.

Unquestionably the finest carving shown was that of a bedstead owned by Prof. Pitman. The head-board is carved in climbing vines and flowers, with bracket corners, in which are birds half concealed among the leaves. In it are inserted two silver bronze panels of Penelope and Ulysses, as types of the purity and fidelity possible to life. The foot-board is carved in morning-glories and trailing vines.

LILIAN WHITING.

AMERICAN ART SCHOOLS.

A CHAT WITH PROF. IVES OF ST. LOUIS—"MORE WORK AND LESS TALK THAN EVER BEFORE"—ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS EVERYWHERE.

WASHINGTON, October 1, 1879.

BELIEVING that it would be interesting to your readers just now, at the beginning of the working year, to know something of what is being actually done in our schools of art and design, I took the opportunity a few weeks ago of "interviewing" Prof. H. C. Ives, of St. Louis, for the benefit of THE ART AMATEUR. Prof. Ives is at the head of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, Washington University, and has spent part of his vacation in visiting schools of design, galleries, and museums.

"What do you find the general condition of affairs? What is being done?" I asked.

"More work and less talk than ever before in this country."

"In Boston, for instance?"

"In Boston they are doing good work. When I was there I could not, of course, see the schools at work; I could only see the facilities for work, the art resources, and some of the work which has been done. The new wing added to the Museum, which is under the direction of Mr. Loring and Prof. Ware, is now finished, and the valuable collections of the Museum are displayed to better advantage. The School of Fine Arts connected with the Museum numbers two hundred pupils, there are life-classes for both men and women, evidently doing good, strong work."

"Is industrial art-work included?"

"There are schools of art needlework and wood-carving, and the work in carving seemed to me the best I have seen anywhere. They work as they do in the Preparatory Department of the Technological School in St. Petersburg, first drawing the design, then modelling it in clay, and then executing in wood, plaster, or stone. The work was well done. I saw some panels carved with a spirit and force that reminded me of William Fry's work in Cincinnati. Boston has this advantage over other cities, that the State has taken the matter in hand, and gives elementary instruction in drawing and decorative design, so that the Museum school does not get the raw material in the way of pupils. The Museum has a fine collection of historical casts and textile fabrics, and in the school has evening as well as day classes."

"What is being done in New York?"

"The schools of New York are so well known that it is hardly necessary to speak of them. The various collections of the Metropolitan Museum when opened will be a great educator for the people. Philadelphia seems to me to have the possibilities of the finest schools in this country. They have great re-

sources, and the several schools are prosperous. There are the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which is free; the School of Design for Women, under Miss Crosdale, with two hundred pupils; and the Pennsylvania Museum, which has the finest industrial art collection in this country, reminding one of South Kensington. An effort is being made to establish an industrial art school in connection with the Museum. Mr. Door, the Secretary, and his co-laborers are working for this. They have had classes for the last two years."

Prof. Ives gave an instance of the direct influence of such a collection on the mechanic arts, as illustrated by a blacksmith at Phœnixville, who saw here Raphael's designs of foliated ornament, and studied and reproduced them in forged iron, which in mechanical execution compared well with Belgian work. How Mr. Ruskin would like that! The artistic blacksmith of the future is one of the probabilities of American art.

"There is the old-established Franklin Institute," continued the Professor, "which also gives instruction in industrial art. I shall look for the results of work here with great interest, and if all these schools were consolidated in point of space, and united in effort, probably the best work in this country would be done in Philadelphia."

I asked about Baltimore, remembering that the Maryland Institute has one of the oldest art-schools in the United States, and learned that President Bond is working great changes, and the school will no doubt be brought up to the standard which its age would warrant one in expecting. At Cornell University, to go back to New York, no special provision is made for art work. Several thousand photographs, illustrating architecture, sculpture, and painting, are arranged in groups according to the countries and schools which they represent. Free-hand and technical instruction are given to students in the scientific and architectural classes. At the Ingham University for Women at Leroy, New York, is a College of Fine Arts in successful operation. The drawing-classes, under Prof. Stanton, and painting, under Prof. Willey, were established several years ago and are doing good work. The College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University, under Prof. Comfort, is doing earnest work, and could do much more if it had more of the financial support necessary. A certain amount of money is the breath of life to an art school, and the sooner the community perceives this need and responds to it, the better for both school and public.

I turned the interrogation points on Cincinnati, and heard, what the readers of THE ART AMATEUR already doubtless know, that the Cincinnati School of Design has attracted more attention than any other in the country, and been more talked about, mainly on account of the decorative art work introduced and carried on with so much enthusiasm by Mr. Pitman, of the wood-carving department. "The annual exhibition last spring showed a large amount of drawing, under the teaching of Mr. Noble, indicative of earnestness on the part of the students. The ladies of the Decorative Art Society and the Pottery Club are working with enthusiasm and in a very sincere spirit. At Chicago the School of Design is being reorganized into an Academy of Fine Arts, by the exertions of Mr. French, the Secretary, and the Industrial University at Champagne, Illinois, has an Art Department in which they combine industrial and fine art instruction. I don't like to make the distinction; all sincere art is 'fine,' but we use the word for want of a better term."

"And so you think the outlook encouraging?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed; a vast amount of hard work is being done, and hard work must tell. It seems to me that one of the best possible means of improvement would be an annual national art exposition, where representative work of all the schools should be collected. The chance thus afforded for comparison of results and suggestion would be an invaluable impulse to the art growth of this country."

I did not ask Prof. Ives about the work in St. Louis, being able to speak of that from two years' personal observation. The art schools of that city have been a school established by Conrad Diehl, some years ago, now discontinued; the St. Louis School of Design, lately closed; and the Department of Art and Design of Washington University. The late munificent gift of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to this institution, from Wayman Crow and others, for the establishment of a gallery and museum, will result in the establishment, in St. Louis, of facilities for art study second to none in the country. The Department of Art and Design, under the auspices of the University, is now a separate school, under the name of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. This school is the result of five years of earnest and well-directed effort on the part of Prof. Ives, under whose charge what was merely a class in the Scientific Department has grown to a school which attracts the best working materials, not only from the city but elsewhere. Last year four hundred and six pupils were in attendance, one hundred and four of these belonging to the evening class. For the public, general lectures have been added to the regular class-lectures, and an accurate indication of the growing interest lies in the fact that the usual audience of about seventy-five, which listened to the first lectures given four years ago, was increased to four and five hundred during the last winter. Most of these lectures were illustrated. Prof. Ives has spent his vacations for some years past in Europe, in the interest of the school, and until this summer has known by actual observation more of the methods and results of foreign schools than of those of his own country. The result is shown in the high grade of art work done in St. Louis. A large addition was made to the collection of casts for the school last year, and also a collection of several hundred carefully-selected autotypes, illustrating the works of the greatest masters and schools from the middle of the fifteenth century down to 1878. These are mounted and hung in the painting and life class-rooms, in sets of one hundred each, and changed as often as required. An idea of Prof. Ives for promoting general art education is to have collections of autotypes numbering fifty each, with catalogues and notes of reference, placed on exhibition in smaller towns for one or two weeks, and thus kept in circulation.

CALISTA HALSEY.

A NEW ART SCHOOL IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, October, 1879.

AT last we have an art school in Washington. Not the grand Corcoran School, which waits, as most things in the capital wait, on the action of Congress in the payment of that back rent due for the use of the building during the war, but an unpretentious and earnest beginning by the artists themselves. The Art Society has taken the matter in hand, and an art school was opened in rooms in Vernon Row, on October 1st, under the auspices of the society, and the immediate charge of Mr. E. C. Messer. Antique and life classes have been opened both day and evening, at rates of tuition so low that it is practically free. It is a move in the right direction, and will be a benefaction to amateurs whose art training so far has consisted mainly in the careful copying of pictures in the Corcoran Gallery. Without the slightest wish to underrate the value of the gallery and the great stimulus which it has been to the cause of art in Washington as a liberal educator of public taste, I cannot help thinking that it has sometimes been enervating rather than stimulating to beginners. The tendency is not so much to learn to draw as to make pictures, and I fancy that when the young students who occupy the gallery on a working-day forsake Charlotte Corday for the living, breathing model of the life class-room, they will find themselves in a new atmosphere.

CALISTA HALSEY.

Art News.

HOME.

Frank B. Carpenter has painted a portrait of his daughter, Florence, in the old English costume of a hundred years ago.

A plaster cast of an aboriginal clay tablet, said to have been found lately in an excavation fifteen feet below the surface, has been received by G. L. Feuardent, of Lafayette Place. It measures 3¾ by 2¾ inches, and is a quarter of an inch thick. On one side there are two lines of six characters each, and a representation of a bow and arrow. An incised rectangular border runs round the field near the edge of the tablet. On the reverse there is a square with diagonals. The characters resemble the Celtiberian ones.

T. J. Wheatley, who for a year past has been quietly experimenting in underglaze painting, has organized the pottery manufacture in Cincinnati. This will afford favorable conditions for the work of other students in ceramics, enabling them to give art pottery a place among the other productive industries of that city. Mr. Wheatley's work is all underglaze painting. There is in it a remarkable promise. He has apparantly grasped the principle of the Haviland faïence, and to reach the Haviland degree of fineness and brilliancy seems to be simply a matter of time and experience.

Two pictures by Michael Munkacsy have lately attracted notice in New York. Both are Parisian interiors. One, placed in the gallery of Knoedler & Co., and since sold for $7,500, represents a pleasant family scene, "In the Morning Room;" the other, admirably depicting a "Visit to the Baby," has been added to the Stewart gallery at a cost of $15,000.

J. G. Brown is richly supplied with studies in pencil and oil, the result of his summer labors at Southampton, L. I., and in the backwoods of Maine. He has lately been working on "Music Hath Charms," which shows a couple of boys seated on an old wine box, one listening to the other, who plays on a jew's harp.

It is expected that the Metropolitan Museum of Art will not be opened till next Spring, owing to the great length of time required for the immense labor of arranging the collections.

H. H. Moore is painting a good-sized picture of a dozen figures playing at blind man's buff in a garden.

Landscapes with figures will furnish occupation this winter for George Inness, who spent most of his summer at Durham, Conn

Mr. Wyant, Mr. Satterlee, William Hart, Mr. Robbins, Mr. Bristol, Mr. Bonner, and others, spent more or less of the season among the Adirondacks, and returned well equipped with landscapes and other sketches. Mr. Hart has been making studies for cattle work, and Mr. Satterlee brings sketches of interiors and quaint characters among the people.

BOSTON NOTES.

The unveiling of the Quincy Statue and the Emancipation Group were the chief art events of October.

The admirable loan collection upon exhibition at the Art Museum throughout the summer has been broken up. In the vacancy thus left in the new wing of the Museum the friends of the late Mr. Hunt are endeavoring to have a collection of his productions hung, not only as a tribute to the great artist, but for the benefit of many who, as usual, hardly realized the treasure they possessed till it was lost, and are anxious to become better acquainted with his works.

There are several other exhibitions of importance proposed for the coming winter, among the rest one of the works of Hammet Billings.

Apropos of the suggestions lately made by Mr. Kimball, the giver of the Emancipation Group, and J. M. Jarvis, there is an earnest endeavor on foot to secure the appointment of a permanent committee for the decoration of the city with appropriate monuments.

The Decorative Art Society has moved into new and commodious apartments, and opened a school of art needlework, under the most auspicious circumstances. The instructor comes from an important position in the London school.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School has opened for its winter term with full classes. The art school of drawing at the Museum has undergone a few changes. Mr. Champney and Mr. Stone have returned to their studios, and their positions are filled by Messrs. Crowninshield and Grundmann. Lectures in anatomy will be continued, though it will prove almost impossible to supply the place formerly occupied by the late Dr. Rimmer. The monthly tuition has been raised $5, the yearly sum remaining the same.

Ernest Longfellow, the artist son of the poet, has returned from his long residence abroad and opened a temporary studio in Boston while preparing for himself an artistic and elaborate apartment in Cambridge.

There was considerable excitement aroused over the auction sale of the original of "The Miracle of the Slave," bequeathed to the late Joshua B. Smith by Senator Sumner.

Smith College, Northampton, claims an admirable production of the late Mr. Hunt's, which there seems no doubt that he intended for it, and which he completed but a short time before his death; but there is a question among the heirs as to whether it is necessary or advisable to give it up.

The life of Mr. Hunt is being compiled by his brother, Leavitt Hunt, and to facilitate the most complete record an appeal is made to all who may have enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the artist to forward to his brother any characteristic incident that may have come under their knowledge.

DECORATION & FURNITURE

A HOME-LIKE HOUSE.



IT is a piece of good luck to open the door upon a house where taste and natural gifts have wrought the work of luxury in skilful color and refined suggestiveness. A home where dado and cornice, mantel and hearth, bear traces of the hand of its owner, where the fine trifles of corner, table and bracket have been worked out with equal ardor and patience, must have a captivating charm which was wanting in the unlawful splendors of Beckford's Abbey. If I tell of such a house, which has from all who frequent it the reputation of being particularly pleasant, the details are not less drawn from reality if the name of the owner is withheld. A decorative artist of esteem wherever known in this country and in England, his leisure for half a dozen years has been spent in carrying out his fancies for furnishing his home, to which a friendly landlord has given full consent. He says the house itself is not to his mind, but as a rented cottage well planned but unpretending it is all the more selected for its suggestions in aid of those who have homes to make under similar restrictions.

Montrose, the suburb where it lies, one of the farthest of the Orange stations, is a privileged place, under the control of gentlemen landowners, who have in its charter forbidden factory or shop of any kind within its limits, the large florist who supplies the village with flowers being the nearest approach to business of any sort allowed in its leafy and romantic streets. It lies just in the shadow of the slope which keeps the name of Orange Mountain from the primitive Jersey folk, to whom everything is comparative, and the blue impassive wall which bars the western view and ordains sunset at five o'clock has much of the mystery and impressiveness which suits the name. A mountain and young woods, a valley, stream, and coppice, are good things to furnish with, to fill a bay-window and look between your lace draperies: and half Montrose on the hillside has these. The house we are to visit is one of a neighborly row, where I suspect a good deal of graceful housekeeping, intimate visiting, and decorative crewel work goes on in abundant leisure. You remember what a choice affair the Montrose Loan Exhibition was, what choice relics it brought forth, and what treasures of taste in arrangement, of which last the townspeople are quite properly proud, as compared with the larger exhibition in New York.

Observe what a cheerful air the square hall has in virtue of its wide single door, large window, and light furnishing. It has none of the conventional gloom of an entrance where one waits on probation in company with a rigid chair and hat-rack while his card is sent in. The stairs are out of sight round an angle, and the effect of the light fresh entry with its warm gray walls and gray-brown rug with maroon border, its écru lace curtains falling under a heading of lace lined with straw color, is that of a small parlor, a true parleying place, for meeting and chat and laughter. Instead of dividing the concerns of the house, it throws it into one, and makes a suit of four charming rooms, dining-room, library, sitting and reception room, all furnished in equality of style, with doors wide open, as suits a friendly open-hearted house. I think much of the spirit of this friendly interior was owing to its wide doorways and windows. The high narrow portals of society which open a leaf to you grudgingly, the stingy country doors which the builder studies to pare an inch from, are unbecoming a home where all is generous and confiding. Nothing is gained by having doors or windows narrow in proportion to their height; they should look ample, as well as be so.

Fronting the street is the little salon, which with its large bay-window looking to the east, lightly screened with English ivy, all its light serious coloring warmed and harmonized by the Morris hangings, of that pinkish red which sheds such a mellow bloom against the light, is dining and morning room in one. Its soft stone-gray walls, and dado in small tiled pattern, its German and French photographs, buff-tiled window boxes, and peachy-hued curtains, convey a lighter, more refined air than usually is thought proper for the most sociable room in the house, where well-bred people are sure to meet twice or thrice a day if nowhere else. I don't see why a room in which we eat should suggest nothing but eating, with its carvings of game and salmon and trout paintings, which might appropriately be supplemented by diagrams from the cookery-book. Things alike are not always related to each other. The wall paper alone is enough to make a room handsome, with its gray, umber and gold, and crown-like bordering, and while one looks, the mistress of the house says with a laugh, "We have nothing grand at all. My husband papered this with his own hands, and I don't think it cost us $10 in all." And no French paper-hanger would have done it with such perfection. Across, at right angles, are the drawing-rooms, in cooler tones than the light hall, one of Bumstead's papers on the wall, of those fine tints found in some stone colors or the tender bark of young trees, the arrow leaf pattern, quiet enough to furnish a perfect ground for pictures, yet most pleasing in its shadowy pencillings to the eye which idly rests on it. The mosaic dado is finished by a convex moulding of ebony and gold, both dado and border being much lower than the fashion which furnished a drawing-room with a base not out of place for a temple of Minerva. The advice of William Morris, the poet-designer, who was personally consulted on the point, is to make low dados and avoid heavy bands about the ceiling, principles which he carries out in all his own work.

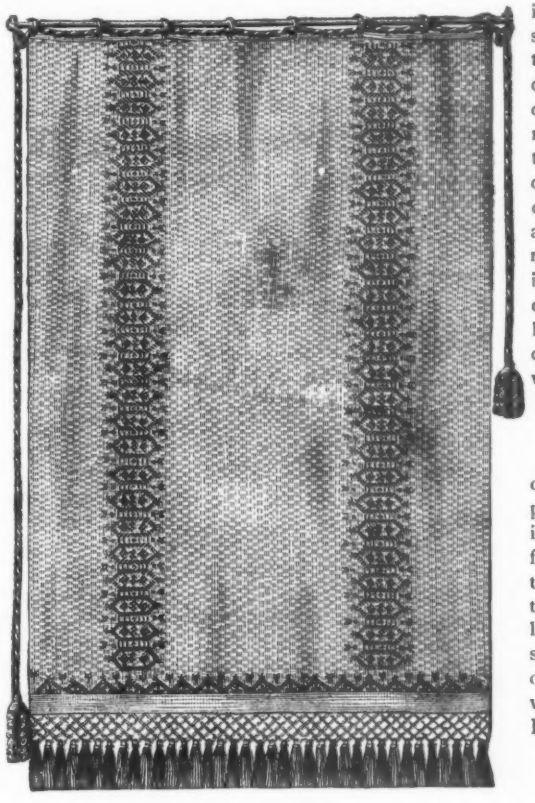
"I think I have the dado a few shades too dark for the wall," the owner says. "When I build my



ANTIQUE CARVED MIRROR. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

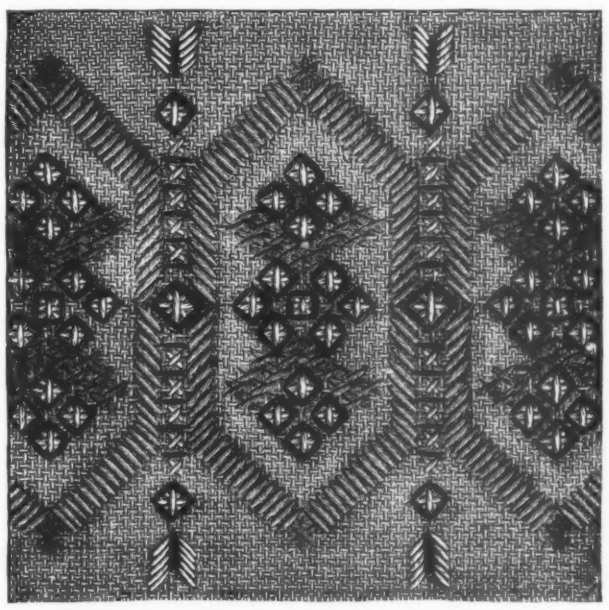
own house I shall not have such a decided contrast."

A little thing to speak of, yet it is one of many which show that the subtleties of art are growing upon appreciation. Not half a dozen years since people were raving over their fashion for color and talked of having "the love of a savage for bright color," with a notion it was the sign of true artistic grace in their souls. Some eyes have had enough of scarlet and yellow, which nature always swathes with blue and dun mists in the season of them, and can find the beauties of low color, and the soft shadings left by air, damp, and fire on stones and the bark of trees and dying leaves. A little more, or less, and this drawing-room would repeat the shadings of a wood in late autumn. The gray sagittaria leaves on the wall, with shadows of Indian red and darker gray, the tones of blackening bark and lichen-rust in the figures of the base, a gilding light as willow stems in the cornice, the carpet in some woody pattern of gray and brown leaves with dull red berries, old English walnut-wood furniture in gray cloth, with touches of charming color from the porcelains and ornaments, the very child's book on the table lending its acceptable trifle of gayety and home suggestion. For there is unmistakable evidence of these rooms being lived in, and owning the final charm any man can put to his house, that of careful usage. I lean in the easy chair, feeling rather than seeing the pleasant touches which leave the pleased impression, as good for a tired soul as getting one's own way sometimes is. The long outlines of the figures in the German engravings, the low curves of the gaselier in gold bronze, with nothing particular about it except that it is very simple and just right, which simple things are not always, the pink French porcelains on the mantel hung with wine-red velvet and macramé fringes in flax-gray that suit the tones of the paper, the slant carved rack full of heavy books on theories of color, tools for the workshop, not dilettante reading, are pleasingly gathered in the best corner of this study-parlor, its recessed window, draped with écru lace and the peachy Morris curtains, such a window as Mr. Hennessy loved in his earlier pictures, looking out on just such young trees and half twilight as this. And as I regret again the romance lost to American art with that painter, in comes the blonde mistress, who lights the rooms with her bright hair and complexion, and is the key-note to their harmony. The bust of Clytie is deposed, the quaint little black mahogany pillar table pushed out, and the tray of picturesque china placed for impromptu tea. Tea from a blue and white china teapot with wicker handle, with quaint cups and plates to match, sugar and cream in lucid black and gold porcelain, even the bread and grapes assisting the picture on the polished table, has a flavor unknown to the common ceremonial; but English tea with a vase of old Wedgewood on the corner of the table, and ivory-fleshed Staffordshire whose butterflies have just alighted on the meadow stems, while a well-informed woman talks china marks and Danish carvings by one's side, has an aroma not to be had for any eighteen shillings a pound, not if you are friends with the Russian Minister himself. I freely own to holding modern faïence and royal Sèvres in light repute, and Capo di Monté as only fit to go with debased Italian taste in sculpture, and would leave a whole exhibition of them to look at one piece of veritable old Wedgewood like this, proved and undoubted as its mistress tells. The Wedgewood family was dining at the house of her husband's father in England, when he, then an amateur photographer, proposed to take the pictures of the guests. One of them died shortly after, leaving the family in special grief because they had no late likeness of him, when the young friend finished the picture taken the day of the dinner and sent it to them. Such a service was acknowledged by the gift of one of the original classic pieces, of Flaxman's design, an urn-shaped vase, over a foot high, of the delicate lavender ground, as gem-like a tint as turquoise, or beryl, which modern Wedgewood hardly tries to copy, with its procession of lawn-draped figures whose robes reveal the symmetry of shape beneath, as if it were thinnest Cyprus and not clay in which the inspired potter worked. The pure engraving of each outline, the expression like that of Greek gems, are what impatient, boastful modern art cannot catch. The ornaments of a house tell its refinement, and in this one nothing is meaningless or inharmonious. Its curios are such trifles as the Japanese picture leaves, the skeleton leaf of the



WINDOW-BLIND EMBROIDERY.

plane tree enamelled with brilliant birds and flies, outdoing all skeletonizing by our lady amateurs, priceless china and fine pieces of bric-a-brac made by the owner himself. The hostess shows with pride the writing-desk of polished walnut, with deep-pierced mountings in fine brass, exquisitely finished and fitted, lined with blue velvet, made by her husband for her birthday present. The bracket is his work, the tiles



DETAIL OF WINDOW-BLIND.

his own. Her hands made and hung the heavy draperies of damascene and wove the laces for the mantels, and the embroidered cushions—buttercups on a gray ground mounted on dark olive cloth—are her leisure work, done with five minutes' showing of the stitch from a pupil of the Decorative Society—no sketchy, uneven work, but fine close filling, as firmly outlined as if with paint and pencil.

The sight of such a house is enough to make all dawdlers who have been satisfied with reading and chattering art uneasy till they have learned to use their hands to purpose as well as their tongues, and they have something to show as well as to say. So I think as I pull my grapes to pieces, and the hostess tells of a treasure-trove in Montrose, nothing less than a set of ancient Danish furnishings, heirlooms of the family which brought them over, now broken up, whose survivor wishes to dispose of them before going back to her native country. Think of it! old carved oak cabinets, and a trousseau chest, and drawing-room chairs, in the beautiful work peculiar to northern Europe, of which precious little gets a chance to come to this country. I have said enough to break the rest of artistic souls, from Tremont Street to San Francisco, with fevers of desire. I do suppose, when we all have cleverness to take the fitting of our houses more into our own hands, instead of paying sums to indifferent paper-hangers and upholsterers, we may come to have prettier homes, and a trifle to invest in heirlooms for other generations to admire. If we cannot have the heirlooms, at least let us have homes worthier the name. SHIRLEY DARE.

ANTIQUE CARVED MIRROR.

THE work upon this mirror shows us the perfection of the Etrusco-Hellenic art of carving. It is in the possession of Professor Gerhard, of Berlin. According to the inscriptions it represents Semele bending forward with maternal love to the youthful Bacchus, to receive his graceful kisses and embraces. Next to them stands Apollo as the Pythian god, with the laurel wreath in his right, and behind him sits a satyr boy who plays upon a double pipe. For purity of form and gracefulness of composition, this splendid work stands on a level with the finest productions of Hellenic art.

WINDOW-BLIND EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY is now very successfully applied to window-blinds. Our model is écru canvas cloth. The detail of the design with which it is embellished is given in the engraving below it. It is carried out in violet, green, and pale blue wools; but the colors should be selected with regard to the furniture of the room. The model is lined with dark green silk.

Decorative Art Notes.

The peacock makes its appearance in embroidery from the very earliest times as a favorite subject for what Cowper called "the threaded steel." Its use for the decoration of ecclesiastical garments was continual, both in mediæval and ancient times. One of the robes of Pope Paschal was indebted to the embroiderer for its radiant hues; it was of "an amber color, with peacocks." Pope Leo IV. had a church-hanging worked with a needle, having on it the design of a man seated on a peacock. Pope Stephen V. had four magnificent hangings for the altar, the centre one being wrought entirely with peacocks. According to ancient custom, the angels' wings in embroideries were formed of peacocks' feathers.

There is a great improvement in recent designs of bird-cages, and as these articles often constitute a striking feature of an apartment, it comes none too soon. The Osborn Manufacturing Company particularly show originality in this direction.

The demand among amateur china painters for colored designs has been supplied by Messrs. Marsching & Co., who have a large variety, and on the back of each is given a list of the colors needed for the work.

By far the finest decorative work on linen with indelible ink that we have seen is that done by F. A. Whiting, of Dunellen, N. J. It is admirable in neatness of execution, and the designs are original and artistic. Some good specimens of etching on linen done with his ink are to be seen on a set of doyleys at the rooms of the New York Society of Decorative Art.

One of the attractions at Company Six's table at the Seventh Regiment Armory Fair will be a fan of twenty sticks, each painted by an eminent artist.

AMATURE SCENE-PAINTING.

It is not often that scene-painting is attempted by amateurs, and for the best possible reason—because very few people even know what colors are used, and how they are applied. It is a common error to suppose that oil paints are employed, when in fact the colors are the ordinary ones used in different arts and manufactures, but ground up with water, and tempered, when used, with a small quantity of size.

Having fixed the dimensions of the scene to be painted, which of course must be governed by the size of the room at our disposal, we must first of all have a frame made on which to stretch our canvas. Any kind of canvas will do for scenery, provided that it is close in texture. Unbleached calico will do for temporary work, but if we wish our scenes to last we must employ canvas. The painting-frame should be strong, and should be made in the form shown at Fig. 1; for as soon as the material is wetted it shrinks, and is apt to pull the frame all out of shape unless it is properly constructed. The canvas should be neatly joined, and so placed on the frame that the seams will lie across the picture, not from top to bottom. Neglect of this precaution will most likely lead to the scene hanging in bulging folds, a fault which will spoil the best painting, and one for which there is no remedy.

The canvas being sewn, we must tack it on the frame with 1½-inch nails. All four corners must be first secured, and afterwards the sides may be nailed down, one being completed before another is begun. By this means the canvas can be nailed on so as to present one even surface.

The material must now be prepared for the reception of the colors by an operation which is called "priming." But the canvas must first of all receive a coating of size. The best double size must be used, and should be melted in a kettle with a small quantity of water. It should be watched and occasionally stirred, and should not be allowed to boil. After this size has been well brushed into the canvas and allowed to dry the priming can be applied. This consists of whiting, which has been soaked in water until it assumes the appearance of thick white mud. To this strong size must be added until the mixture is of the consistency of cream. It should be neither too thick nor too thin, but just sufficiently limpid to flow easily from the broad whitewash brush with which it is applied to the canvas.

The frame being placed upright and properly secured, the workman commences at the top, working the priming brush up and down and then horizontally, so as to avoid leaving any lines upon the canvas, until it is all covered. Should the canvas be very rough in texture, another thinner coat of priming may be applied when the first is dry, but one is generally sufficient. Leaving our canvas to dry—an operation which will in the driest weather take about four hours—we can now collect our painting materials.

A palette is the first requisite. This should be made of board, with little recesses for the colors round three sides of it (see Fig. 2). It should, when made, receive three coats of white oil color, and be well rubbed down with glass-paper, so that it may present a smooth surface for the brush, and also to prevent the colors sinking into the wood and becoming indistinguishable.

The colors used are the following.

Flake white.	Indian red.
Yellow ochre.	Vermilion.
Chrome yellow.	Rose pink.
Orange lead.	Ultramarine.
Venetian red.	Emerald green.

The above can be bought in a dry state, as they are sufficiently soft to be readily mixed with water by the help of the palette-knife; but the following must be obtained ready ground in water in the form of a paste:

Drop black.	*Raw sienna.
Raw umber.	*Burnt sienna.
*Burnt umber.	*Vandyke brown.
*Indigo.	*Damp lake.
Green lake.	Dutch pink.

Those marked * are mostly for glazing—*i.e.*, for using with strong size for deepening and enriching the body colors. Each color should be kept in a little pot, and just covered with water, a piece being taken out of each as required to supply the palette. The colors on the latter can be arranged according to fancy, but it is well to place the darker colors together, and the lighter ones opposite to them.

Before we begin to sketch in the design, we may at once disabuse our minds of the common idea that scene-painting is a kind of slapdash work that any one can do. On the contrary, it is perhaps the most difficult kind of painting that one can choose. People will often condemn a bad picture by saying it is "like scene-painting," whereas if it were really like good scene-painting it would be a valuable work. The

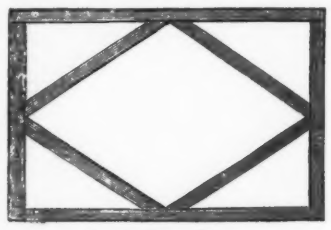


Fig. 1. Scene Frame.

English landscape-painter, Stanfield, was originally a scene-painter. Thackeray, alluding to Stanfield's paintings, says that "he did more towards advancing the taste of the English public for landscape art than any other living painter. He taught the public from the stage, taught the pit and gallery to admire landscape art and the boxes to become connoisseurs, and decorated the theatre with works so beautiful that one regrets the frail material on which they were constructed." Certainly, he who can make no headway with ordinary drawing materials need not hope to

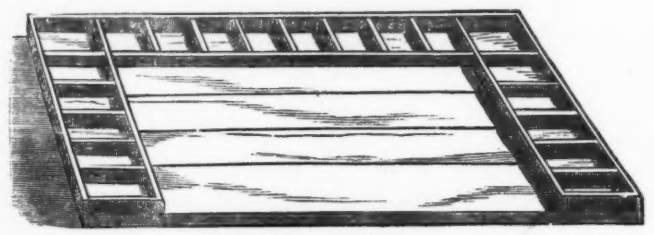


Fig. 2. Scene-painter's Palette.

hide his imperfections by trying scene-painting, for, enlarged, they will be still more apparent. Any good book on water-color drawing will apply in its directions to scene-painting if we except the use of such tints as the madders, and others of a like expensive nature, which of course are quite out of the question in large work. And I need hardly say that the ordinary rules of perspective must be attended to with the most rigid accuracy.

This latter injunction will perhaps sound to some rather formidable. They may say, "We can find the horizontal line and point of sight *on paper*, and can

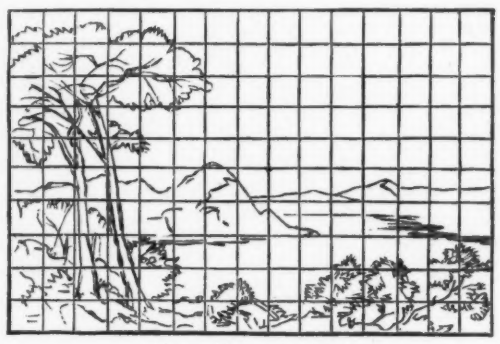


Fig. 3. Model for Scene.

rule all the lines from that point with a ruler, but how can we do this on a big canvas?" By very much easier means than you suppose. First strike your horizontal line with a string that has been rubbed with charcoal. Now fasten a bent pin to a long piece of string like a very primitive fishing-line; hook the pin into the canvas at the point of sight, and the line can then be carried to any part of the canvas required. In actually painting lines you will require a straight-edge, which almost describes itself. It is merely a flat lath, bevelled on one side like a ruler; it should be five or six feet long, and can conveniently be marked with feet and inches so as to serve a double purpose. A large pot of water, another of working size, and several long-haired brushes will complete your equipment. It must be understood that the size is for the purpose of binding the particles of color together. If a scene were painted without it the colors would rub off with the least touch. But this working size must be much more dilute than that used for priming: say one pint of the latter to three of water.

We will suppose that our first attempt is to be a landscape, for which we have made a colored design on paper to an inch scale. That is to say, supposing the canvas measures 15 feet by 10, our paper picture is 15 inches by 10. Mark the inches on the margin of the paper all round the design, and then draw pencil lines from point to point until the picture is covered with inch squares (see Fig. 3). Now mark the margin of the canvas all round in the same way, only with squares measuring one foot instead of one inch. This can easily be done by the string and charcoal arrangement already alluded to. The string must be held tight at each end, and plucked so that it rebounds on the canvas with a snap, a black charcoal line being left on the whitened canvas. By means of these squares we can, without much difficulty, sketch in our design with a piece of soft drawing charcoal, each square on the canvas containing a larger edition of the particular part of the subject contained within the corresponding square on the paper.

When this is done, the lines of the sketch should be gone over and rectified where necessary with a small brush charged with rose pink and working size. The sketch being satisfactorily accomplished, the canvas can be flogged with a clean cloth, in order that every trace of the charcoal squares may be removed. The colors are now laid on with due regard to light and shade. They will nearly all require to be tempered with whiting, which should be kept in a moist state ready for the purpose, otherwise they would be far too dark for many of the effects aimed at. It must be noted that in scene—or, as it is called, distemper—painting, the colors are far darker when wet than when dry.

Among the Dealers.

There is a wonderfully fine exhibit of Haviland faïence at Davis Collamore & Co.'s store. The most conspicuous pieces are two unusually large vases, the ornamentation of which, by E. Lindeneher, is executed in a masterly manner. In each case the decoration consists of a grape-vine, whose luscious purple fruit, delicate trellis, and broad leaves—all exquisitely modelled—lie quite naturally against the rich dark green glaze of the vessels. The glaze in every part is smooth and regular, and so agreeable to the touch that a blind man could take pleasure in feeling it. We failed to find a single fire-crack in either piece, which is remarkable considering the intricacy and delicacy of the modelling.

Another Haviland vase, of still larger proportions and of no less beauty, stands between these two. The glaze of the body of the vessel is a warm gray, shaded to black, and the decoration is a graceful vine of trailing convolvulus.

Not content with possessing these colossal pieces of Haviland, Messrs. Davis Collamore and Co. have imported some plaques of Deck ware of no less gigantic proportions. Two of these pieces contain such a wealth of color as would make them almost invaluable for decorative purposes. One is a green and yellow parrot—against a violet background, if our memory serves us—and the other is a cock in green, blue, red, and silver bronzes.

From the potteries of Bourg la Reine are some admirable specimens, including a flat vase, on which is a painting of sheep, the foremost of which is remarkable for the clever foreshortening of the body.

The porcelain exhibit of Messrs. Collamore & Co. is not unworthy of such faïence as we have described. It includes some excellent bird-painting by Ernie.

The curious tinted terra-cotta pictures in the show-windows of Alexander M. Hays & Co. daily draw a crowd of amused pedestrians. They are all original and new from Paris. One by Graillon, representing five children packed in an open basket, is very funny. The little wretches are all struggling and fighting in the most natural way. Another group by Graillon—this Frenchman is certainly a genius—represents a number of children crowding at a window blowing bubbles. One little fellow is crying because he has broken his pipe, and it is almost impossible to look at his face without laughing. A laborer lying asleep on the grass is an admirable composition. Polydore Comein has some equally good work in this way. His "L'Été," which represents a little girl in a single loosely-hanging garment fanning herself, is charmingly modelled. One would hardly believe it possible to represent in clay drapery so light and so natural-looking as that which the artist has given us in this picture.

Art Needlework

ON COLOR.

II.

A SIMPLE and very effective arrangement of color, and one especially appropriate for outline work, is one in which the pattern is worked on a dark ground in a lighter shade of the same. If the curtains be dark crimson and the pattern worked in a lighter shade, the material is enriched and relieved sufficiently without the introduction of colors, possibly unsuitable to the general harmony of the room. In a small room, curtains embroidered in many colors do not look well, unless, perhaps, where the ground is unbleached linen or some similar light-colored substance; but by working a sprig or other design in outline in a brighter shade of the dark material, the heaviness of a mass of self-color is much relieved. Outline embroidery, also, looks extremely well when done in a dark color on a light ground—either a darker shade of the same color as the ground, or an altogether different color, as dark blue on unbleached linen or raw silk; dark red and brown also look extremely well on the unbleached tints. In outline patterns, to be worked in not only a different shade but in a different color from the ground, a greater contrast is required, and the lines, though thin, should be strong.

If at any time it be found that the ground color chosen is too obtrusive and does not retire enough, a little diaper pattern may be worked all over the piece in a darker shade of the ground; this gives depth and richness, and lends greater value to the principal design. In cases, too, where the plain ground is felt to be monotonous, the diaper may be used with good effect. A simple little pattern is all that is necessary, for the diaper must never obtrude itself, either by its elaborate pattern or strength of color—like a healthy influence, it should be felt rather than seen.

As a rule, dark grounds give the strongest relief to the design. Dark brownish greens, deep dull blues, and rich maroon shades, make good grounds; but if the design be many-colored, black will be found the safest, as it will subdue, and at the same time show out, the brilliancy. Some of the most beautiful work is done on pale grounds; creamy white, buff, pale gray and fawn, all make good ground-tones. If strong relief is desired, either a dark or a light ground must be chosen; the intermediate shades, unless of a very neutral tone, do not as a rule make good grounds—great judgment is required in their use, or an indistinct effect is the result.

It will help much to preserve the unity and clearness of the effect if all the different shades of the design contrast more with the ground than with each other. Thus, if the ground be dark, all the colors of the design should be of lighter shades than the ground color; if the ground be light, the whole design should show dark upon it.

Keeping in mind that repose is a most important element in art decoration, we must be content with a few colors at a time. Just as we may not crowd in details of form, so we must be sparing in details of color, nor must we attempt every shade and gradation of tone. Let us be content with the hint that nature gives us. If we must embroider a blue flower, let us choose such a blue as will harmonize with the rest of the work rather than try to match the exact hue of nature, and shade it just so far as will give a clear idea of the flower without relief or projection. As a general rule, two shades are enough (unless the flower be unusually large) to convey sufficient detail without confusion: let us not attempt all the shades and mixed tints to be found in nature, or we shall spoil our work, making it confused and indistinct, neither conveying a good idea of what was intended, nor producing the repose of decorative treatment We must make up our mind, once for all, that it is impossible to imitate nature closely with embroidery materials; therefore, in utilizing her beauties for decorative work, we must conventionalize them in color as well as in form, so as to produce a work of art, instead of some nondescript "fancy work" that is neither art nor nature.

In those cases where a natural treatment can be followed in form, a corresponding treatment will probably be possible in color; and so long as such treatment is consistent with repose, harmony, and clearness in design and apprehension, it may be safely adopted; but it must be borne in mind that to follow nature closely in one flower and to conventionalize another in the same design is to destroy harmony: all must be in keeping—naturalized or conventionalized in exactly the same degree.

OLD ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

THERE is no kind of old English needlework more worthy of study to-day than that of the eighteenth century. The curtains and hangings of Queen Anne's time are of excellent design, grave, and well-considered. Here is no more quaintness, no striving after the impossible, nor touching imperfection, rousing our sympathy for the eager and fanciful workwoman of the earlier time. All is polished, capable, well-regulated, the color entirely within bounds, the forms full of a courtly rather than a natural grace. The flowers are not those of the forest and wild hedgerow, but of grave parterres and stately Dutch gardens—noble sunflowers curling their leaves within due bounds, tulips standing upright on sufficient stems, stiff crown imperials and broad lilies, all marshalled in well-balanced order and thoughtful arrangement. For large pieces of work, such as coverlets and curtains, there cannot be better models than these, always having regard to the intended surroundings of our own work.

Lighter and more delicate fancies succeed these stately performances; the patterns grow smaller, the materials finer, the uses more intimate and personal. Trailing patterns of honeysuckle, jasmine, and sweet pea cover the finer linen in graceful trellis, or are scattered over creamy satin in dainty bouquets and sprigs, of which the best chintz patterns are imitations. Delicate satin-stitch work is done on net—almost worthy of being ranked as lace; and embroidery on white muslin is brought to a rare perfection. Silk is dyed in more tender shades; velvet becomes too heavy for the prevailing taste, and goes much out of fashion; crewels are less used, and silks more so; while the linen becomes cambric, and satin—the most beautiful material of all—is most frequently used for a ground.

We can hardly study the needlework of the eighteenth century too much; but it must be as intelligent students, not as servile copyists—not accepting as good everything of that date, for it is beauty, not curious antiquity, that we seek. It is because the work of this time is thoughtful and original that it is worthy of our earnest attention; but in blind admiration we are apt to miss these essential charms. It is well to remember the reason why English artwork of this period is so good: it is because there was then so little pacific intercourse with the French, from whom the English have always been too prone to copy. The British workmen were thrown upon their own resources, and, consequently, there is in all the household and decorative work of this age something more truly national and more original than at any subsequent period.

A GLASGOW NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION.

A FINE exhibition of ancient and modern needlework was held at Glasgow late in September, in connection with the opening there of a branch of the Royal School of Art Needlework. Prominent among the exhibitors were the South Kensington Museum, the Marchioness of Bute, and the Countess of Glasgow. Among the ancient work exhibited may be mentioned a needlework shirt which belonged to James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., when he was seven years old; a beautiful nursery set on cream-colored satin, said to have belonged to James I., and consisting of a baby's frock, a coverlet a cot cover, two fringed canopies, and a lady's jacket; a Queen Anne's apron exquisitely embroidered in flowers and silver lacework; and another apron, which belonged to Marie Antoinette, of black satin trimmed with needlework, drawn thread and Danish lace. A small figure of St. Andrew in an arch, worked in gold on purple silk, belonged to the twelfth century. Another, of the fourteenth century, represented the Adoration of the Kings; this was on linen, with figures partly sketched and partly embroidered in silk. A number of richly embroidered petticoat borders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries attracted much attention. In all the ground was linen; some were entirely blue or crimson, others many-colored; one was in floss silk, with flowers, birds, animals, cherubs, and other figures. An orphrey mounted on white satin (fourteenth century) and a cross mounted on a purple church vestment (fifteenth century) were strikingly rich and beautiful. Small precious stones were used as eyes in one piece of gold Italian embroidery (sixteenth century) decorated with birds and animals.

In the modern class some exceptionally fine screens were shown. In one the ground was olive satin, worked in silk with honeysuckle, jasmine, wild rose, and flowering myrtle. In another the ground was dark velvet, the panels foxglove, poppies, and Canterbury bell. A design of bulrushes and pampas grass, with arum lily leaves, was very effectively embroidered on oatcake cloth in crewels. Another very handsome screen represented Venus, Juno, Minerva, and Proserpine. A small Chippendale screen, pale silk ground, embroidered in silks for the Queen, showed a delicate wreath surrounding a small group of flowers.

One of the largest pieces of modern embroidery was a white satin quilt, richly embroidered in gold couching. Two magnificent pairs of curtains were exhibited—one of green silk velvet, the borders appliqué of velvet and satin on gold brocatine, outlined with gold threads; the other blue silk velvet, the borders appliqué of velvet on silk sheeting embroidered with gold. A mantel valance of dark green velvet was decorated with a Japanese design; the flowers were yellow, and they and the leaves were outlined in gold, as were also appliqué birds and dragon flies. Another very handsome valance was embroidered with sunflowers in crewel and silks, in feather-stitch on dark green velveteen. Many of the articles exhibited were worked from designs by Walter Crane.

IN Grecian mythology we read of Arachne, a luckless maiden who had attained such skill in arts of weaving and embroidery that the nymphs themselves would leave their groves and fountains to come and gaze upon her work. "To watch her as she took the wool in its rude state, and formed it into rolls, or separated it with her fingers, and carded it till it looked as light and soft as a cloud, or twirled the spindle with skilful touch, or wove the web, or, after it was woven, adorned it with the needle, one would have said that Minerva herself had taught her." In her contest with Minerva the goddess was beaten, and poor Arachne was turned into a spider by her ruthless rival.

INDUSTRIAL ART

PERSIAN ART.



LATELY there have been numerous indications that Persian art will soon be almost as fashionable in Europe and America as the art of Japan now is, a prospect which makes a sketch of this style of decoration eminently timely. The form of decorative art peculiar to the people of ancient Persia was largely influenced by the religion of the country as established by Zoroaster, who recognized in nature two great powers—Ormuzd, the principle of all that is good and useful, and Ahriman, the principle of all that is bad and pernicious—the one white and the other black. Many of the principles of Persian art are based on the antagonism of these two forces which control the world and the actions of its inhabitants. In emblematic art the cypress was selected by Zoroaster and his disciples as typical of the aspirations of the soul to heaven. This system of religion was thoroughly in harmony with the dreamy nature of the Persians, and established itself so firmly in their minds that when, in the middle of the seventh century of our era, the Mussulmans conquered Persia and forced upon the inhabitants the Mohammedan religion, many preferred to migrate rather than to change their doctrines, and carried with them to India their beliefs and principles, forming there the influential sect of the Parsees. Those that remained in their own country adopted a form of Mohammedanism which was not strictly orthodox, and which led to many a combat between them and the Turks.

The tulip and the rose occupy prominent places in the decorations of the Persians. Most of their fictile work is earthenware, though resembling porcelain in many points. This earthenware has a silicious body, owing to the natural composition of the sand employed, which gives it a peculiar affinity for colors, or rather for incorporating colors at a lower temperature than other pastes. This enables the decorator to use colors which would otherwise be burnt out before the glaze would melt. And thus we have on Persian faïence light blues and other similar tints which exist on no other wares.

In Persian art we often find animals of peculiar construction, made up of human or animal elements combined in a way to circumvent the law of Mohammed which forbids man from attempting to rival the Deity in producing perfect beings. Thus we find a human head on a bird's body or a body so mutilated that the divine power will certainly never even conceive the idea of competition. Thus it is religion, and not ignorance in art, which is accountable for the singular productions we meet in the decorative compositions of the Persians.

In their fantastical mythology we find monsters not made out of parts of other animals, and which belong to the same family of imaginative creatures as the Chinese and Japanese dragons. These are the "ouran" or "ourambad," the "solam" or horse-headed dragon, and the "simorg" or "simorg auka," which partakes more of the nature of the bird.

Another element from which many decorative principles emanate is the love of the populations of that part of Asia for hunting, especially with the hawk or falcon. In floral decoration their treatment is conventional and generally symmetrical. The ornament termed the "palm," though with no very apparent reason, is typical of their conventional flora, and is interwoven into the designs of all Cashmere shawls.

A peculiarity in the decoration of Persian faïence is that each touch of color affects the form so well designated by the French as "goutte de suif" (tallow drop), being slightly raised in the centre and tapering off at the edges. A French traveller in Persia some years ago discovered that this effect of limiting the run of the melted enamel was produced by circumscribing each color with a line of dark metallic oxide possessing the peculiar property of being repellent to the melted enamel and not allowing it to flow over. This method in France received the name of "faïence cloisonnée" on account of the similarity between the appearance of the dark line circumscribing the colors and that of the metallic "cloison" in the enamel. It was adopted at first only by a few manufacturers, but little by little it found its way into many factories, and is now in general use.

The Turkish, Moorish, and Persian styles have so many points of contact that in a general way they may be classified as one school, and are used together in ordinary decorative work. Inscriptions from the Koran in Arabic characters are often introduced in the ornament, where they form very pleasing decorative motives, and at the same time give a local color to the pieces.



PERSIAN ENGRAVED BRASS EWER.

Among the French art manufacturers who first used Oriental decoration, Deck, Collinot, and Parvilleé may be mentioned. Vieillard & Co., at Bordeaux, have produced many fine pieces of good design and at comparatively much lower prices than the other makers. The vase in the initial letter to this article and the Persian fountain elsewhere shown are specimens of the production of this house. The Arabian pot shows a Persian type both in form and in decoration, but of a bastard character, and exemplifies to a certain extent the transformation which the less refined Arabic races made in the exquisite style of Persia. The large ewer in porcelain on page 128 is probably of Chinese manufacture, for a great deal of porcelain of pure Persian type, especially in fine blue and white nankin, was made in China for the Persian market. At the last Vienna Exhibition the uncle of the Shah of Persia exhibited and sold an important collection of Persian-shaped ware made in China. Some of these exquisite productions can be found in S. P. Avery's collection.

In metal work the Persians are as original as they are in their other arts. The ewer shown on this page is made of brass hammered into the proper shape and then ornamented with engraved work very minutely and carefully executed. Medallions containing figures sometimes overlapping each other are separated by delicate scroll-work. In some of the pieces not designed to hold liquids the scroll-work is all open, the ground having been cut out with punches.

In the gun-barrel given we find an example of another mode of decoration in which the Persians excel. It is called "damascening," and consists in applying gold or silver on the surface of steel or iron. When the design has been drawn on the metal to be decorated, the surface which is to receive the precious metals is cut up like the surface of a file, but only where the ornament is to be applied. The gold or silver wire is then laid on it, and with a hammer or a burnishing-tool is forced into the harder metal. The precious metal is flattened out by the pressure, which has also the effect of closing up the cross-cuts made in the hard metal. The closing of these cuts into which a certain portion of the gold has been forced serves to hold the two metals together.

Unfamiliar as we are now with Persian art, it seems to us strange and sometimes crude, but there is little doubt, as we remarked at the outset, that it will soon be almost as fashionable as Japanese art is at the present moment.

FRÉDÉRIC VORS.

POTTERY AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR

ART pottery may be considered as still in its infancy in the United States, although if proper care be exercised, and talent encouraged as it deserves, it is certain that a great future lies before it. So far, the principal drawback to a more rapid advancement toward perfection has been a preference shown by the potters themselves toward playing the part of copyists of foreign designs and styles rather than paying liberally for something novel and meritorious, as well

as truly American in its originality. This is a fault which doubtless time will mend, and the change for the better cannot be brought about any too soon.

American potters made an encouraging display at Philadelphia in 1876, and a second exhibit may now be seen at the American Institute Fair, which is at present being held in this city. At the previous exhibitions of the Institute there were but few spaces occupied by the works of American potters. Last year there was, indeed, but one solitary exhibit of the kind; now, upon visiting the Fair, we find eleven potteries represented, ten of which are white ware factories, the eleventh standing solitary and alone in furnishing samples of yellow and Rockingham ware. Eight of the potteries sending white ware are in Trenton, one in New York City, and another at Greenpoint, L. I. The display made by these ten, while creditable, is still open to adverse criticism. It would seem from the profuse use of bright, and sometimes incongruous, colors, that the idea of the manufacturer must have been that his fellow-countrymen, and hoped-for customers, were all afflicted with semi-barbarous tastes. At times, in fact, the natural beauties of form and material are too often entirely counteracted by the gaudy decorations with which the ware is liberally besprinkled. There are, fortunately, exceptions to these monstrosities, where the fitness of things has been observed, and these will be gladly welcomed as harbingers of hope of the coming rule of true and refined taste. The most daring flight has been taken by Ott & Brewer, of the Etruria Pottery, Trenton, the principal portion of their exhibit being



PERSIAN ARABIC VESSEL.

composed of more or less ambitious works in Parian. The leading piece of this is their bust of Cleopatra, which has fine points sufficient to counterbalance the few faults that may be found in it. It represents "an Egyptian of the Egyptians," even to the minor details of head-dress and ornaments. A great drawback to its proper appreciation is the fact of its being of heroic size, and not intended to occupy the lowly position which it now holds, and which causes it to appear exaggerated and unnatural, reminding the spectator rather of a fabled inhabitant of Brobdingnag than of a queen who once really lived and ruled. However, as the first American attempt on such an extended scale in Parian statuary, her Egyptian majesty may be honestly commended, even if her face is a trifle too severe in expression for the voluptuous original. A much more characteristic and striking piece of the same statuary is the minature bust of "a ranting, roaring Irishman," which is good in every detail. In the bust of "Our Saviour" there is a great lack of the spirituality we are accustomed to see given to such works. In fact, it reminds one more of a handsome German in a decline than of anything else. The "Venus di Milo" is a very fair copy of the plaster model of that gem of art so well known to the public. The busts of Homer and Shakspeare, and a number of other smaller pieces, are fairly modelled, but crude in some respects. A peculiarly American design is the "Baseball Vase." This was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, and attracted much attention from its originality and national character. The base itself is an inverted cone, the upper part or mouth holding a "dead ball," upon which is perched an eagle with outspread wings. The lower portion is encircled by a row of "bats," giving it the appearance of being



PERSIAN VASE.

fluted. Upon the base at each corner stands a player in his appropriate position as if on the field. These figures are very lifelike, and the faces are full of expression. Anatomically considered, they are far from being perfect. For instance, the "pitcher's" fingers are disproportionately long and large. The same exhibitors show a pair of handsomely-decorated vases in jasper, a quaint antique tea-set ornamented with vine leaves and a medallion head of Martha Washington, and a variety of other decorated and plain ware. In these, as well as in most of the specimens shown by the other potteries, the decorations are above the glaze.

The Union Porcelain Works, Greenpoint, L. I., at the Fair of the Institute in 1877 made a display of Parian statuettes and medallions, but this year their principal strength lies in their decorated dinner and tea-sets and fruit-plates, some of which display considerable talent. A "fern" dinner-set is noticeable for the delicacy of its decorations, which stand in strong contrast to some of its neighbors. This factory exhibits a Centennial vase which, if profuse ornament were a merit, would be the perfection of art. It is Grecian in shape and American in decoration. The upper portion of the body is ornamented with medallion paintings symbolical of the various industries of this country. The lower portion illustrates, by figures "in relief," scenes in American history. The upper centre is filled by a large medallion head of Washington. Two buffalo heads form the handles. This vase is too corpulent for its height, which, in addition to the excess of decoration, detracts greatly from its claims to beauty. A little more attention to the rules of proportion would have been advantageous. "At His Post," a small group in Parian, representing a street "gamin" peeping around a chimney at a sleeping policeman on the other side, is full of humor although deficient in execution. This factory also exhibits some very good specimens of decorated ware, both over and under the glaze. The best piece of the latter class is a plate in imitation of blue Dresden. An imitation Chinese tea-cup is shown, as bright and attractive to the eye as the original itself.

The Greenwood Pottery, Trenton, makes an extensive display of real American china or porcelain, both plain and decorated. This is very translucent, but differs from the French in being much whiter. This ware is said to be made entirely of American material, and the president of the company prides himself upon that fact, although he is an Englishman by birth. Some of the decorations are good, and deserve commendation.

The American Crockery Company, Trenton, shows, among other novelties, a rustic toilet set, ivory body, ornamented with roses; and a square dinner-set, or rather it would be square if it did not have rounded corners. From the Mercer Pottery there is a gorgeously-decorated toilet-set, with cranes and marine plants as the main features. Isaac Davis, Trenton, shows decorated toilet ware, in which flowers play a prominent part, while in his dinner and tea sets bands of gold and various colors are in the majority.

One of the oldest potters in this country is James Caw, of the New York City Pottery, who has at the Fair two cases well filled with decorated ware, which contests fairly for the palm with any there exhibited. There is, perhaps, on some of the pieces an excess of vivid coloring, but the specimens shown are generally graceful in shape and well finished.

Thomas Maddock, Trenton, exhibits toilet ware differing much from any shown by the other potters. One fine set, ivory body, is decorated under the glaze with a delicate daisy pattern in subdued colors. A large Grecian vase, in stone ware, made at his pottery, is Mr. Maddock's leading piece. On one side is drawn the figure of an ancient Egyptian potter making ware. The governors of seven or eight States were present at the moulding of the vase, and each wrote his name upon it while in biscuit.



PERSIAN INCENSE BURNING VESSEL.



PERSIAN DAMASCENED GUN BARREL.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DECORATIVE PROCESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of The Philadelphia Telegraph writes that he has been shown some of the results of a new invention, lately patented in Paris by an English gentleman, Mr. White, which seems destined to effect a revolution in the world of decorative art. The correspondent in question gravely alleges that "by this wonderful invention Gobelin and Aubusson tapestries are imitated to perfection, and by a single impression of the printing block; chromos, too, that require from thirty to sixty stones each, can be printed with a single block by this new process, with the addition of one stone merely to put in the more delicate lines; in fact, anything printed in color can be reproduced from a single block. The results of the process are indestructible, and it can be applied to any material. It takes perfectly on india-rubber, for instance. I saw a bouquet of field flowers printed on that material with all the vividness of the hues

preserved, and the picture could neither be worn off nor effaced without destroying the material on which it was printed. The reproductions of old tapestry are very beautiful and perfect, and as the material on which they are printed is as strong as linen reps, there is no danger of moths, as in the genuine article. As I write, there lies before me a piece printed merely as an experiment. The subject is the 'Lion of Lucerne,' the beautiful monument to the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI. The colors are soft shades of browns and greens, very delicately blended, and the whole looks like a piece of Aubusson tapestry. But the main beauty of this process is its exceeding cheapness. When we can cover our chairs with tapestry at from $1 to $2 the cover, and hang our walls and curtain our windows with reproductions of antique Gobelin at $10 the strip, and replace fine chromos with their facsimiles at $1 each, why, then, an actual result worth having will be attained. I saw a beautiful copy of the Murillo 'Madonna,' fully three feet in length, which was offered for sale at $1, and printed slippers imitating worsted work which could be produced for 40 cents a pair."

TAPESTRY PAINTING.

TAPESTRY painting with liquid colors is the latest fashion among English amateurs, and it has already many followers in this country. There are no less than six different processes for painting on tapestry. These are the liquid color process, albumen painting, wax painting, turpentine painting, mixed finishing, and oil-painting on prepared canvas. Let us take them in regular order, beginning with the liquid color process.

The utensils and materials required are a winding-up easel, a stretching frame, a set of liquid colors, the same as used in water-color drawings; sable brushes of three different sizes for outlines and any fine touches in small work; short-haired, round, hog-hair brushes for filling in flat tints within the outlines and for the laying of smaller tints; tapestry brushes made purposely for the large washes in trees, skies, grounds, dresses, etc.; two sponges of medium size and close texture, one for washing the canvas, the other for wiping the brushes on; a thin wooden board as palette, surrounded in due order by bottles containing the colors in use. For tracing or transferring the subject to be painted, are further wanted some sheets of French sketching paper ("papier bulle"), tracing paper, a pricker or needle the head of which has been driven in a handle of wood, a pricking wheel, a pounce bag, and some drawing pins.

In employing the liquid color process, the artist in copying any subject must proceed thus: After the canvas has been well stretched on the frame, a sheet of "bulle" or cartridge paper of the same size is fastened on it by drawing pins stuck in the edge of the strainer, and the frame placed on the easel. The main outlines are then sketched in with a charcoal pencil, and with the lightest touch possible, and the excess of charcoal is removed by blowing lightly on the marks. The charcoal sketch is then retraced with a lead-pencil, so as to get a well-defined and perfectly distinct drawing, and the paper taken off the canvas to be pricked. Laying the paper perfectly flat on a woollen blanket, folded double, or on a board of soft wood (poplar without knots is the best), the outlines are pricked through with the needle or the pricking wheel. The needle must be held strictly upright, and the pricking wheel only used for straight or easily-curved lines, not for small details. To transfer the drawing to the canvas, the paper is again fixed to the frame, and the pounce bag, filled either with charcoal dust (black), talc (white), or a mixture of charcoal dust and ashes (gray), gently rubbed on the pricked paper. It is necessary to rub carefully and to avoid any lapping, which would render the traces on the canvas indistinct.

When the whole is well pounced, the paper is removed from the stretcher, and the design will appear dotted on the canvas. The next thing to be done is to trace the charcoal outlines on the canvas with color. For this purpose the stretcher is permanently fastened on the easel, leaning slightly forwards. The outlining should be done with colors appropriate to the tone of the objects to be painted, and the colors sufficiently diluted with water to render the outline rather faint. The design thus lined on the canvas must be tapped with a switch, to shake off all the pounce powder. The canvas is now ready to be painted upon with the tapestry design, much by the same method as water-colors on paper are executed, that is, by a series of washes or by superpositions, every additional wash given to a tint increasing its intensity.



PERSIAN PORCELAIN EWER OF CHINESE MAKE.



PERSIAN FAÏENCE WITH POLYCHROME DECORATIONS.

The special technicalities of tapestry painting, connected with the material to be painted upon, can only be learned by practice; and the beginner will do well to copy first from painted copies, as the readiest means of learning to reproduce actual tapestry on canvas.

The albumen process for painting on tapestry is one of the oldest known, and it is generally agreed that the famous painted tapestries at the Hôtel Dieu at Rheims were executed by some such process. The ordinary colors employed are earths, ochres, lakes, etc., reduced to an impalpable powder and ground up with white of an egg. For spreading these colors on canvas, the whites of eggs are beaten up and mixed with an equal quantity of water, until the whole becomes a thick froth, which is allowed to settle. When the painting is finished it is next washed over with a solution of acetic acid or vinegar diluted with water, or it is subjected to a heat of 140° Fahr., to coagulate the albumen contained in the painting, and thereby fix it.

This process produces paintings in some degree waterproof, but, from the instability of the materials (white of egg decomposing rapidly), is of little practical value for amateur artists.

For wax painting the canvas is first sized with flour paste beaten up with about a third of its weight in water, and the colors are mixed with a solution of white wax and turpentine, in sufficient quantity to obtain a slightly thickened liquid. This process, which is easy to those who are accustomed to paint in oil, is even more expeditious than that of liquid colors, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain tones of great strength by it.

For turpentine painting, ordinary oil-paint colors are mixed with rectified spirits of turpentine, and the same laid on to sized canvas, exactly as in the wax process.

For those who thoroughly understand painting in oils, the "Mixed Painting" process has an advantage over all in which oil colors are used, inasmuch as it least interferes with the pliancy of the canvas, which should be used without sizing. The painting is roughed in with liquid colors, and then finished with ordinary oil colors, to which are added a few drops of the dissolved wax. The oil color, being thus laid only on the surface of the canvas, leaves apparent the liquid color painting beneath, and therefore affords pleasing effects.

Oil painting on prepared canvas is specially applicable if the tapestry paintings are intended to cover walls that are liable to be affected by moisture. Canvas may be had ready prepared for this kind of painting, and may be fastened with an adhesive substance on the wall itself, either before or after the execution of the painting, the wall being previously coated with a specially-prepared mastic.

JAPANESE BRONZES.

THE bronze ware of Japan is made with the rudest possible appliances. From the beautiful and richly-chased articles which come to this country, one would expect that they were turned out of large manufactories provided with modern appliances of every description, but in reality the workshops are no better than ordinary blacksmith shops. The process is roughly as follows: The cores, which, of course, vary according to the shape of the vase or bowl it is desired to make, are made of wood, sometimes covered with straw. On this a coating of clay is placed; over this comes a layer of wax, which is moulded into the design required. Another thick coating of clay is then added, and the inner wooden mould being

taken out, the orifice at each end is closed. Two holes are then made at one end connecting with the layer of wax, so as to enable the wax when melted to run out, and through these the molten bronze enters, filling the interstices occupied by the wax. The subsequent process of casting is of the rudest kind. The earthen mould is placed in a small clay oven hollowed out in the floor of the workshop, the size of which depends upon that of the casting. The oven is then filled with charcoal and closed, with the exception of a circular opening at the top, on which a chimney, a foot or so high, is built of we clay. The oven is connected underground with a wooden bellows, protected from the sparks and heat from the furnace by a small earthen or stone wall a foot high, and which is worked by hands and feet. The first operation is to melt the wax, which runs out, leaving the impression of the design stamped firmly in the surrounding layer of clay. This done, the mould is taken out and allowed to cool. It is then put a second time into the furnace as before, and the molten bronze is then poured into the mould through the holes by which the wax escaped. After the bronze has filled the mould the chimney is knocked off, the oven is supplied with fresh charcoal laid evenly round the mould, and a lid being put on the oven, furnished with small perforated holes, the bellows are set to work again for an hour or more, according to the size of the casting taken. This operation generally occupies a day. When the casting is taken out of the oven the earth outside and inside is scraped off and reveals the vase or bowl, in a rough state. It is then put into the hands of rough workmen, boys being most employed in this part of the work, by whom it is polished and scraped with a knife until it presents a smooth surface. It then passes on to the chaser, who fills in the details of the designs. When his work is done the vase or bowl is dipped into a boiling solution of vinegar, sedge, and sulphate of copper, in order to give it the proper color. A few finishing touches in the way of polish are added, and the article is finished and ready for sale.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE two floral designs (Nos. I. and II.) are suitable for needlework or for painting on silk.

The Japanese design for a plate (No. III.) is arranged by Camille Piton, whose skilful work is already known to our readers. The middle, representing birds and aquatic plants, would make an excellent pattern for etching on linen. The figures around the margin represent the merchant, the musician, the scribe, the tailor, the porter, the umbrella-maker, and other characteristic Japanese personages, and, singly, would serve well for corner-pieces.

IMITATION EBONY INLAID WITH IVORY.

Some of the finest imaginable decorative effects are produced by inlaying ebony with ivory. An excellent imitation of this work may be produced with the aid of the design on the supplement to the present number of THE ART AMATEUR. Cigar boxes may be used for this purpose, and boxes for cards or for napkins, made by a carpenter, and decorated by painting on them in the manner we shall describe, become very handsome ornaments. The following method of making them white may be adopted:

Steep one ounce of the best and palest glue in a pint of cold water all night. In the morning throw away the water. Take six ounces of the finest white lead in dry powder. Mix it by degrees in a mortar with half a pint of cold water, till the whole is a perfectly smooth, thick paste. Place it with the glue in a clean and new tin saucepan. Add half a pint more water, place it on the fire, let it boil *three minutes*, stirring it vigorously all the time. Take it off the fire, pour it into a jar, stir it till cool, and before it is cold take a clean brush and paint the wood. When *quite dry*, rub it over with sand paper to render it perfectly smooth above the interstices of the wood now filled with the lead mixture. Then give another coat of the composition, and when dry repeat the rubbing as before. Repeat the process five or six times, till a perfectly equal and smooth surface is obtained.

When this is accomplished, and perfectly dry, dissolve a quarter of an ounce of good isinglass in a quarter-pint of hot water, and strain it through muslin into a warm cup standing in hot water. With another brush give a uniform coating of isinglass, and do not use the sand paper afterwards. Putting a white kid glove into half a pint of cold water, and boiling it for half an hour, answers nearly as well as isinglass.

To trace the design on the wood, lay on a sheet of black tracing paper, the black side nearest to the wood. On the top of this place the design, and secure it with artist's pins at the corners. Then trace over the *outline only* of flowers, petals, and leaves, with a blunt stiletto. On removing the design, the outline will be found perfect.

If tracing paper is not obtainable, rub the back of the design with a piece of red or blue chalk. Then dust off the loose particles. Place the design upon the white wood, and trace the lines with a blunt stiletto or pencil.

The design may be filled in with vegetable-black in powder, ground and mixed with gum water, or by holding a plate over the smoke of a *tallow* candle (not wax) there will soon be deposited on the plate a mass of unctuous black, which is the best of all paints for this work, when mixed with a little sugar candy dissolved in water, and a little thin gum water. A thin knife will mix it, and it should then be put into a pomade pot with cover, and a very little ox gall, prepared for artists, mixed with it to make the paint flow from the brush. The black should flow freely, but not too thin, from the camel's hair pencil, of which two sizes will be required—one *fine-topped*, but, when dipped in water, *full in the centre;* the other also of the same shape, but much longer, for filling in the groundwork.

In painting the design, it is best to fill in the whole of it before painting the ground. The strokes in the leaves and petals should be as fine as possible, much more so than in the engraving.

After the work is finished, two coats of isinglass, made as directed above, must be put on; each coat perfectly dry before applying the second—that is, twenty-four hours must elapse before a second coat is applied. When this, too, is perfectly dry, the work must be varnished with "white hard varnish," of which six coats must be applied, each to be quite dry before a second is applied, and the work to be kept in a warm but not hot room till it is hard and dry. After this, the box may be lined with a plain-colored paper, or with quilted silk over a piece of thick paper, or with gold paper.



PERSIAN FOUNTAIN OF FRENCH MANUFACTURE.

THE revolution against that bulky and unsightly piece of furniture, the modern pianoforte, apparently is gaining ground in England. Messrs. Broadwood, who made for the artist Alma-Tadema the very original looking instrument described in these columns last month, have recently completed another pianoforte designed by the no less famous artist, Burne-Jones. The London World says that "the body of the instrument is, in form, a modification of the old clavecin, and peculiarly graceful." It is said to be "very quaint," which it is not difficult to believe; for it is legless, supported on a stand, and has green keys.

THE broché towel made at the Fairfield mills in Manchester, England, is described by a London journal as remarkably beautiful. The specialty of this article is that the material is figured by various devices of pattern in a terry fabric of pure white. At first sight one might suppose that the design was embossed or impressed on the fabric, but such is not the case, for the raised pattern is really woven, and hence its peculiar value as a beautiful and lasting material. A novelty in manufacture from the same mills which was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition for the first time also merits notice. By contrast of color in the terry towel, a variety of design is produced on both sides. This effect is attributable to the skilful treatment of the material, and might almost be regarded as a work of art, tending to raise the manufacture above the ordinary class of work and to place it higher than simple mechanical weaving.

The MUSICAL AMATEUR



OPERA DI CAMERA.

PRETTY full directions were given in the first number of this journal for the successful rehearsal and performance of a "Kinder-Symphonie," and it was said that among other causes which would recommend this sort of music to ordinary bands of amateurs, there was the prominent one that (except for one or two principal instruments) a comparatively small amount only of executive or musical ability was necessary in order to enable any one satisfactorily to take part in its performance.

The class of music to which the reader's attention is now called presents many more difficulties in its performance; but it is of a higher character, and appeals to one's artistic, and not to one's humorous side. It needs for its performance four (in some cases five, or even six) good singers and a good pianist, and is known as the "Opera di Camera," or "Chamber Opera."

In spite of its Italian title this branch of music is more studied and cultivated in England than anywhere else. There, many of the ladies and gentlemen, titled and otherwise, belonging to the higher circles, are excellent singers, possessing good voices and an amount of vocal cultivation which is rarely found in this country even among professionals; and the production of a "Chamber Opera" is not an uncommon amusement at some of the fine old country mansions during the long fall and winter evenings.

These operas (or operettas, rather) are always so written as to require but one scene for the whole performance, thus doing away with any necessity for complicated stage-machinery. Very frequently the scene is laid in a room, in which case nothing more is necessary than to procure a platform, put up a curtain, and (if possible) arrange a row of lights on the front of the platform, with reflectors so placed that they throw all the light on the stage. These lights answer the double purpose of rendering the stage more bright and of separating more thoroughly the actors from their audience.

There have been lately many operettas written, which, though not calling themselves "Chamber Operas," are fully fitted for use as such. Offenbach's "Rose D'Auvergne," Massé's "Les Noces de Jannette," a work called "Cups and Saucers" (the composer's name not now remembered), Offenbach's "Lischen und Fritzchen," Sullivan's 'Cox and Box," and any other of these operettas which are written without chorus and in one scene, will be found useful. If the soprano who essays the work has a high voice and a facile vocal execution, and if she and her companions are willing to work hard, the opera of "Jessy Lea," by Macfarren, may be given. This is probably the most charming "Chamber Opera" ever written. Libretto and music are both exquisite. The libretto is by the celebrated John Oxenford, and the music in Macfarren's happiest style. The getting-up of this opera means very hard work, both single and concerted, for every one connected with the matter; but its beauty will more than compensate for the time and labor expended, and the work is so sterling and pleasing that it may be given again and again without losing its interest either for performers or auditors.

An opera must of course be learned by heart, so far as the singers are concerned. This seems very dreadful to those who have never attempted such a feat, but the habit of memorizing is one very quickly formed. The concerted music (duets, trios, quartets, etc.) will be found the most difficult to memorize, the recitatives the next, and the solos (because of their melodic nature) the easiest. Most singers commit the grave mistake of spending the most work on their solos and recitatives, and letting the concerted work go through in any manner that it will without a breakdown. This is a serious fault. No solo, no matter how finely sung, possesses one half the effect of a well-rendered concerted piece. The solo may, and frequently does, draw the immediate applause which the quartet misses; but it is the latter which sinks into the mind and heart, and draws people again and again to hear the same work; for a fine concerted piece well sung never palls, while the best solo after a few hearings becomes tiresome.

But this good rendering of concerted numbers demands, first, artistic self-sacrifice on the part of all the singers, and, second, countless and thorough rehearsals. No soprano or tenor must hold a certain note because it happens to be a favorite one in the voice; no "die-away sentimentality" nor mistaken passion must be allowed to hurry or retard the smooth movement of the music. Every increase or decrease of speed or sound must be made exactly together, and no voice must stand out over the others, save in those rare cases where the composer has so marked for the purpose of obtaining some special effect. Professional operatic artists are usually too selfish to consent to this temporary absorption into a whole with others, and too short-sighted to appreciate the immense gain they would make (in public opinion and favor) by this slight self-denial. Consequently, concerted music in the opera is usually a torture to the musician and a nuisance to the ordinary listener, who feels something wrong and knows not what it is; and when any opera needs shortening for our impatient American public, it is always the concerted music which is slashed out. The Mapleson Italian Opera Company of last winter was a bright exception to the usual rule in this particular, some of their concerted work being given in a manner worthy of the English Glee Club; and its effect on the audience was apparent in the hush that would spread through the house at some exquisitely-rendered trio or quartet, or some delicate chorus—a hush too perfect to be rudely finished by the burst of cheap applause so eagerly sought by shallow-pated and conceited vocalists.

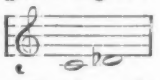
Do not let our amateur friends lose heart because the Mapleson artists have been quoted as a specimen; four very ordinary voices, after proper and conscientious rehearsals, will make a finer effect in a quartet than the four finest artists in the world singing with the usual insufficient opera rehearsals.

Do not let your acting trouble you. The fault with most amateurs is that they try to act too much. You are not expected to be great actors. In ordinary parts be quiet, as you would be in ordinary life; reserve whatever acting you can do for the situations which really need it, and form your action for those by imbuing your mind thoroughly with the mental situation of the part you are taking, and seeking such actions as will most appropriately and naturally express it. It will be found an immense assistance if you will accustom yourself, when the notes of your part are learned, to *never* singing it without action; your acting will then become so much a second nature to you that no amount of nervousness at appearing before an audience can possibly take from you all power of moving your arms and legs—a statuesquely uncomfortable experience which has fallen to the lot of more than one lazy or conceited amateur.

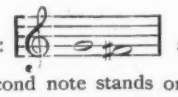
FIRST LESSONS IN HARMONY.

ONE of the first steps in the study of harmony is to familiarize one's self thoroughly with the intervals from note to note, so that, no matter under what guise an interval may be presented, it will be immediately recognized. The simplest way to do this is to study each interval separately, and in every key.
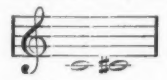
Taking first the semitone, as the smallest recognized interval, we find semitones of two sorts: "diatonic" and "chromatic." We call a semitone "diatonic" when the second note stands on a *different* degree of the staff from the first, thus:



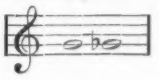
or:



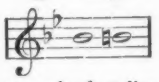
and "chromatic" when the second note stands on the *same* degree of the staff as the first, the raising or lowering being effected by an accidental (sharp, flat, or natural) prefixed, thus:



or:

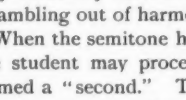


or:

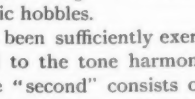


The student should write out semitones, both "diatonic" and "chromatic," on every possible degree of the staff, and in every possible way; not shrinking from chromatic semitones when they lead him into the swamps of double sharps or double flats,

as:

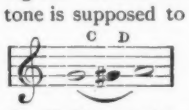


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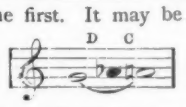


since both double sharps and double flats will be found very necessary farther on, and a great assistance in scrambling out of harmonic hobbles.

When the semitone has been sufficiently exercised, the student may proceed to the tone harmonically termed a "second." The "second" consists of one diatonic and one chromatic semitone. In calculating the "second" it makes no difference which semitone is supposed to come first. It may be written



or:

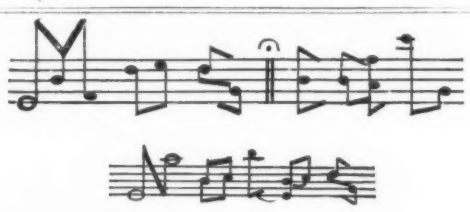


making the C (chromatic) semitone come first, and the D (diatonic) semitone last, or *vice versa*, just as the student pleases. The end desired (the representation of the interval of a "second") is reached in either case. It may be stated, however, as a rule of general convenience, that it is as well to use sharps for ascending and flats for descending. The student should write out "seconds" in every possible key, and in every possible manner. The more diligently these first steps are studied, the easier will the following steps be found. In the study of any science, a firm and thorough foundation makes the raising of the superstructure little more than play: and the science of harmony is, in this respect, no exception to the rest. If our student will diligently grapple his semitones (both diatonic and chromatic) and his tones, or "seconds," in every form (ascending and descending, chromatic first and diatonic first), for a month or two, he will find himself ready for a much longer step by that time, which step we shall be happy to set before him.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "THESPIS."

KATE FIELD, in Scribner's Monthly, gives an amusing sketch of the first work in which Gilbert and Sullivan collaborated, a burlesque entitled "Thespis," written for the comedian Toole, who, having but two notes in his voice, was no easy subject for the composer. However, Sullivan overcame this diffi-

culty, and "Thespis" ran one hundred nights. Of course the plot unfolds a Gilbertian conceit. The gods are supposed to have grown old, and people are dissatisfied. Jupiter's thunder no longer has the true ring. Diana objects to sitting up o' nights. At this juncture, Thespis and his troupe chance upon Mount Olympus; and, as the gods think they'd like to go below and see what is the matter, Thespis assures them that he and his company are equal to regulating the universe. Accordingly the gods retire, Thespis taking Jupiter's place, casting the leading lady for Juno, and his soubrette for Venus. The second act discloses the Thespians in their new rôles. Heaven and earth are convulsed; as Jupiter has turned on rain and forgotten to turn it off, a deluge is imminent; Apollo and Diana, being in love, insist upon going out together; Bacchus has moral scruples against grapes: he is a teetotaler, and will tolerate nothing stronger than ginger-beer. In the midst of topsy-turvy the gods return, dethrone the Thespians, and restore order.



BUT one of the numerous original operas promised this season—Max Maretzek's "Sleepy Hollow"—has yet been heard in New York, although "Cadets" and "Buttons" have made unfortunate appearances in other parts of the country. In all probability this opera will be successful in most places. People always like things with which they are familiar (of course by "people" is meant the general public), and all audiences who have heard opera for a few years past are thoroughly well acquainted with the music of "Sleepy Hollow." Its composition may be called a brilliant effort of memory. The first evening on which I heard this opera I left the Academy of Music with my head in a whirl; I had heard so many composers and had been danced about from one to the other with such rapidity that I was completely confused. Even the play-bill was of no use in settling my ideas. I could not decide whose music I had been hearing, but I knew it was not Maretzek's, except in the sense that he had appropriated it.

* * *

It is no wonder it took Mr. Maretzek so long to "find" his opera; the task must have been as difficult as that of reassembling the scraps of a torn letter in the street on a windy day. For example, the search for one phrase of four measures in the first act resulted in discovering two of them in "Semiramide," while the remaining two were secreted in "I Lombardi." Now, when one has to hunt out a whole opera by two and four and six measures at a time among all the ancient and modern composers, it is necessarily the work of years, and Mr. Maretzek is to be congratulated on having reached the conclusion of his tedious work. It is, however, to be wished that he had had a better libretto to which to wed his music. The present one is, in all its versified parts, childish and unpoetic to an exasperating degree.

* * *

The concert season opened with Patti and her companions at Chickering Hall. If the old proverb "A bad beginning makes a good ending" be a true one, the present winter should wind up in a musical blaze of glory, for surely this beginning was bad enough. Patti's voice has almost departed, its beauty has gone already, and her tricks of vocalism are stale. They are also cheap to the ears which have heard Di Murska and Gerster.

* * *

The pianists are upon us! First comes Mr. Ketten, with Patti, and he was not at all a bad opening; indeed, in some things he was very good. He was, at any rate, by far the best member of that company. Then comes Joseffy, who is now with us and whose name it is dangerous for me to mention, because I immediately want to rhapsodize. Now comes Miss Gaul, a Baltimore lady, just returned from Europe with immense credentials. Report speaks highly of her; let us hope report is correct. And the list is but commenced!

* * *

A great name will do much, but not all. Carlotta Patti has been travelling on her name for a long time; now that, like her voice, is worn threadbare. While her voice had its fresh bloom, people went to hear her and thought her great. She was a Patti, could she be otherwise than fine? But now that bloom has gone, every vocal trick whereby she used to deceive the public into the idea that she had a phenomenal execution stands out boldly and distinctly. The most ordinary listener can now discover that her trill is only a "wobble" on indeterminate notes, that her passages (arpeggio and otherwise) are almost always incorrect in the interior notes, that she frequently sings out of tune, and that every high note has to be a shout; while the musical listener finds out also that she phrases vilely, and has never an artistic conception of the music she attempts.

* * *

Of course a scale or a passage will occasionally come out well. A woman cannot keep on trying to sing "fioriture" without sometimes succeeding, no matter how faulty her method; more especially when, as in the case of Mme. Patti, she has plenty of faith in herself, and so does not abnormally stiffen her throat by nervousness. These hap-hazard successes tickle the public, and with her set stage smile and her occasional affectation of archness win her all the little glory she can now gain.

* * *

What the impresario of the Patti company saw in the tenor, Mr. Phelps, to induce him to engage him will ever remain a mystery; unless it was his miraculous badness. As a specimen of a man who has neither voice, method, nor taste, and yet has the calm effrontery to present himself to the public as a singer, he is undoubtedly a success; and he might be sent to any museum as a curiosity. The same may be said of the baritone, Signor Ciampi Cellaj, except that Nature did kindly bestow on him a voice; but he strongly resembles Echo, "vox, et præterea——," the quotation is somewhat musty.

* * *

Mme. Patti has a husband, and the husband is a violoncellist, and the violoncellist's name is M. de Munck, and M. de Munck is exercising his abilities in the Patti concert company. That reads a little like the "House that Jack Built," but never mind; the present business is not with Jack, but with M. de Munck. He is not to be dismissed in a sentence, and this "Note" will probably be a big one; a "whole note," as it were. In the first place, M. de Munck has a fine instrument; and, in the next place, he plays it technically well. His execution is rapid, clear, and smooth; his intonation pure; his tone excellent; his bow-arm perfect. From end to end his bow is even and firm, and he gives a staccato passage with equal rapidity and sureness in any part of the bow, from point to heel. Here, alas! praise must end. He lacks both true feeling and musical intelligence. In a Servais fantasie he is delightful; in a classic composition he is——, well, he is certainly *not* delightful. The purest tone, the most perfect intonation, the most wonderful execution, all fail to compensate for the misery induced by hearing a Chopin waltz ground out in hand-organ style and unyielding rhythm, or a Beethoven sonata reduced to its original elements of bare notes.

* * *

I write this "Note" in a whirl of the wildest excitement, for I have just been hearing Joséffy play the E minor concerto of Chopin; with a very badly accompanying orchestra, by the way. Dr. Damrosch conducted himself beautifully, and misconducted the orchestra exasperatingly; and the orchestra assisted his misdirected efforts by blowing like the priests before Jericho in the middle of Joseffy's most *pianissimo* passages.

* * *

And Joseffy! Language fails in the task of describing him; but language must collect its energies and give me as much assistance as possible. Briefly it might be said that he has everything; but brevity has no charms for me in my present condition of admiration. His technique is absolutely perfect. I believe I have read this somewhere before, but I doubt whether it was then advisedly used. I now say it, with all that it can possibly mean. And his technique is only one of his wonderful excellences. He has the conception of an artist, the soul of a poet.

* * *

I appeal to all my concert-attending readers who have heard, and remember, the concerto mentioned above, "Did you ever hear the second theme of the last movement (I mean the unharmonized melody for the two hands in unison) so played that it seemed to belong to the composition?" No? I knew it. Neither did I until I heard Joseffy play it. What does he do with it? I will try to tell you. For one thing, he sends it to you in the faintest whisper, just breathes it over the accompanying violins, and lets the end of every phrase die away into nothingness. Then he delivers it in the true "Tempo Rubato," that inexplicable, indescribable effect which is one of the last things an artist attains (most artists never attain it at all), and which gives to the rhythm all the effect of the most fantastic liberty without disturbing the smooth and steady flow of the accompaniment. The result was that this melody, always an annoyance and a disturbance to me before, became one of the greatest delights of the movement, and I waited for its recurrence with an impatience strongly in contrast to the feelings I have usually had towards it.

* * *

I always supposed that I had heard a real *pianissimo*. I find now that I never had. Rubinstein came near it; so near, with that velvety softness of his, that I listened and was content. But Joseffy, to a whispering delicacy equal to Rubinstein's, joins an individual "bite" to each note, which Rubinstein lacked. This was especially noticeable in the close of the slow movement, where the piano has two pages of excessively soft rapid execution against sustained melody and harmony in the orchestra. And, exactly in the middle of this pearl-like work, a pig of an orchestra player was seized with a sudden desire to blow the top of his own head off: I wish he had succeeded! I should have liked to assassinate him; it would have been justifiable homicide. Joseffy's rendering of the entire concerto was acknowledged by all to be a revelation, a new conception; and there seemed to be a general impression that the new conception was the correct one. I, for one, would be content always to hear it just so played.

* * *

Joseffy is a young man as yet, only twenty-seven years of age; yet there can be but little doubt that this young pianist is one of the greatest masters on his instrument now living. It seems laughable to one who hears him now to think that ten years ago he was hissed in Vienna, and stigmatized by all the musicians and critics as a "pounder," a "thumper." Nevertheless it is true. This poet of pianists, who has now at command the most fairy-like cobweb tracery of ornamentation, ten years ago banged like any muscular quadrille player. He had then an execution which was phenomenal, but had the common idea that the chief end and aim of man—when that man is a solo pianist—was *noise*; and he made plenty. Fortunately, though young, he was not conceited. He even conceived it possible, finding that every acknowledged musician and critic found the same fault in him, that he might be in error; and he went to Tausig to find out. How thoroughly he has found out let those who now hear him play decide; and I advise every one who has anything to do with piano to hear him. There is not a single pianist in this country, professional or amateur (and we have excellent ones in both classes), who cannot learn, and learn much, from this young Hungarian.

CARYL FLORIO.

NEW MUSIC.

THE TURKISH PATROL is the title of an extremely pleasing composition which is being played now by the orchestras at the theatres, and is encored with as much regularity as was "Grandfather's Clock" last year. It is published by Brentano, who also sends us that quaint old English composition, "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," a charming song for a contralto or mezzo-soprano voice of moderate range.

Art Publications.

RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

AMERICAN ART, FIFTY YEARS OF. III.—S. G. W. Benjamin. Ill. Harper's Mo., Oct., 16 pp.
ART IN ASIA MINOR, THE ORIGIN OF EARLY. A. H. Sayce. Academy, Aug. 16.
ART AND CRITICISM. S. Colvin. (Fortnightly Rev.) Century, Aug. 30, 3 pp.
ART, PHILOSOPHY OF. W. M. Bryant. Western, Sept., 23 pp.
ART, TALKS ON. From Instructions of Mr. William Hunt to his Pupils. (Continued.) Dwight's Journal of Music, Aug. 16, 30; Sept. 30.
ARTIST AND HIS PURPOSE. C. Cobb. Western, Sept., 13 pp.
BALLAD MONGERS, ART AMONG THE. (Continued.) L. Jewitt. Ill. Art Jour., Sept., 4 pp.
BEAUTY IN MANUFACTURE, GLEANINGS AFTER GLADSTONE ON. Builder, Aug. 30, 2 pp.
CERAMIC ART IN AMERICA. Jennie J. Young, Atlantic Mo., Nov., 10 pp.
CHRISTIAN ART. Catholic World, Sept., 12 pp.
DINING ROOMS. Ella R. Church. Art Jour., Sept., 3 pp.
DISTEMPERING PROCESS, THE. Painter's Mag., Sept., 4 pp.
DONATELLO. Builder, Aug. 9.
EARLY AMERICAN ART. S. G. W. Benjamin. Harper's Mo., 15 pp.
EGYPTIAN DESIGNS, LATE PRODUCTIONS OF. Art Jour., Sept.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH PICTURES. (Cornhill Mag.) Appletons' Jour., Sept., 9 pp.
INTERIOR DECORATION, DIFFERENT METHODS OF. Painter's Mag., July, 4 pp.
ITALIAN ART, THE DANCE OF DEATH IN. Cornhill Mag., Sept.
NEEDLEWORK IN THE GERMAN SCHOOLS. Miss Heath. Macmillan's Mag., Sept.
NUDE IN ART ONCE MORE, THE. O. B. Bunce. Appletons' Jour., 3 pp.
PAINTING IN ITS HISTORIC RELATIONS. H. Coppée. Princeton Rev., Sept., 25 pp.
PAINTING ON WOOD. Painter's Mag., Aug., 4 pp.
REMBRANDT, THE WORKS OF. (Edinburgh Rev.) Living Age, Sept. 6, 23 pp.
ROOM DECORATION. Painter's Mag., Sept., 4 pp.

BOOKS.

VENICE: ITS HISTORY, COMMERCE, ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, PAINTING, INDUSTRIES, ETC. By Charles Yriarte. With 525 illustrations. New York: Scribner & Welford.—In a large quarto volume there is given here a wealth of information, much of which is not only of deep interest to every student of art, but of practical value to workers in art. There are plates of unique metal work, for instance, and eccentric and curious details of Architecture and Decoration, which are models for the artistic ingenuity of modern designers. Blown Glass, Mosaics, Laces, Costume, and Medals are subjects treated in chapters by themselves; mediæval typography receives special attention, among the fac-similes of pages of rare books by eminent Venetian printers being examples of the Herodotus of 1491, of the "Maitre aux Dauphins," and the "Songe de Polyphile." The name of Charles Yriarte is so creditably associated with all that pertains to the art and literature of Venice that it is not necessary to speak as to the worth and accuracy of the letter-press. The volume before us, we need hardly say, is a translation from the French. The illustrations are reproductions from various sources.

THE ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHIES OF THE GREAT ARTISTS are having a large and increasing sale, although it is somewhat of a puzzle to the uninitiated how Messrs. Scribner & Welford can afford to import these books and sell them with profit at $1.25 a volume. We have already announced the issue of six of the series, comprising the biographies of Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, Van Dyck and Hals, Holbein, Tintoretto, and Turner. A new volume, devoted to "The Little Masters of Germany"—including such names as Albrecht Altdorfer, Hans and Barthel Beham, and Heinrich Aldegrever—is now issued; and another, on Hogarth, will probably be out before this number of our magazine is in the hands of the reader.

Correspondence.

ART UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Editor of the Art Amateur:

SIR: Of all the uses for the coming light, there is none for which it can be better adapted than for the lighting up of decorative art, either in a museum or private collection. In the first case, let us consider the ruinous effects of the use of gas in a collection of articles of "virtu." The light rays proceeding from a gas burner are in a small proportion compared to its heat rays; hence, in order to have a good light, which is so essential for the proper exhibition of paintings, we are obliged at the same time to generate an amount of heat most uncomfortable to those in the room, and, above all, most fatal for the proper preservation of the objects exhibited in an art gallery.

In libraries, also, the damage caused by the use of gas to books, engravings, and manuscripts is most disastrous, and for this reason most of the principal libraries abroad are open only during the day. Owing to imperfect combustion, small particles of coal dust escape through the burner, are wafted through the room, and descend upon the various articles, with the effect of eventually discoloring them, and thereby causing irreparable damage to canvases, gildings, and hangings.

The idea conveyed to the mind of a picture viewed by gas-light is altogether false, for, as is well known, a blue viewed by a yellow light appears green, and so it is that all the colors are more or less changed, often making the most displeasing contrasts. Lastly, let me call attention to the hygienic qualities of the unconsumed gas, which, owing to imperfect combustion, escapes into the air and is inhaled.

Let us now see how these evils can be obviated by substituting the electric light for the gas. This would have been impossible a few years ago, owing to the cost and difficulty of production; but, thanks to the admirable inventions of Gramme, Werdermann, Jablochkoff, and others, the electric light is now no longer a laboratory experiment, but a commercial enterprise.

Its production is arrived at either by means of a battery, where the illumination required is small, or otherwise by means of a magneto-electric machine, operated either by a steam-engine, gas-engine, or hydraulic power. Among its numerous advantages I will only point out those which recommend it so strongly for art exhibitions.

The light produced by electricity gives the same spectrum as does the sun, and consequently does not effect any change upon colors; hence paintings and the like may be seen in their true colors by the electric light. The proportion of heat rays, as compared to the light rays emitted is so small that we are enabled to obtain a light equal to 100 gas burners, over which the hand can be closely held with impunity. The heat, however, contained in the Voltaic arc is most intense, but it does not radiate.

By these means a room can be brilliantly lighted for any length of time without the air becoming vitiated or heated, for the electric light is not caused by combustion of the carbon, and it is therefore in consequence quite independent of the action of the air, and can be maintained, if desired, in a vacuum.

I am glad to notice that already the electric light has been employed with great success for art exhibitions, notably at the South Kensington Museum, where the Werdermann system has been definitely installed, whilst during the last Salon at Paris the "Jablochkoff bougies" brilliantly illuminated the great sculpture hall and picture galleries. C. C. SOULAGES.

[We take extreme pleasure in publishing this letter from an intelligent scientific gentleman, whose views are also substantially ours, though we should not, perhaps, have expressed them with quite so much enthusiasm.—EDITOR.]

A POETICAL TRIBUTE.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Can you find space in THE ART AMATEUR for the subjoined lines?

TO CALISTA HALSEY.

If you might always have, love,
The sunshine and the flowers,
And I the cold and loneliness
Of bitter wintry hours;
If I might bear whatever loss,
Whatever wrong or pain,
Might chance to fall to you, love,
As falls the autumn rain;
I think I could not ask, love,
For any happier hours,
Than just to know God sends to you
The sunshine and the flowers. L. W.

TO DARKEN OAK FURNITURE.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Is there any way by which new oak wainscoting may be darkened without the use of stain or dye or injury to the natural grain of the wood? Our new furniture and woodwork looks so exasperatingly fresh that I am afraid that the wood will not be ripe for another generation at least, which is a poor satisfaction to

MATERFAMILIAS, Newport, R. I.

ANSWER.—Have the wood washed with a solution of bi-chromate of potass, and afterwards oiled. The freshness you complain of will soon disappear, and the wood will rapidly darken.

TWO QUESTIONS.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: (1) Did an artist named V. Bartholomew ever paint any pictures of great merit? We have a copy of one of his pictures, called "The Gardener's Shed," and a friend of mine says the original is a work of great praise. (2) On what day is the Lenox Art Gallery free? C. I., New York.

ANSWER.—(1) The artist you refer to is undoubtedly Valentine Bartholomew, an English flower painter of considerable celebrity. He was born in 1799, and was still living a few years ago, having been for nearly a third of a century a member of the Society of Water-Color Painters. (2) The Lenox Library and Art Gallery is open to the public on Mondays and Fridays from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.

CLEANING LACE.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: In a recent number of your magazine directions were given for washing lace. I have not followed them, because I have been well pleased with my own way, which gives entire satisfaction. Perhaps some of your readers might like to try it. I wash my lace on a bottle, covering the bottle first with old cotton, winding the lace on it carefully and then covering it smoothly with a piece of plain net. Then soak and wash, and if the lace needs bleaching, or there are spots in it, lay the bottle in a pan of water sufficiently deep to cover it entirely, and set it in the sun. The lace will often be in perfect order if left to dry on the bottle after being rinsed, or, if taken off when nearly dry, it may be delicately smoothed with light and careful fingers. This method saves the lace from wear and tear in washing.

ELLA M., Portman Square, London.

[Most connoisseurs of lace would consider it hardly short of sacrilege to wash it at all. The yellow color that lace gets by age is as dear to them as the mellowness of an old oak sideboard or wainscot is to the antiquarian in furniture or the crust on the bottle is to the lover of old port. The yellow state of the lace may be proof of its age and variety and may be prized accordingly. —EDITOR.]

UNDERGLAZE COLORS.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Having read an article in the October number of THE ART AMATEUR on "Painting under the Glaze," I wish to know if you can inform me where I can obtain colors which will endure the heat of the glaze kiln. I have tried paints from different firms, purporting to be underglaze colors, but all failed to stand the heat except cobalt. H. S. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

ANSWER.—If you use Lacroix's enamel colors, sold in New York by Marsching & Co., you ought to have a satisfactory result. Sometimes it is the manipulation that is at fault and not the colors.

Notes and Hints.

"Memorial Art" was the subject of an interesting paper read before the Church Congress at Albany, October 24th, by the Rev. Horatio N. Powers, of Bridgeport, Conn. Besides a rapid survey of the history and development of memorial art, the paper contained numerous practical suggestions as to the form memorials of the dead may most fittingly take in this age and country. The author considered that one eminently desirable form of memorial to the deserving dead is a building to be devoted to some purpose in keeping with their services and character. This may be, as the case makes advisable, a church or chapel, a library, a lecture or concert hall, a scientific school, a museum of natural history, a gallery of art—some institution of benevolence or learning. In its plan and ornamentation should be adopted the best principles of artistic construction in combination with a positive utility. While the building itself should be a work of art, it will have abundant room for any special testimonials in honor of the dead. It may be that for such purpose pictorial designs will be most appropriate, or perhaps decorative furniture; but whatever it is, it must harmonize with the plan and object of the edifice, and ought to beautify it. It is not seldom the case that the cost of a stupid and cumbersome monument is sufficient to erect an edifice that could serve important ends, or at least to provide some addition or ornament to a public structure that would be acceptable. The custom of lavishing money on expensive and ostentatious gravestones to private persons cannot be too strongly reprobated. Better, far better, would it be for the purposes of art and humanity that beds be provided in hospitals or endowments be made to deserving institutions with the money of those whose chief distinction is their wealth, than that it be squandered in costly piles that mean little more than vanity.

The fashion of ornamenting door and shutter panels has become very prevalent of late, and there is no doubt that they greatly improve a room. If the paint be dark, they break the heavy mass of dense color which the door usually presents; while, if it be light, they relieve its insipidity. The easiest and often the most effective manner of panelling a door is to use the same paper as the room is hung with; but in cases where this is impossible, where you do not wish to re-paper the room, there are many other methods of decorating the doors, without much expense, and with a very beautiful effect. If you are an artist or amateur in silk or china painting, you may employ your talent with great success towards beautifying the doors and shutters of your drawing-room. China plaques or panels, hand-painted, look very well, if not too bright in color; but they must be carefully fastened to their place by an experienced workman. As a rule, the paper of a room should be lighter in tone than the wood-work, and the same rule applies to panels. If you are an adept in wood-carving, you may make your doors beautiful by the exercise of that art, and the panels may be either gilt and painted in mediæval fashion, or left in their own sober hue. All these modes of decoration involve some expenditure of labor, if not of money; but there are simpler ways of ornamenting panels, which, though not so rich as those we have named, are far preferable to a dull expanse of paint. For instance, a closely set arrangement of peacocks' eyes, one overlapping the other, is very effective in rooms decorated in olive, blue, green, or even brown, and costs but little trouble or expense.

Painted tapestry was well known and extensively employed in the fifteenth century, as the hangings of the Hôtel Dieu at Reims prove; and oil-painting was applied to tissues, and often combined with the effects of woven materials, in the time of Henry II., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. The revival of this kind of painting, which had long since fallen in desuetude, is due to M. Binant, who brought it into public notice at the first Exposition de l'Union Centrale des Beaux Art appliqués à l'Industrie, in 1861. In accordance with the more recent æsthetical movement towards the artistic decoration of interiors, M. Binant again took the initiative, by introducing painted tapestries as panels, curtains, or wall-hangings. These paintings are executed on a particular kind of canvas, the texture of which imitates the appearance of the various kinds of tapestry, and in colors which, while easy to apply to these tissues, are at the same time fast and brilliant, realizing when finished all the effects of ancient needlework. Perhaps no other form of mural decoration can compare with these painted tapestries in point of taste, elegance, harmony, and richness of effect, or even in cheapness. As each piece will have to be designed and painted for the particular place it occupies, it will represent original work of an intrinsic value, dependent on the ability of the artist. Besides, with the facilities supplied by the manufacturer in the shape of properly-prepared canvas and colors, tapestry-painting does not present any serious difficulties to the amateur artist, and seems to us particularly suitable for being taken up by ladies.

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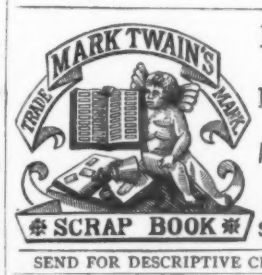
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[See page



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A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PLATE I.

[See page 18, No. 1.]

DESCRIPTION.

The Rushes are to be worked in Brown; t
Stems and Leaves in Shaded Green; t
Flowers, Gold-Yellow Petals and Brown Cente
The Bees are to be worked in Black, banded w
Yellow.





STRIP FOR PORTIERE, CURTAIN OR

[Copyr

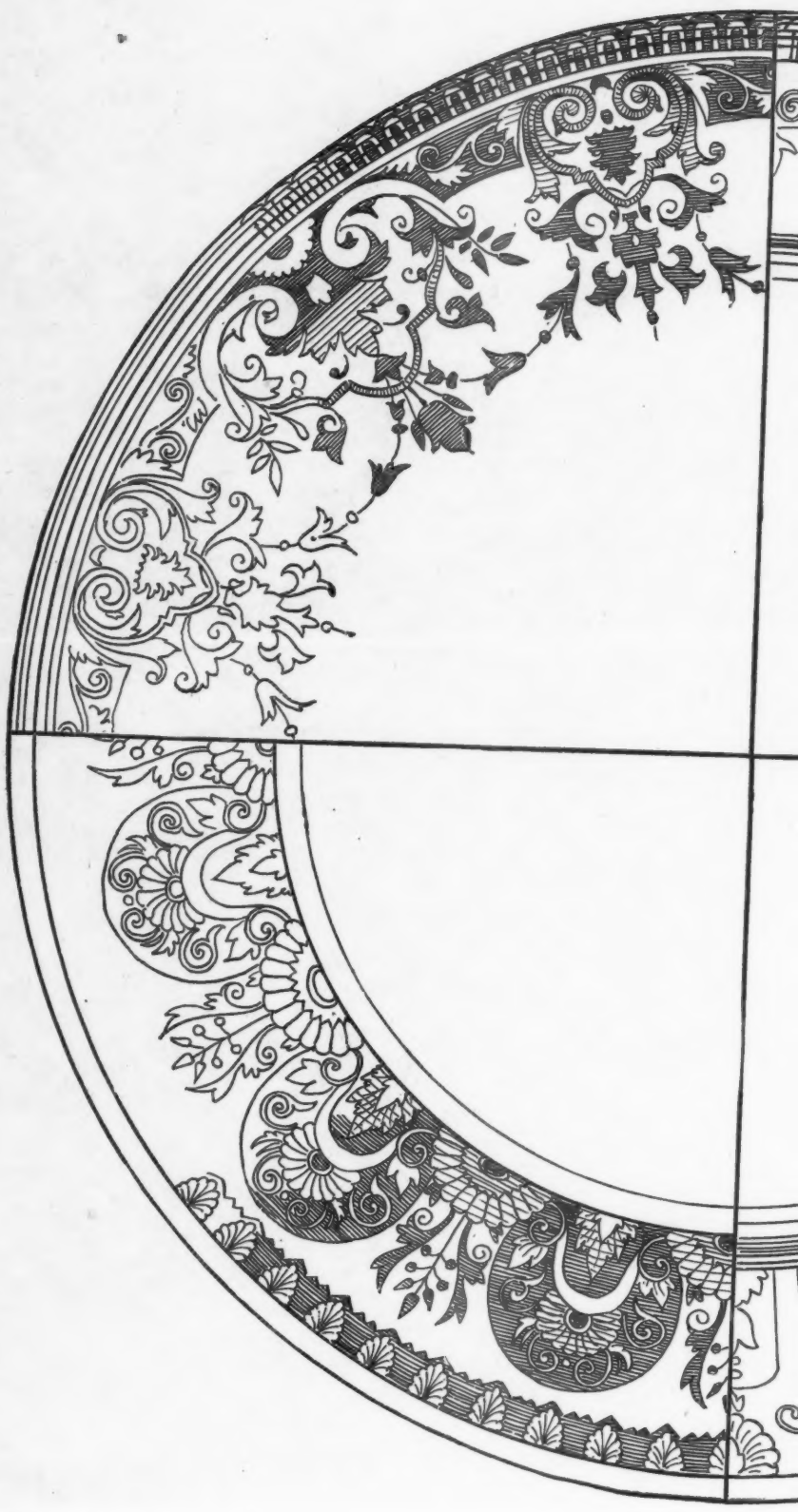


CURTAIN OR EASY CHAIR, IN CREWEL WORK.

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PLATE II

[See page 15, N



FOUR PLATE DESIGNS FOR PAI

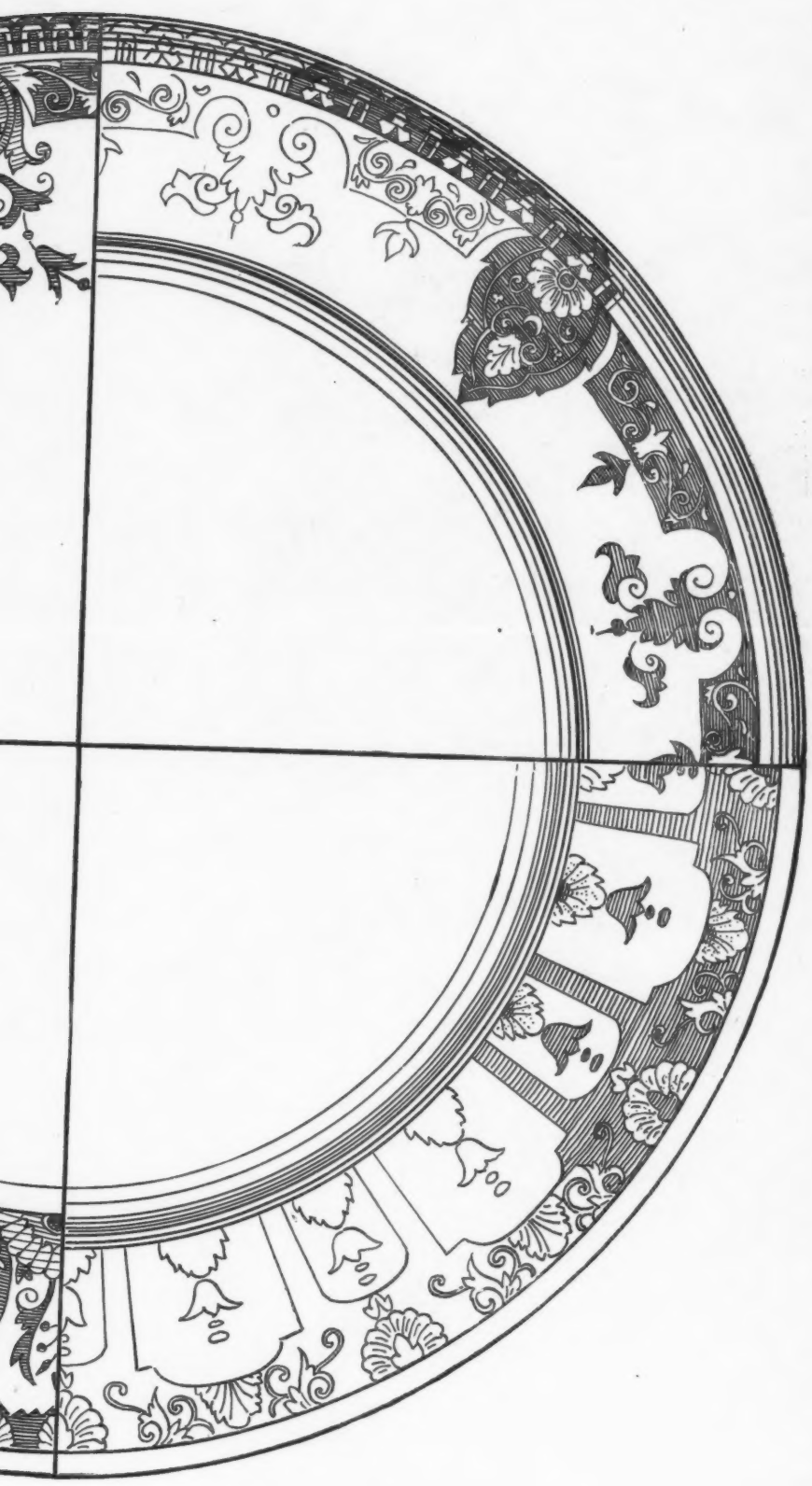
RT AMATEUR MONTHLY
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PLATE II.

[See page 15, No. 1.]

ROUEN DECORATION.

The color to be used is dark blue—("bleu ordinaire.")



NS FOR PAINTING ON CHINA.

RT AMAT
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ART IN THE HOUSEHO

PLATE III.

[See page 15, No. 1



DESIGN FOR A

T AMATEUR MONTHLY
DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL

PLATE III.

ee page 15, No. 1.]

WHITE FLOWERS AND CANARY.
(Japanese.)

The White Flowers are the White of the China, shaded in Gray and Blue. The Canary can be painted in Ivory Yellow, put on lightly and shaded with Yellow Brown. Background in fusible lilac—("lilas fusible").



N FOR A PLACQUE.





HEAD OF A STEER. By James M. Hart.

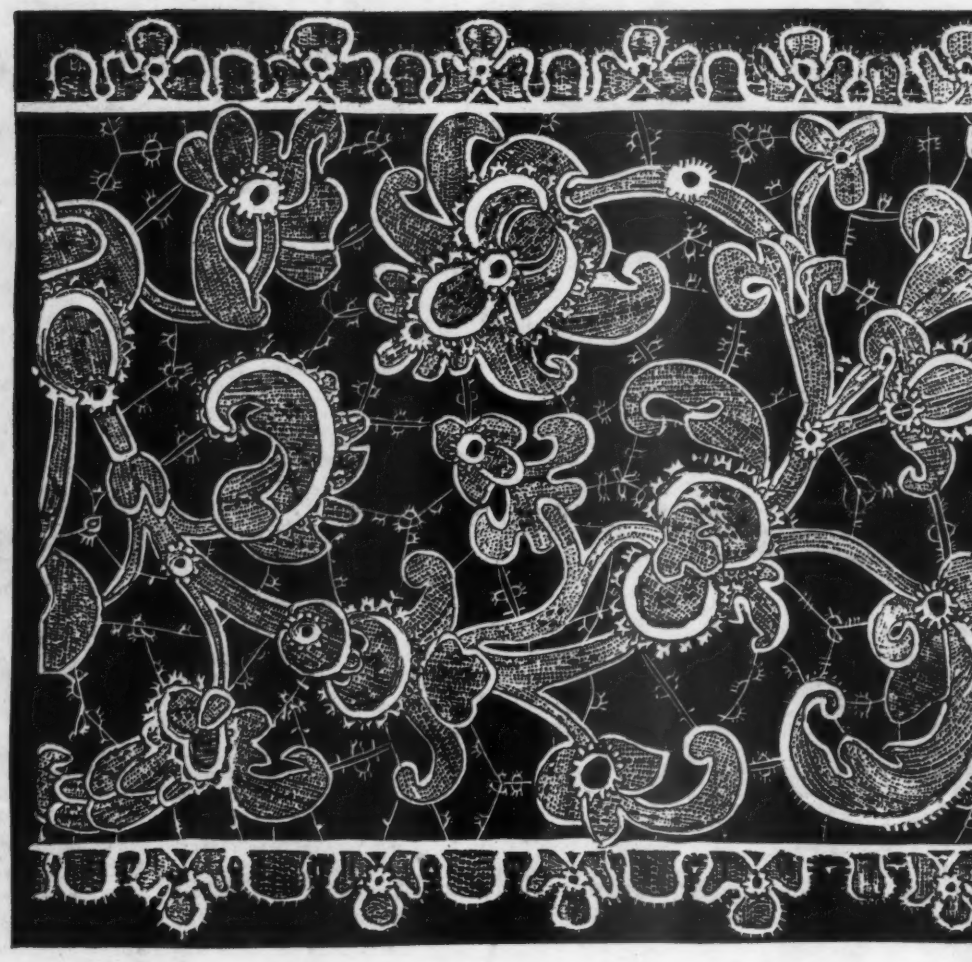
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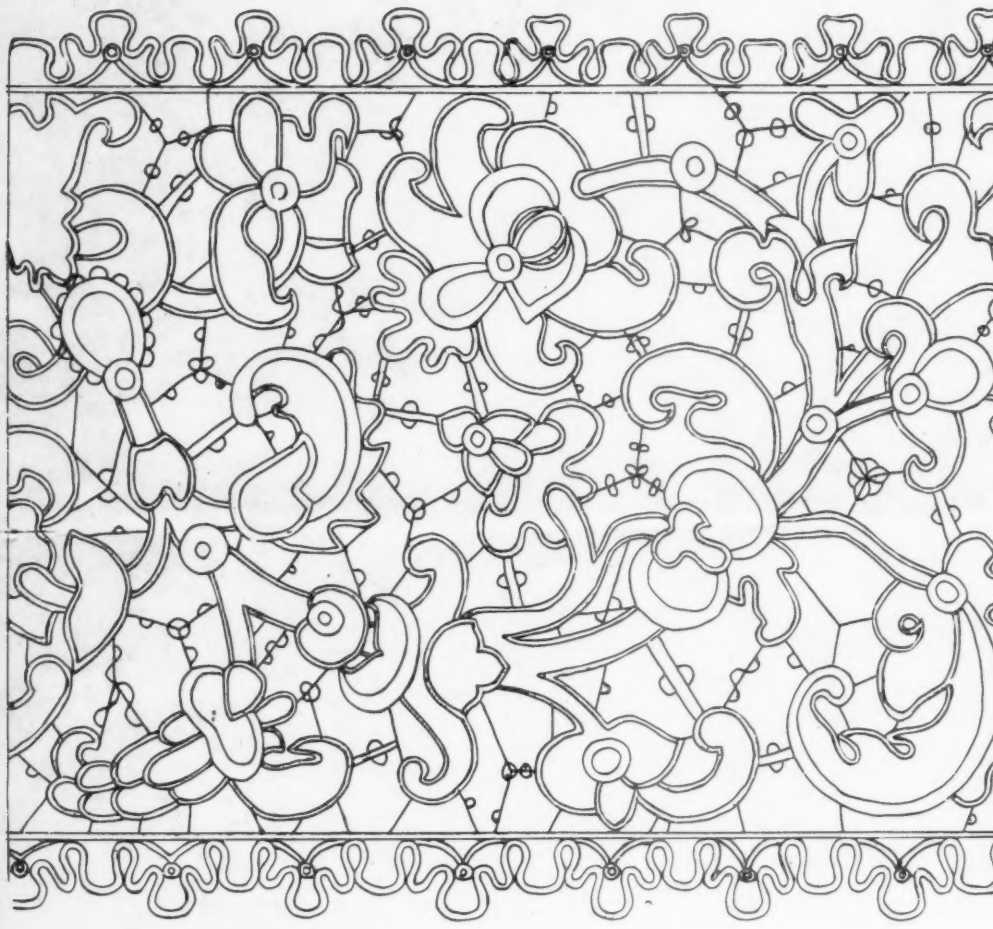
PLATE I.

[See Page 38.]

PHOTOGRAPHIC COPY OF A SPECIMEN OF IT



PATTERN FOR COPYING ITALIAN ROSE POINT, W

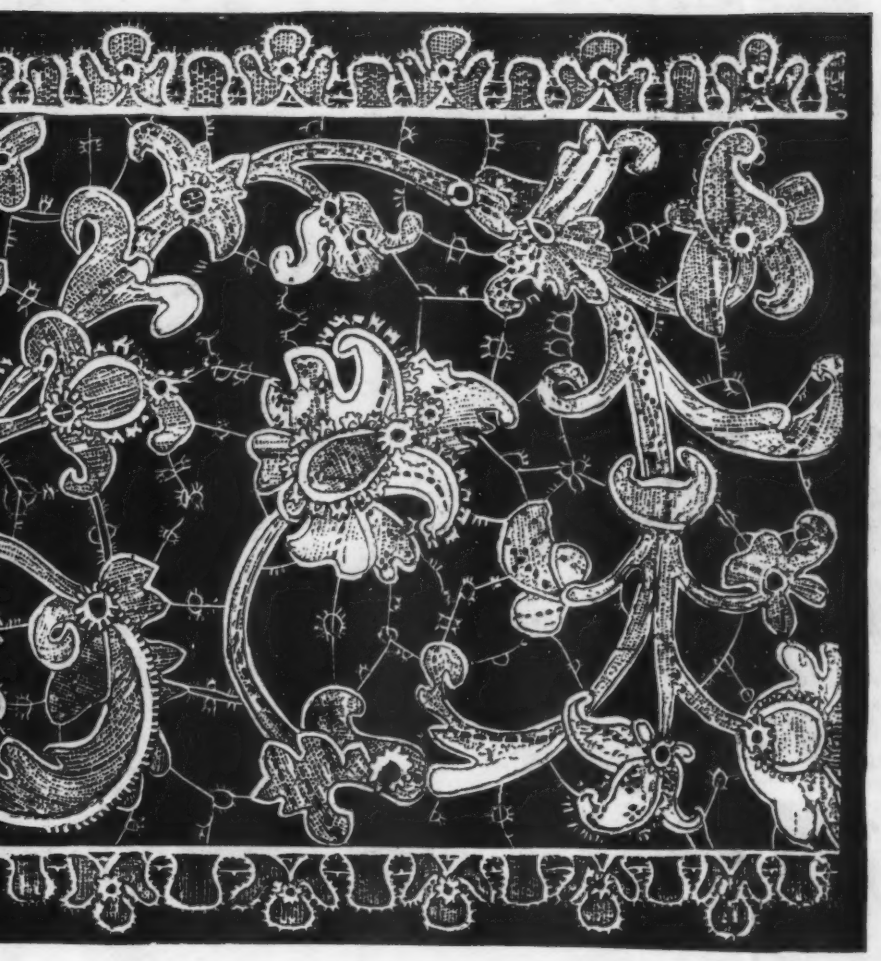


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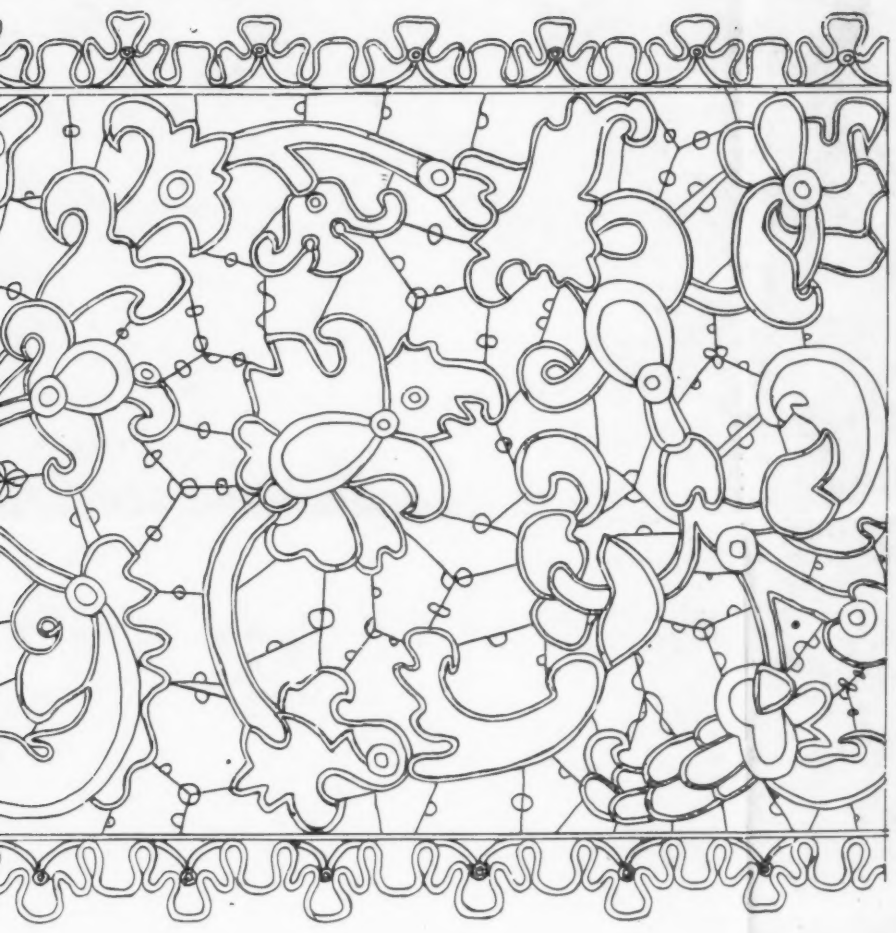
PLATE I.

[See Page 38.]

SPECIMEN OF ITALIAN ROSE POINT LACE.



ROSE POINT, WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD.





DESIGN



JAPANESE DESIG

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PLATE II.

[See Page 37.]



DESIGN FOR A PLACQUE.

[Copyrighted.]



NESE DESIGN FOR GENERAL DECORATION.

[See Page 37.]

ART AMATEUR MONTHLY JOURNAL
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PLATE III.

[For Description, see Page 38.]



DESIGN FOR A LAMBREQUIN OR BRACKET STRIP TO BE WORKED IN CREWELS.







PLATE IV.

[For Description, see Page 38.]








Cecilia








LEOPOLD

RT AMAT
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ART IN THE HOUSEHO

PLATE I.

[See Page 18, No. 1



DESIGN FOR A PLAQUE; OR, WITH WREATH, FOR

AMATEUR and MONTHLY JOURNAL
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PLATE I.

[Page 18, No. 1.]



WREATH, FOR SOFA CUSHION OR FOOTSTOOL.

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PLATE II.



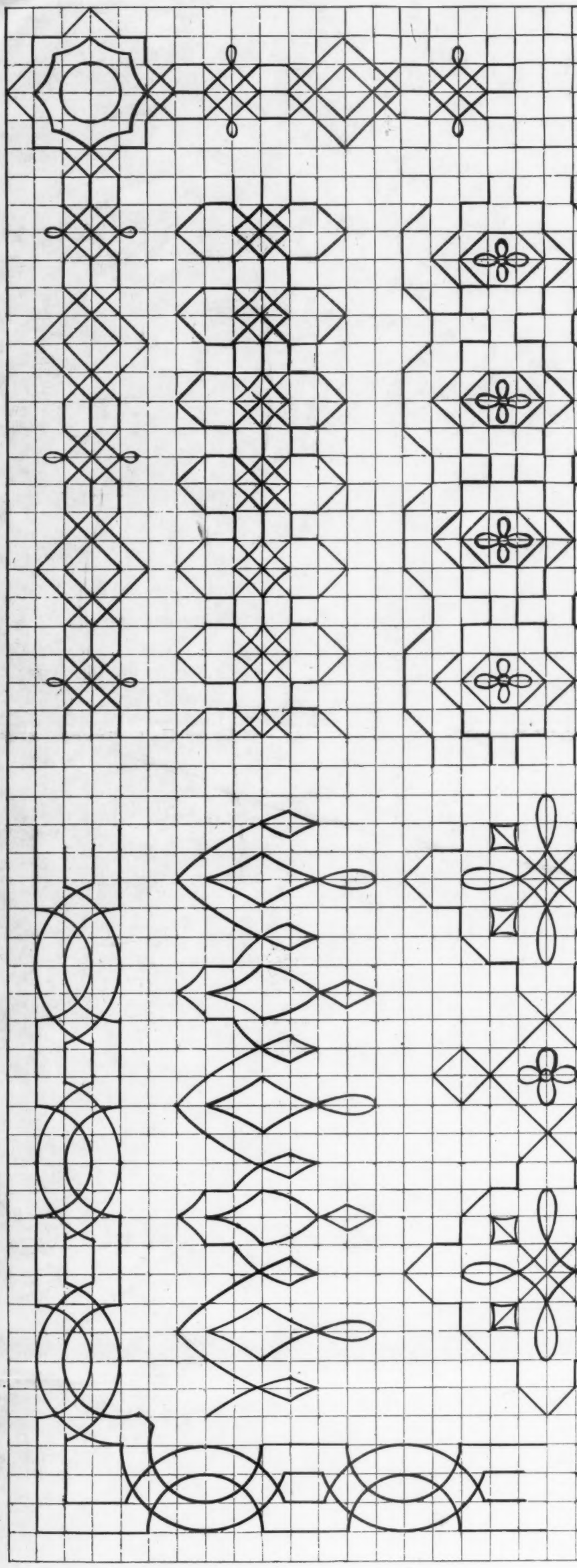
DESIGN IN CREWEL WORK FOR FOOTSTOOL COVER OR PILLOW-S

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OR PILLOW-SHAM; AND VARIOUS CORNER-PIECES.

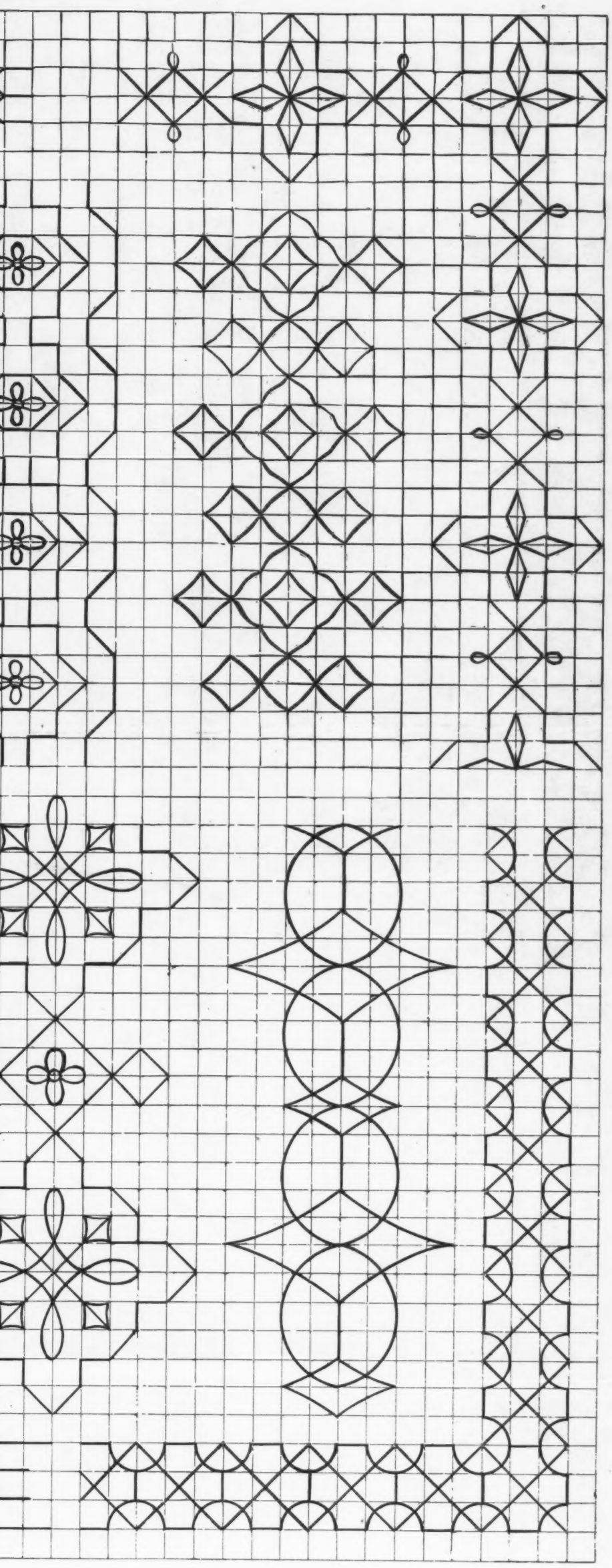
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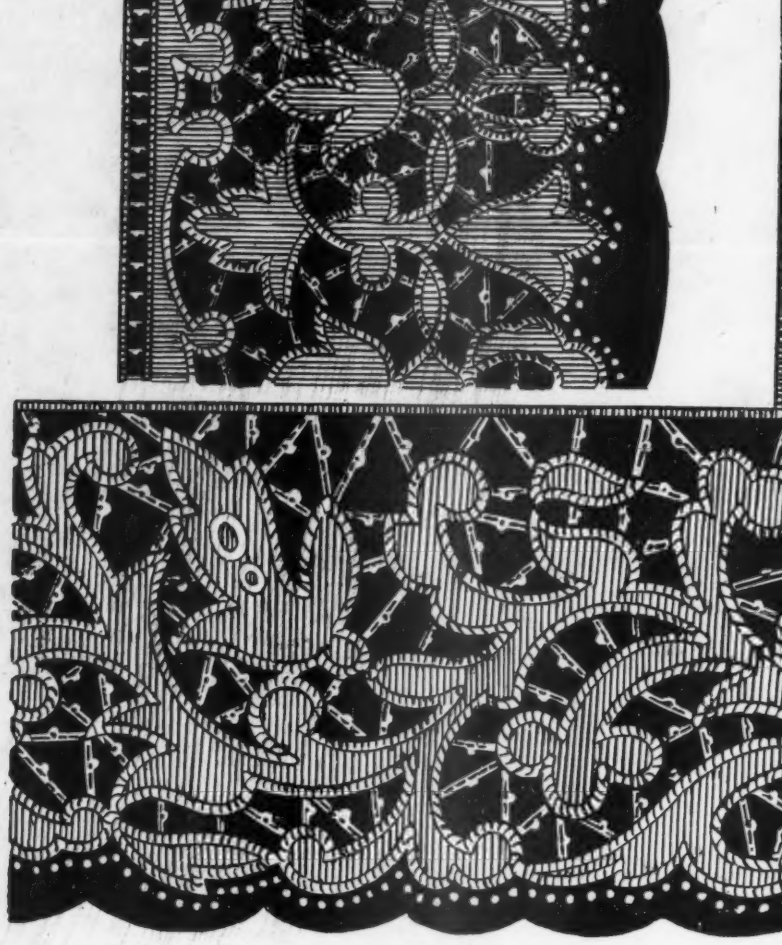


DERS FOR BEGINNERS IN EMBROIDERY.

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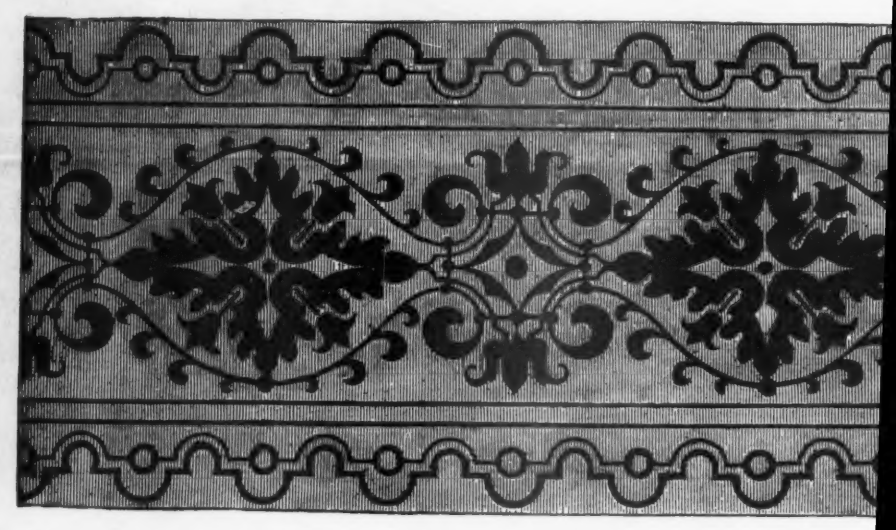
PLATE IV.





DESIGNS FOR MAKING PRINCESS

[See Page 62.]



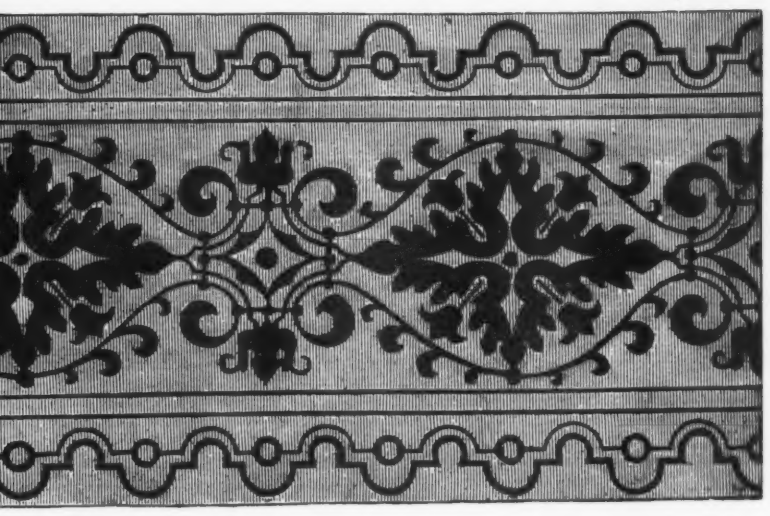
ORNAMENTAL BORDER FOR EMBROIDERY OR

TE IV.



NG PRINCESSE LACE.

Page 62.]



BROIDERY OR PAINTING ON WOOD.

THE ART AMATEUR
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PLATE I.

Instructions for Painting this Plaque are given on page 81



DESIGN FOR A PLAQUE.

By Professor CAMILLE PITON.

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ATEUR MONTHLY
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I.

en on page 81 of the September number.



PLAQUE.

LE PITON.

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DESIGN FOR A

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PLATE II.



SIGN FOR A SCREEN OR PANEL.

RT A
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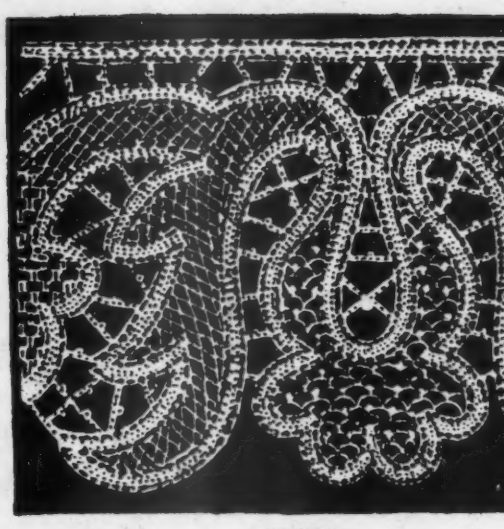
[For description of these designs see page 81.]



SUGGESTION FOR A TILE.



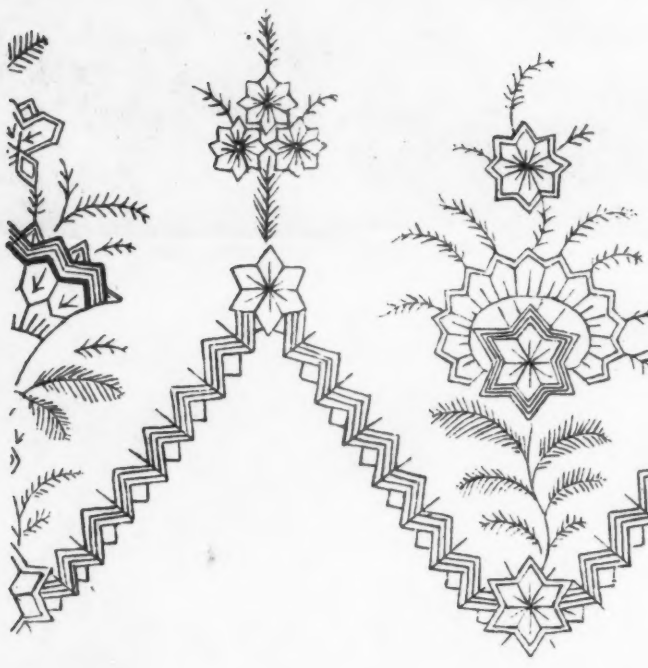
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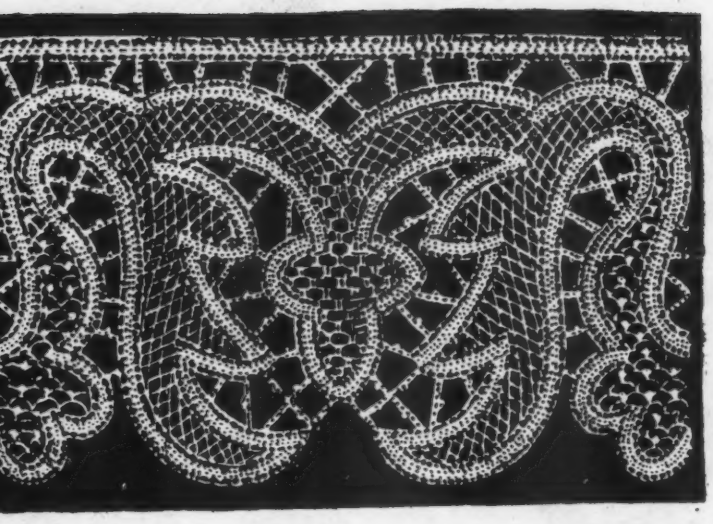




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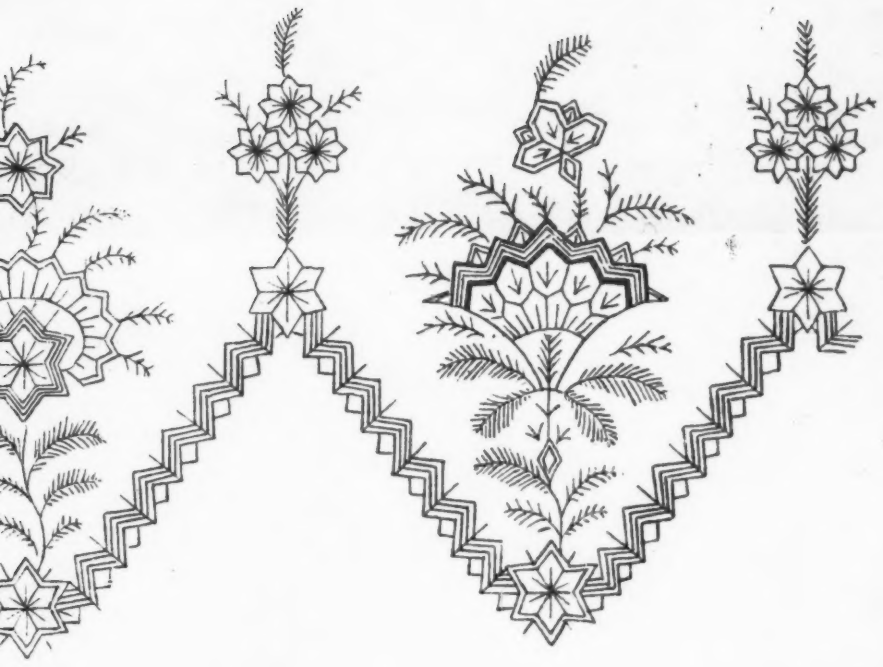
PLATE IV.



MING IN ENGLISH POINT LACE—BRUSSELS STITCH.







DESIGN FOR UPHOLSTERY TRIMMING.


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DESERVE ye FAIRE

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.



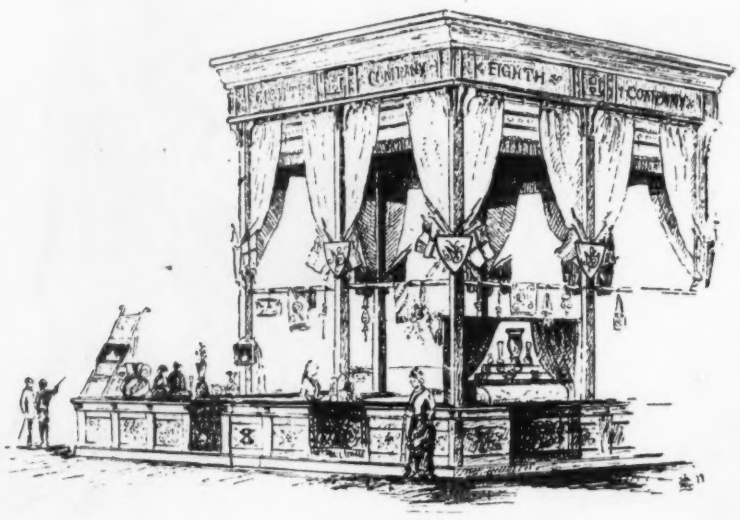
THE new armory fair of this favored New York regiment opened on a scale of brilliance and social consequence unsurpassed since the Sanitary Fair of blessed memory. Its decorations, on which so much care and skill have been lavished, come well within the scope of the art whose assistance Fashion agrees to invoke liberally on such occasions. The new armory offers a noble space for social as well as military purposes. The massive Egyptian-looking building, with belfry and flanking turrets on the Fourth Avenue side, covers an entire block; and the great drill-room, two hundred by three hundred feet, rising a hundred feet to the point of the centre roof, is such a hall as perhaps no other city in the Union has at its command. Armories and factories are the only buildings which have sprung out of the needs of the nineteenth century proper, and they must develop in time some architectural expression as characteristic of our time as the Gothic town-halls and feudal castles were of the fifteenth century.

The best view of the hall is from the balcony over the broad entrance. From this point one marks the simple dignity of the place, the broad arch of the armory, the clear light from its raised centre roof, the ruddy tones of its panels of lacqured pine, the gray-washed walls in shadow tint forbidding glare, the olive open-work of the trusses which spring from floor to ceiling. The strong colors of the company booths glow down the hall, and one might fancy them the splendid tents of a second Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is a tournament of taste to which the companies of the regiment have challenged each other. The steady light falls kindly on the flower-temple in the centre, a six-sided pavilion, whose storied arches, cross-railings below and lantern above, are a bower of evergreen, with airy cornice and cresting of palms and stove-plants. Around its flower-laden counters Daphne and Rhodora dispense bouquets and give change in coquettish glances. Around it is the gay bivouac of color and fretted ornament where hang the ensigns of the rivalling companies, whose light pavilion and tented canopies are grouped in picturesque ordering. The first glance is a lesson in the value of color; for the stately maroon canopy of Company H and the equally strong and brilliant blue of Company B's marquee glow with a satisfying depth among the lighter structures. What would not appear at first thought, they light well in the evening, the blue especially. This experiment with the tricolor, the most difficult combination to manage, has been skilfully carried out in Company B's tent by making the brilliant French blue the main color of base and arches, with the red and white as cornice folds below the gilt spear-cresting. Its royal color went near to kill the effect of Company F's Moorish bazar, in pale chocolate and Chinese yellow, with painted decorations of plaques and vases. The light blue counters with their blue and white awnings, however, showed good arrangement of their contents with regard to surrounding colors, a point which has everything to do with happy effect in this fair business. Light blue couvrettes and knitting were kept forward, and Italian scarfs, in soft blue, rose, and white, hung together at the corners, lending a grace of neighborhood to the stylish Dunlap case of correct narrow-brimmed dress-hats and plumed beavers for ladies. It is a trifle, if anything is trifling to taste, but what eye can help feeling the discomfort when a line of lovely rose-colors and cream-white wools is interrupted by a horrible red satin pincushion, in size just too small for an ottoman?



CHINESE GATEWAY OF COMPANY G.

Company A's Moorish bazar has been happily arranged for the harmony of its wares with the place which holds them. The counter is covered with small Persian mats, its banner-screens of écru and pongee, embroidered or painted in bright rose, ranging in a second course of color which would be just right under its light arches picked out with vermilion, if the little flags and shields above were torn down. The sight of the national colors in decorative work does not tend to a fervor of patriotism, and the irrepressible sentiment on seeing it in a good many situations has grown to be, "Tear down that flaunting rag"—a heresy for which I hope to be pardoned on full proof and profession of loyalty. A great ensign is beautiful on the field: as the breeze breaks, its stripes and its colors take fire in the sunlight; but in miniature, any merchant-flag looks better. Nowhere in the building is it shown more tastefully than in Huyler's confectionery, whose counters and frames, cased in light blue, have small drooped crossing flags for heading on each side.



OLD ENGLISH CANOPY—BOOTH OF COMPANY H.

The old English canopy by J. & R. Lamb, the church designers, which shelters the art-goods of Company H, is a rich piece of color, its heavy maroon draperies being looped to show deep olive and orange headings, the cipher of the company worked in gold on shields of maroon velvet against the trophies of flags which keep the olive and orange colors uppermost. As becomes the dignity of such a stately shrine, pincushions and toilet mats are banished for a show of pretty artistic work which smacks of the Decorative Society.

Just beyond it is the stand of Company K, all in martial scarlet save the gilded spear-tips and the drums stacked on the scarlet plinth. The green Chinese structure of Company G shows under its boat-shaped roof some of the costliest wares of the fair, in diamonds and silver. The light half-Gothic frame and crimson draperies of Company D's pavilion might be Celia's arbor for cheerfulness and fancy of coloring; for Mr. Vors's design almost disappears under a snow and flush of fleecy knitting and bijouterie. Like all of Mr. Vors's work, it is nothing if not lively and fanciful. Those curtains might shade Rowena, but the Rowena seen there was placid and middle-aged, and seriously debating the placing of silver vases and writing-desks among the zephyrs and silk lamp-shades.

Company I sells knapsacks of spool-cotton and other most profitable indispensables under a striped garden tent, of graceful design supported by leaning spears; and gayest, and carried out in complete taste, the kiosk of Company C rears its dome with full moon and star, probably to assure the world they are not good Mahometans. No prettier design graces the floor than this model of an Eastern pleasure-house, its bulb roof banded in light green and écru, its slender pillars picked out with vermilion, and panels painted with traceries of reds. A Persian awning of striped écru, red and gold stuff is suspended on silken cords above the projecting counter, while slight festoons of red silk at the height of the arches and faïence vases of red and bronzed leaved plants repeat the joyous coloring, in tone with the gay, charming harmony which even the pincushions and toilet-mats come very near respecting. Far be it from me to suggest by any light wording that the Seventh Regiment Fair has only lady-work to display, when one can buy there, if it please him, a yacht, diamonds, cases of lovely crystal, a Windsor wagon, a blanket dressing-gown with pink-striped border, or sweeten himself with all of Colgate's essences and perfumes lay in choice groceries, take his supply of cigars, or carry home a three-cent bag of salt; but

"Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum."

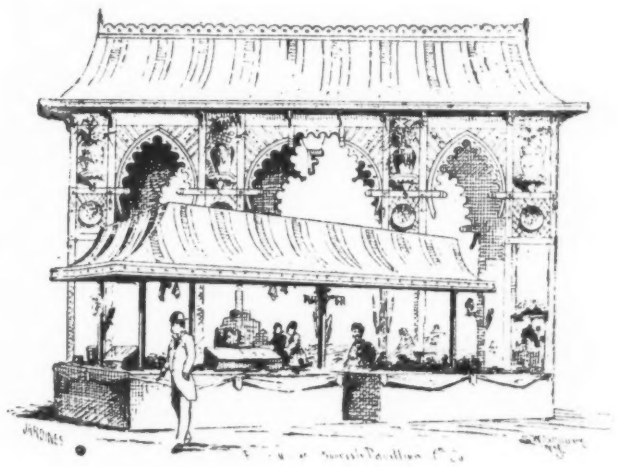
And now you have but glanced at half the fair, and its riches are to follow.

The Fourth Avenue end, the "administration building," gives up the officers' quarters on the lower floor for reception-rooms; but at the end of the hall opens the corner grocery, an æsthetic grocery with door and window-casings sweetly cased in blue silesia, to contrast with shelves lined with gray Florida moss, where an array of canned fruit with painted labels, French plums and fig-cases, and jet glossy Heidsieck bottles is so brightly arranged that marketing becomes a fine art, and the four palmettos springing from the sides of the centre pyramid of boxes and the cashier's desk, draped with gray moss, shed a sentiment even over the boxes of bluing and piles of salt-bags. The oriental tea-room, a few doors farther on, is a perfect bit of decoration, which carries out the Chinese-Japanese-fan-parasol mania delightfully. A Chinese canopy, chintz-figured without, and within overhangs the central stand; there is a line of butterfly fans for cornice, another at the height of the wainscot, white and gold-dust fans one side the wall, blue and white fans the other, red and pink fans opposite, Chinese lanterns with round parasols open over for shades, partly open parasols for the peaks of everything, pointed parasols at the tops of the pillars instead of gilt spear-heads, parasols rosettewise, endwise, crosswise, till the room seems possessed by a



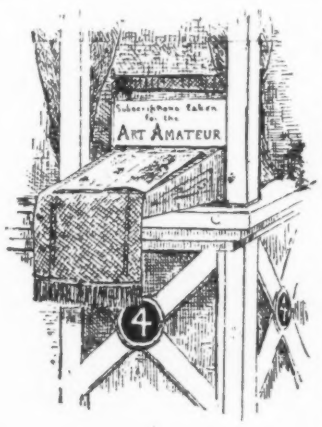
swarm of gigantic butterflies in gala colors, and the effect is so light, gay, and gossipy that you understand how the passion for Chinese fashions came about in the days of The Spectator and why Queen Anne adopted sprigged chintzes, and feel quite capable of sipping sixteen cupfuls of tea and talking divinest scandal over it like Walpole of Strawberry Hill himself.

Upstairs in the company-rooms is diversion enough for a Vermont muster—a stereopticon, Punch and Judy, a toy-shop to set children raving, and Company G's Old Curiosity Shop to ravish the hearts of children of a larger growth. Though limited, no loan



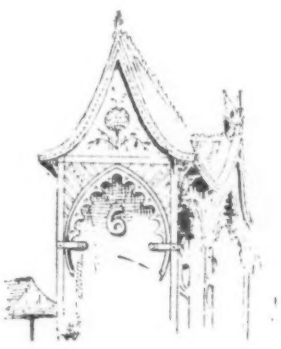
REAR VIEW OF MOORISH PAVILION OF COMPANY F.

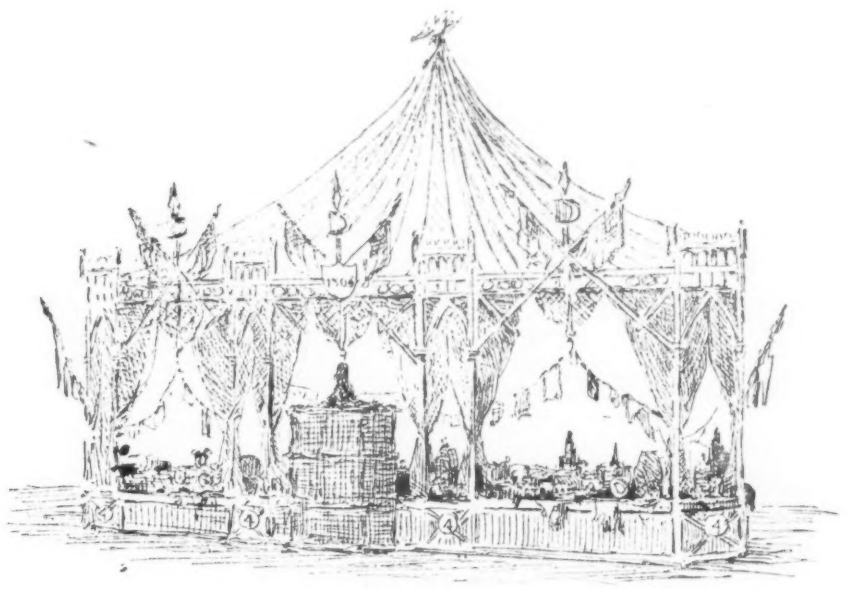
collection yet held has surpassed this in value and the splendor of individual pieces. There is a clock in each corner—a clock with a history—one in a Flemish case inlaid with tulip-wood, and one whose works were found in Hackensack woods in the Revolution, and its cherry-wood case made by the family who found them. There is the Princess of Leuchtenberg's wedding fan, of gold and pearl, painted with scenes from the Arabian Nights, and the court sword of Charles XI. of Sweden, with onyx and gold hilt; the sword the State presented Major-General Jacob Brown, and one lent by Col. Edward Kent, the most utterly gorgeous sword that ever entered republican imagination, a Toledo ribbon blade slender and polished till the look of it cuts the sight, the cross above its sacred olive-wood hilt set with a single diamond with golden rays, great topazes on the cross-guard, and crusting of hundreds of turquoises and rubies, and the fighting legend, "Dulce meum terra tecit." Here, too, is the Gibbs collection of Peruvian antiquities, some of which the owner would not change against the ruby in Colonel Kent's sword. Certainly not that beautiful mummy-head of a slain Peruvian warrior, preserved by a pleasant process which reduced it to the size of a china orange, with the features perfect, and the long flowing hair jet and glossy as if alive. These heads are jealously-guarded relics of the Indian tribes, and only three are known in civilized possession—one at Wesleyan University, one in Europe, and this in Mr. Gibbs's collection, for which the British Museum would give him hundreds of pounds. Mark how closely the shape of the Peruvian vases resembles the little biberons in the Cesnola collection, and how the features of the stone images bear a family likeness to the jesting Phœnicians in the hall of the Art Museum.



If you are an autograph-hunter, here are stores of old letters and signatures, and you will find something of a man more than biographies can give you, in his turns of phrase in a letter, and the flourish with which he writes his name. The sprigged green and white china teapot presented to Mrs. Maria Livingston Jay by Benjamin Franklin when he was in Paris with Mr. Jay arranging for the peace, is precisely the sprig of which Lady Washington was so fond in china and brocade, and may have raised mild envy in her well-ordered mind. Mrs. John H. Kemp lends a piece of chintz bed-curtain given by Lafayette to Mrs. Washington, a patriotic cotton, unbleached and strong, printed in red, with medallions of illustrious Americans at the altar of liberty, showing portraits of Washington, Hancock, Steuben, and a score besides. No man ought to be sure of his fame till he has been emblazoned on a cotton spread in good madder dye, to go down to future loan collections. There is an old Danish cabinet of carved oak, and a beautiful Spanish muniment-chest, with straps of pierced steel-work, full of curious little drawers inlaid with gold and ivory, of beautiful workmanship, which the fortunate owner found in a Spanish farm-house. Tiffany & Co. have a case which surpasses all their previous contributions to loan collections, notably a superb Indian necklace of turquoises from Jeypore, a crusted half-collar with thick fringe of turquoise and gray pearls, of lovely barbaric design, and a fac-simile of Indian ornaments brought home by the Prince of Wales, eight pieces composed of medallion portraits of the sovereigns and princesses of India, with the beautiful Nourmahal for the largest brooch. There are some choice old books lent by Mr. Gibbs, De Vega's History of the Peruvians, from which Prescott drew largely for material for his Conquest of Peru, and a Latin work on hydraulics, in which figures a vessel with paddle-wheels like the old side-wheel river craft. I shall have nothing to say about the gilded brick from the Old South of Boston, or the tablet from the Old Dutch Church, or the portraits of Marshal Ney and his wife, the latter a Josephine with black eyes, for everything cannot be described in one number of this magazine; but loyalty and love for old china forbid passing Dr. Ferguson's case of revolutionary pitchers and plates of Liverpool ware, with its rare prints and pieces. Two pitchers of early Wedgwood, in lavender and white, and some Staffordshire china add value to the collection, and two delicious demure little cups of Caughley ware wake more desire than all the rest put together. I must not omit to note also some exquisite pieces of the finer Chinese porcelain lent by R. E. Moore. The principal piece is a vase, 28 inches high, covered with a deep mazarine blue glaze crackle, having the seal mark of the Emperor Keen-Lung. As the door of Company G's Curiosity Shop closes, it shuts on something besides relics and rarities, for the room will always have for one a perfume of ready courtesy and thoughtful kindnesses for a chance visitor which make the fair a pleasanter recollection than all its curios.

Up the broad oak stairway, with its thick solid steps and risers for the tread of marching men, in the third story, we find the gymnasium with its embrasured windows and four more rooms of goodly size all turned into a picture gallery, filled with the treasures of the finest private collections of the city. If there is no great picture here to make the fame of the gallery, it is nevertheless filled with pictures so fine, of such high and even excellence, that the fair will be an occasion of devout thankfulness to those who genuinely love good pictures, and whose great and abiding enjoyment of such favors would surely be some return to those whose favor gives the pleasure, could it be conveyed. With what undying pleasure one thinks, years after, of a picture whose grace or sentiment has touched him! And there are many such to remember in this gallery. The turn of the head in Jacquet's exquisite girl with a tea-rose cheek dreaming in a garden corner it would be pleasing to contrast with Boughton's "Last Rose of Summer," a variation on the same subject. You will pause before Merle's "Peasant Girl of Brittany," with her deep, velvet eyes, to which the workmen hanging pictures turned to steal a lingering look; Bonnat's Italian beauty, aged four perhaps, born for the confusion of men, with her grave, delicious pout and stubbornly-clasped thumb of the dimpled hand, one longs to kiss in spite of its unmistakable grime; Vibert's "Sacred Music in a Convent;" Hamon's "Spring," who leads Cupid in leash among her opening iris and almond blossoms, lest he should pick her flowers, a love so innocent and so snubbed for his ignorant naughtiness that even Spring regrets to chide him. Why cannot there be some time a Hamon gallery got together, of the pictures New York has known for a dozen years





ENGLISH GOTHIC BOOTH OF COMPANY D.

of this painter of Greek allegory and ideal beauty? This is to speak only of one or two of the pictures that personally please me, not as giving any notion of the gallery. The sight of the Claghorn collection of prints is the great favor of the fair; but it fills two rooms, and one must take days to know anything about it. There is a room for the model craft of the New York Yacht Club, and a large crayon after De Haas's likeness of Mr. Bennett's yacht from Mr. Ludovici's pencil shows him as faithful in taking the lines of a sailing vessel as in his portraits of the officers of the regiment downstairs.

SHIRLEY DARE.

ART AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

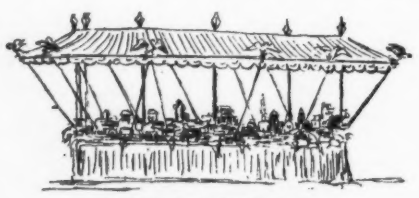
WHEN the rich galleries of the country are opened, that the public may stray through them at their will, it is like "Sir Walter Vivian all a summer day" giving up his broad park to the pleasure of the people.



MOORISH KIOSK OF COMPANY C.

The horizons of the populace are broadened, and there is hardly a limit to the educational gain which ensues from thus temporarily lowering the barriers between the pastimes of the rich and the pleasures of the poor. For the time the two classes are allowed to pursue the same studies, follow the same aims, and attain the same ends. High degree and low degree merge their social differences in learning the causes of excellence in works of genius, and deciding why the colors of Diaz and Rousseau are bathed in a seemingly superhuman splendor, how the modelling and relief of Munkacsy assert their vigor, and whence the contours of Lefebvre or Bonnat acquire their sculptural precision. Of the various loan exhibitions which this city has benefited by, there has been perhaps not one so generous, select, and grateful to the public as that now formed in the Armory of the Seventh Regiment.

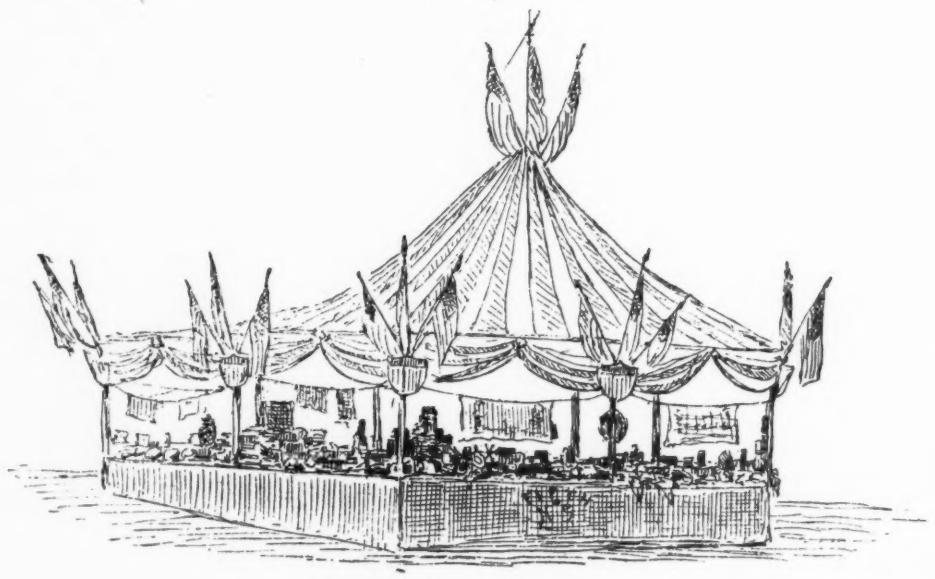
Among the rich and costly works of painting arranged on the walls, certain large conspicuous and standard canvases strike the eye at once as "captain jewels of the carcanet." One of the grand centres is the Munkacsy of 1874, the "Pawnbroker's Shop," lent by Miss Catharine L. Wolfe. In this we see the Hungarian painter's earlier manner, with bossy, unctuous, robust modelling asserted upon backgrounds of inky blackness and opacity; it is not a perfect style, but it is a muscular one. The pawnbroker, pen in ear, hustles into his collection the shawl of a poor young mother, who carries her baby and takes her sturdy little urchin with her as escort. At the right, a young lady sits sadly musing, her right hand bare, her left covered with a glove which probably conceals the wedding-ring she has reluctantly consented to part



MARQUEE OF COMPANY B.

with. A musician stands at the left, his violin under his arm, his dissipated features working with emotions that amount to positive agony. By his side a young apprentice, half dressed, and his arm in a sling, carries the watch and chain whose price is necessary to enable him to pay the doctor's bill which is one of the prosaic results of his duel. But what is the interpretation of the incident in the full midst of the composition—this anxious grandmother, with well-saved umbrella by her side, who sits holding an enormous portfolio bursting with some hapless artist's sketches, while her grandson, in the foreground, makes off with a smaller portfolio, which he is seemingly determined to save at any sacrifice from the conscription? Is it some memory of the artist's own youth of hardships, when sickness and blindness forced him to realize upon the most precious fancies of his brain? However it may be, the incident will come home to many a painter, and the varied distresses of the poor, over which presides the cold broker like a heartless deity gorged with sacrifice, are all concerned with the poignancy of truth and the sympathy of compassion. Hogarthian expression, combined with technical vigor hardly equalled since Ribera, make this canvas at once a drama and a painting-lesson.

Jules Lefebvre's "Odalisque Couchée" is an Oriental lying so as to expose her delicately-modelled back, with a smoking "brule-parfums" at her feet in the midst of the curtains which shelter her repose. The Duchess Josiana in "L'Homme qui Rit" is hardly more proud at once and seductive. The painter's effort, however, is entirely one of delicate precision in drawing, not of color, and the impression left on the mind is rather that of a statue than of a picture. From another collection, John Wolfe's, comes Cabanel's famous "Venus," which, as well as that in the Philadelphia collection of Mr. Gibson, is similar to a "Venus" executed by the painter for the Emperor Napoleon III. It is well known from the etching. The goddess, just born from the wave, lies undulating upon a bed of foam, and stretches her limbs and opens her mild eyes like an awaking child, while Cupids hover in the air above her and play a pæan upon their conch-shells. The tone is blond and pink, and the conception wanting in seriousness.



AMERICAN BOOTH OF COMPANY E.

From the Wolfe collection, also, is lent the busy scene of "The Burning of Charles V.'s Bonds by Fugger the Banker," one of the rich, picturesque dramas of the German painter Carl Becker, in which the generosity of the banking profession is asserted in a way to make the canvas naturally attractive to a banker, thus accounting for its being chosen by Mr. Wolfe. When Charles V. had rid the Mediterranean of Barbary pirates, goes the tale, his bonds for the costs of war were cancelled by the good old banker, whose business had been benefited by the bravery of the monarch.

Another Carl Becker, of richer and more imposing subject, is that which represents a Venetian Inquisitor entering the iron door of a prison; it is a romantic, picturesque theme, in the perfunctory and theatrical style which stands with the German artists for nobility and grandeur. By Carl Hoff, a painter whose manner resembles Becker's, but with more of a glancing lightness and transparency, there is "The Unexpected Return," a very handsome chevalier, of a rather uncertain but glorious epoch, too gay for Frederick the Great's time, too modern for that of Maximilian, rejoining his very handsome family. This picture, its author's masterpiece, is from the gallery of Prof. Fairman Rogers, of Coaching Club celebrity. The same owner lends "The Young Laundress of Etretat," one of the most pleasing works of Merle. Another conspicuous subject by Merle is the "Grandmother's Tales," with half a dozen life-size figures, representing a beldame entertaining young people of all ages, from babyhood to adolescence, with the same narrative of the long-ago time.

By Boldini, apparently working in rivalry with Detaille, there is a cavalryman riding up on the fresh-washed Paris pavement, to give the porter a letter which he takes from his sabretache and holds in his teeth. The black steed is as neatly and graphically designed as if by Detaille. The background houses

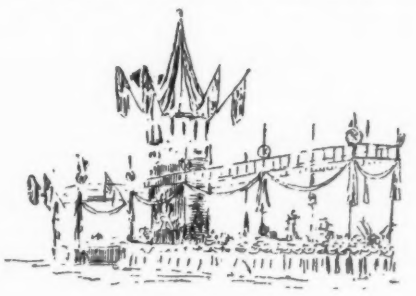


THE FLORAL PAVILION.

and thronged pavement are all that particularly recall the manner of Boldini. The horseman and his charger are mirrored in the dash of fresh water which the servant has just thrown upon the dusty sidewalk.

De Neuville is represented by his portrait of Gen. Ducrot, and by another subject. "The Invasion," by Brion, represents a burning Breton village, from which escapes the melancholy file of rural fugitives, the husband carrying the wife, the mother her infant, and the infant its toy windmill. Verlat, the Belgian artist, is represented by a flock of sheep; Schreyer, by "Kabyles fighting in Retreat;" Daubigny, by one of his most exquisite subjects—the loan of Messrs. Knoedler—a company of sheep driven through an avenue of apple-trees at nightfall.

An important picture, as exhibiting a man who has created the most realistic style of the day, is the large group by Bonnat. A couple of little models, in the gayest "toggery" of the Piazza di Spagna, are seen in a studio, and the little girl, who is afraid, is coaxed to stand by her brother, who kneels and surrounds



BOOTH OF COMPANY K.

her with his arms, while he points to something to fix her attention. The intense solidity of these figures, which you can fairly pass behind, and weigh, and bruise yourself against, is a lesson in art. The subject, as is usual with Bonnat, is trivial.

By Jacquet, the painter of the Luxembourg "Réverie," there is a life-size subject of a girl seen in profile, seated on a rustic bench in her gardening-gloves, and dropping her book of hours to contemplate some roses with an expression of tenderness and passion. By Bouguereau we observe "The Secret," a peasant-girl confiding her heart-trouble to a fair friend, while an infant plays in the fountain they meet at; also by Bouguereau, the usual smooth-faced children liberating birds, and joining their waxen fingers in prayer, or otherwise fulfilling the painting-shop end of their existence. "La Musique Sacrée au Convent," by Vibert, lent by Mr. Astor, shows a young pianist in scarlet gown and cap, a 'cello player behind him in similarly flagrant colors, in front of whom a bearded brother, likewise in orders, beats time from a fine old illuminated music-book, while further back a throng of white Benedictines sing in full blast, their faces pulled into expressions which perfectly define the basso, the baritone, and the tenor. By A. Braith is the cattle picture which was remarked in the best place of an Academy generally supposed to be National, a few years ago, cattle hurrying down a mountain in a storm. It is a black, opaque, noisy, worthless bit of Düsseldorfism. "Ready for the Ride," beside it, by our own Chase, is a far higher bit of purpose and execution. By Josef Brandt, a Polish artist, there is a telling subject of a half-naked Russian, who does not need to be scratched to reveal the Tartar, fording a wild river with a horse loaded down with the treasure of some cathedral—the crozier and chalice and embroidered robes mingling their reflections in the turbid water. Lagye shows a very precise, prim, careful bit of mediævalism, a girl compiling history at a desk, amid circumstances of oppressive bric-à-brac. Hamon is at nearly his best in his picture of "Love" as a galley-slave, with ball and chain, whipped by an icy maiden whose most fervent thoughts are bent on the knitting she carries. Hector Le Roux shows the "Toilet of Vesta," in front of the statue of Vesta, a crowded scene. Scifone of Rome exhibits the Egyptian queen, the collar of commandment borne in her fingers on a long sceptre, consulting a sorceress. Oswald Achenbach contributes a scene of market-people crossing a bridge in South Italy, and Piloty the color-sketch for the strained and worthless "Death of Cæsar" he sent to the Paris Exposition of 1867.

Of American art we notice Thomas Hicks's full-length portrait of Col. Emmons Clark of the Seventh Regiment, singularly thin and flat, and with impossible hands; Brown's "Passing Show," as hard and wooden as a row of ninepins; Dana's admirable "Gathering Seaweed," delicious landscape poems by Inness, and a capital Italian head in the Bonnat style by Sartain. The whole exhibition of pictures, albeit the standard is not kept up in all the selections, contains strengthening food for the artist and art amateur.

EDWARD STRAHAN.



My Note Book.



ONE of the most striking of the new pictures at the American Art Gallery is a canvas of still life by Chase, a very charming bit of decorative painting. J. G. Brown shows a child playing on the sand by the sea-side, and Eastman Johnson has a pretty trifle called "The Little Egg Hunter," which makes a good companion for it. Champney sends a pleasing composition called "Second Childhood"—an old man and his wife playing cat's cradle. George Inness has, among other canvases, his "St. Peter's at Sunset," which was at the Paris Exhibition last year, and an interesting "Storm Effect in the Valley of the Saco." George Inness, Jr., has a vigorous study of a naked man on horseback entering the surf, which, although defective in drawing—particularly in the matter of the horse's legs—is spirited and full of promise. Charles H. Miller, whose work, whatever be its faults, is never lacking in sentiment, has an effective little picture he calls "Moonlight on Long Island," with one solitary touch of color supplied by a light in a distant farm-house window.

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The absurdly high prices asked by the dealers for unimportant paintings by modern French masters really passes comprehension. The canvases frequently have no other claim to distinction than the "cachet" they bear in the signature of the artist. Yet there are always wealthy persons ready to buy them at the dealers' own prices. A single figure—about cabinet size—that of a cavalryman by an eminent French artist is held at $2,500. In the dealer's own gallery there are at least a score of better pictures which may be had at a fourth of the price—pictures which, apart from whatever value may attach to the mere names of the artists they bear, have actual merit and interest in themselves.

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The dealer will answer that he only asks the market price. This is true, if he means the inflated market value of the picture in *this* country. But I need hardly say that this price is out of all proportion to the market value of the picture in the country where it was painted, and where the artist is fully understood and appreciated. There, in some degree, at least, the market value of a painting is determined by its merit. No matter how exalted the reputation of the painter, a picture without a story—a mere study—would be worth the price of a study by that painter, and that is all. Of course a rough study by a great artist may be worth more than a finished picture by a poor artist; but still buyers who pay a large sum for a mere study—no matter by whom it is painted—seldom get the value of their money, either in the possession of a pleasing picture or by making by the purchase a profitable investment.

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Profitable investments, indeed, are seldom made by amateur picture buyers. A man of taste will sometimes recognize the genius of a rising artist, buy up his pictures and make a fortune out of them. But, as a rule, waiting for an obscure artist to become famous is as hopeless as waiting for a dead man's shoes.

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Mr. Clarence Cook's interesting article on "Mr. Morris Moore's Old Masters," in Scribner's Monthly for November, has created in art circles a decided flutter, to which the strikingly unconventional illustrations of the "Apollo and Marsyas" have contributed in no small degree. The first edition of a hundred thousand copies was sold in two weeks, and a further supply has been demanded.

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The forthcoming sale of the Sherwood collection at Chickering Hall on the 17th and 18th of December, under the direction of Mr. S. P. Avery, will doubtless be the most important of the year. I have before me a list of the names of 114 artists who are represented in the gallery. Among the foreign artists are Bonheur, Cabanel, Couturier, Corot, Daubigny, Decamps, Detaille, Diaz, Dupré, Escosura, Fortuny, Gérôme, Jacque, Lambinet, Madrazo, Meissonier, Palmaroli, Pille, Plassan, Rico, Rousseau, Schreyer, Stevens, Troyon, Van Marcke, Vibert, Zamacois, Zimmerman, and some others hardly less famous, while among the American artists some of the best names appear. At the present writing the pictures are not on exhibition, so special comments concerning them must be reserved.

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Judging from the opinions of some German and English critics, the most remarkable painter of still life now in existence is Frederick Heimerdinger of Hamburg, who lately exhibited at Munich a picture representing a dead hare fastened to a plank, so realistic that bets were frequently made as to the object being the real thing instead of a counterfeit presentment. The whole composition is said to be most ingeniously arranged to insure the illusion. The painting shows, tied on the hare, an express ticket which seems as though it could be detached in a moment, and there is a knot-hole so palpable that one feels sure he can put his finger through it. The same artist exhibited at the Crystal Palace near London recently. The subject was a dead duck fastened to a board, and so many persons insisted upon feeling its feathers and rapping the wood with their umbrellas that the picture had to be protected by a glass case. American picture buyers who delight in this kind of imitative art—and most of them do—will have a chance to see the first named of these paintings, for it has been bought at a big price by Mr. Fechteler, of the firm of Palm & Fechteler of this city, and he intends to exhibit it.

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Another painting which has attracted much attention in Europe—this time by an American artist—is now on its way here. I refer to Herman N. Hyneman's large painting, "Desdemona." It is a life-size figure of Shakespeare's heroine, represented sitting in a chair after one of the stormy interviews with her jealous and infuriated husband. The expression on the face of the grieved and bewildered victim is said to be worthy of a master, and there can be no doubt that the picture is a credit to American art.

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Edward Moran's admirable painting, at the same gallery, "Nôtre Dame on a Fête Night," was noticed in these columns at the time he sent it to the St. Louis exhibition. "A Woodland Path," by Thomas Moran, is a charming little landscape—I presume a study for a larger canvas. William T. Richards sends an interesting marine, called "St. Michael's Mount;" the general weird tone of the picture, with its grayish-green atmosphere and cold green water, is effective and compels attention. One of those picturesque bits of old New York, which Louis C. Tiffany knows so well how to put on canvas, is a little picture called "In Duane St." F. A. Bridgman, J. F. Cropsey, Samuel Colman, M. F. H. De Haas, Dielman, Dolph and others are also represented. There are several excellent little pictures, but the exhibition cannot be called a strong one, for the reason probably that the artists have not thought fit to send in their most important works.

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The first number of the much-looked-for new art journal, The American Art Review, from the Boston publishing house of Estes & Lauriat, has appeared, and has created a decidedly favorable impression. The etchings by R. Swain Gifford and J. D. Smillie reveal a degree of excellence in this branch of the artists' work which was hardly thought possible in this country. They are not only good in themselves, but are printed with a skill which could not have been reasonably anticipated. At least I do not know where they could have been done as well in New York city. The process illustrations of the Barye bronzes are not so satisfactory. If the drawings, evidently from photographs, had been made with bolder lines, a much better result might have been secured. Apparently, too, the commendable precaution of powdering the surface of the bronze before taking the photographs was not observed; otherwise it is not easy to account for the inartistic distribution of light and shade in these illustrations.

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The letter-press of the new review is excellent. Thomas Davidson's paper on "Praxiteles' Hermes," and the article of Wm. McKay Laffan on the "Material of American Landscape," are especially interesting. Dr. Koehler, the editor, has somewhat of a predilection for the archæological side of art, and it was feared that it might be too strongly impressed on an art publication under his control; but the contents of the opening number of The American Art Review are as well balanced as could be desired.

MONTEZUMA.

The Art Gallery

SOME MASTERPIECES OF ART.

III.

OF the works of sculpture in the Vatican, few pieces are more curious than the statue of Julia Sœmias, preserved in the Museo Pio-Clementino. As was not uncommon with the Roman ladies of rank, Julia caused herself to be represented by the artist with the attributes of Venus. The drapery falling from the hips stamps the figure at once as a masquerade of the Idalian goddess, and the attribute of an ointment-box held in the hand suggests to the mind that favorite antique subject "The Toilet of Venus," which, when fully carried out by



JULIA SŒMIAS.

the proper accessory figures, represents the divinity arrayed by the three Charities and by Persuasion. It is only by courtesy that this figure can be admitted among a series of classical masterpieces. It is Roman art of the third century, and though intended as a piece of imperial flattery, its flattery is not very skilful. Its historical allusiveness is, however, most curious. It refers to that strange antique Sorosis, that congress of taste made up of a senate of ladies, with Julia at its head, which prescribed all the modes and fashions to be observed throughout the Roman Empire, and arbitrated the disputes and affairs of the matrons. This senate of fair Amazons was appointed by the frivolous boy-emperor Heliogabalus, the son of Julia. The arrangement of the statue bears direct reference to this government of fashions, for besides it being a travesty of the goddess of the toilet at her bath, it has a very singular attribute. The hair is removable. The statues of Roman empresses as goddesses, of which a number are seen together in the Naples Museum, are not at all particular to give a Greek aspect to the coiffure, but represent the Olympians under the various fashionable extravagances of the Roman barber. The effigy of Julia, however, goes further than that, and, not content with presenting a single arrangement of tasteless Roman hair-dressing, provides for the changing of the hair from time to time; and we may suppose this very figure exposed in some public place to the view of Roman fashion, with its hair new-dressed from season to season; this would be an edict for the rise or fall of wigs and chignons all over the Empire, promulgated both with the authority of the leading modiste and the sacred terrors of a divine decree. When the army sedition arose which was to cost Heliogabalus his life, this Roman mother was found shielding her son in her embrace in a ditch of the camp, and he was beheaded in her arms. The period was one of great extravagance in dress, Heliogabalus being the first Roman to wear a silk robe; and the use of hair-dye and wigs was very common. Ovid observes that "the different ways of dressing the hair in Rome were equal in number to the acorns of a many branched oak, to the bees of Hybla, to the wild beasts in the Alps, every new day adding to the number." The Roman ladies when married were distinguished by the high frontlet of curls, as solid as a sponge, which we see over the foreheads of so many portrait busts. Julia Donna's falling bandeaux of thick waved hair, descending over the ears as low as the chin, are well known on the coins and gems. The color was at first changed to orange by means of a caustic soap; but during the German wars the flaxen hair of barbarian women had an enormous market for wigs. A bust with movable hair ascribed to Lucilla (a younger contemporary of Julia) is to be seen in the Royal collection of antiques at Berlin.

The "Fighting Gladiator," so called, everybody knows is not a gladiator at all. The heroic nudity of the figure shows it to have been a work of ideal character, probably dedicated to a legendary celebrity. Thiersch thinks it may be Achilles contending with Penthesila the Amazon. Differing from other antiques, which are complete in themselves, this figure needs many accessories to explain its action. We must imagine an opponent on horseback, to which the intense upward gaze of the hero is directed; and fancy must supply too the sword in the right hand, and the shield, of which only the strap remains around the left arm. This splendid piece of work is signed "Agasias, son of Dositheus the Ephesian," and it is probable that it is not the copy of any other masterpiece, but an original conception. It is the only antique athlete represented in what moderns would grant to be "fighting condition." Its lean, sinewy tension is admirably expressive. The period of its sculptor may probably have been about 400 B. C. It was found buried in the sea-coast sands at Antium, near the palace of the Roman emperors, on the spot where, a century earlier, the Apollo Belvidere was found. A whole family of Ephesian artists seems to be indicated in the name of Agasias, so common on antiques—a family finally extinct, perhaps, in Roman subjugation, with that Agasias of Delos who lived a hundred years before our era. The "Fighting Gladiator" became the property of the Borghese family. Napoleon bought in 1808 the collection of antiquities in the Borghese villa, 255 in number. The "Gladiator" is now one of the most highly valued treasures of the Louvre. In view of the obvious fact that this combatant is looking upward to an opponent placed higher, there is something singularly infelicitous in the use of the figure made by the artist Cole, who represents it of colossal size in his "Course of Empire," perched upon a pedestal above a city, and still directing its upward gaze with perseverance combined with a wonderful lack of purpose.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was once commissioned by one of the royal princes to paint a portrait of Haydn, the celebrated composer. Haydn went to the residence of the painter and gave him a sitting, but soon grew tired. Sir Joshua would not paint a man of such genius with a stupid countenance, and adjourned the sitting. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Sir Joshua communicated the circumstance to the commissioning prince, who contrived a stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native tongue with a compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly and successfully seized its traits.

"DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

OUR readers are doubtless familiar with P. A. Cot's beautiful picture entitled "Spring"—"Le Printemps"—representing a charming youth and maiden swinging together in genuine idyllic fashion. The same painter is finishing now for the Salon of 1880 a companion-picture, a sketch of which by the artist himself is reproduced in fac-simile on the opposite page of this number of THE ART AMATEUR. The costumes are nearly the same as in the "Spring," but the attitudes are by no means alike, for here the two youthful figures are flying precipitately from a rising storm. The picture has a mountainous background, said to resemble a view at Cot's birthplace. The storm is just breaking, the lightning furrows the clouds, and the two young fugitives, pursued by the hurricane, are hastening to a grotto. The girl turns away from the lightning in terror, but her companion smiles at her fears and hurries her to the friendly shelter. We are informed that the title the work will bear is "Daphnis and Chloe," though it is quite clear that "Autumn"—"L'Automme"—would be a felicitous name for it.

The painter of this picture, Pierre Auguste Cot, was born at Bédarieux, a small town in the south of France. He began his art studies at the Académie des Beaux Arts in Toulouse, and continued them at Paris towards the year 1860, when he was a little more than twenty years of age. It was not long before he obtained a leading rank in the École des Beaux Arts of Paris, and received successively all the medals. He had also an excellent chance of obtaining the "prize of Rome," when, by a modification of the rules concerning the age of competitors, he was excluded. For many years he studied under the direction of Cognet, and worked with his old master upon the decorations of the Salle des Fêtes at the



"THE FIGHTING GLADIATOR."

Hôtel de Ville, unhappily destroyed by the incendiaries of the Commune. His ability as a designer and his facility of execution procured him entrance to the studio of Bouguereau, where he remained for years. It was through the medium of this new master that he formed the acquaintance of the Duret family, of which he soon became a member by marrying the eldest daughter, Juliette, the father of his



COT'S "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

SKETCH BY THE ARTIST OF HIS PICTURE FOR THE SALON OF 1880

[*Contributed to The Art Amateur by Dr. C. C. Soulages, of New York.*]

wife being the celebrated sculptor of the Caryatides which surround the Emperor's tomb at the Invalides.

The first works of Cot exhibited in the salons at Paris showed the charm of clever design and lovely painting. "Une Baigneuse," "La Nymphe Salmacis," "Un Promethée," together with a ravishing study entitled "Meditation" and some portraits, among others that of his young and pretty wife, secured for the artist two medals, which placed him "hors concours" for the annual recompenses, precisely at the moment when he was about to obtain his greatest success with "Spring," of which Mr. Wolfe of New York has long been the possessor. To the Universal Exposition at Vienna he sent the "Danseuse Orientale" and the portrait of his wife. A medal was awarded him by Austria, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor by the French Government. From this moment the artist occupied himself entirely with portraits, specially those of women. Beautiful young blondes vied with each other for the honor of seeing their charms reproduced by Cot, and for the Universal Exposition of 1878 the Marshal McMahon requested him to paint the portrait of the French President's wife, which, with three others by the same artist, figured at the Champ de Mars.

During the last few years, almost exclusively consecrated to the "jolies blondes," no new work has been presented to the public, though Cot desired long ago to make a pendant to "Spring." Another picture which has for years past hung unfinished in the studio of Cot represents Queen Elizabeth of Hungary caring for the invalids in a hall of her palace. More than twenty figures of life size are depicted on the canvas, but the painter has never found time to complete the work.

ART COLLECTION OF THE LENOX LIBRARY.

THE Art Gallery appertaining to this fine library was again opened to the public, after the summer recess, early in November. It is not a gallery made conventional by the arbitrary standard of curators and superintendents; the individuality of a self-responsible collector, with hobbies of his own and affections and caprices of his own, is stamped all over it, and gives it an interesting eccentricity.

It is not every year that an established resort can reopen with such a sensation as was provided for the Lenox this season. The "Milton" of Munkácsy is an exhibition of itself. Subject, execution, the fame and romance of the artist, all told in its favor; the pride of securing to America a canvas for which Europe competed, which Austria falsely boasted of having appropriated, which England claimed the initial right of popularizing through the burin, which France claimed for one of her most cunning etching-needles—all these considerations made a veritable success of notoriety for the picture. The treatment by the American critics was singular. When American critics see a bit of pictorial ambition by Blashfield or Bridgman, a bit of pictorial self-glorification by Gérôme or Alma-Tadema, they are in the habit of laying their fingers sadly alongside of their noses and telling the painter that historical research is not art; that the energy he exerts in studying out minute accuracies of costume and manners is so much taken from the proper aim and end of his craft. The "Milton" arrived, and they fastened in a body on the question of its historical accuracy or inaccuracy, giving themselves immense pains to decide whether Milton might possibly have possessed a Flanders jug and tapestry furniture, and whether Milton's daughters could or could not write. Our own criticisms shall be directed more to the artistic quality of the masterpiece. The strictures the local critics made are perhaps even less surprising than the strictures they refrained from making. When their compatriot Bridgmans and Blashfields show them Brittany landscapes or Italian scenes, they have the habit of caressing their noses with still more obstinate despair, and instructing the misguided youth that the proper field for an artist is his own country; that America is the providential topic awarded to Americans, and that he will never succeed in interesting them with scenes in foreign countries; yet in the case of the Hungarian they pointedly abstained from reviling him for his choice of an English scene; they renounced the triumph of telling him that they could only have been interested in his views of Hungarian politics, so profoundly affecting to the outer world, and that his delineations of Boyers and Tziganes alone could have moved them to real sympathy. We shall imitate the critic-chorus in their forbearance, but not in their strictures; we shall say as little as possible about Munkácsy as an accurate archæologist, and we shall profess all the sympathy possible in his interpretation of a scene outside his own country, in which the critic-chorus likewise has interested itself so generously and so in defiance of its own lessons.

The art of Munkácsy is an outcome of the art of Munich, the art of Piloty. Of all the influences he has undergone, none remains so obvious as that of the atelier in Bavaria. Now this is a school of which we have recorded our distrust. The thick unctuous impasto, the forced light and shade, the emphasized luminousness amounting to glitter, the breadth of style amounting to impressionism, are derived by Munkácsy from his Munich education. And in yielding them our frank admiration, we are forced to seem inconsistent with our previous teachings. Very well! It is more important to be consistent with a truth than to be consistent with a dogma; and we are happy to acknowledge that Munichism, and Pilotism, and impressionism, understood as Munkácsy understands them, are one of the manifestations of truth. No painter understands better than he the positiveness and solidity of an object in floating light, the self-assertion of a form in all the realistic pride of cubic dimensions. He knows how to dissimulate the martinet exactness of minor forms in the broad, both of palpitating and generalizing light. The academic school of France, trained to search for the outline, to refine upon outline within outline, and contour within contour, becomes almost inevitably an amateur of form alone, and thus grows unconsciously a little dry and hard. Since the grand educational stand taken by David, painting has been training to love what is sculptural in nature rather than what is pictorial, and we find ourselves praising qualities which, to earn their full meed of appropriate eulogy, had been better expressed in stone than on canvas. The advent among them of a Munkácsy is, in fact, a precious lesson to the French. At the same time, the French influence has reacted very favorably on his own talent. The impressionism of a man constantly held to his facts by the influence in the air, perpetually brought up to his accuracy of line by the example of the Detailles, the Fortunys, the Meissoniers, the Lefebvres, is rich, enjoyable, and fruitful. It is trained. Only after he has become an able draughtsman is a painter authorized to give us his floating impressions. The generalized impressions of a Michael Munkácsy, of a Jean François Millet, are valuable, because they retain a conscientiousness and a training derived from hard hours spent in worrying over anatomy and the antique. They are different from the vague poetic impressions, not fixed by academies, of a Couture or a William Hunt. Untrained impressions are an impertinence. But when the training has been had, when the artist is firmly horsed on his science and his facts, how delicious is the moment when he casts the bridle loose, and, viewing nature with the half closed eye of imagination, gives us his record in its generalization, his discernment in its breadth! Such is the triumph of Munkácsy in the "Milton." The caressing light plays upon the figures of the poet and his three daughters, upon the faded furniture and dark dingy walls, as a composer plays upon his orchestra. No mere academician can get this sort of a triumph. It is one breath of truth and color and harmony and poesy, wrapping together in an imperial unity the different details of the scene. It is one gush of aerial melody which passes through the greenish leaded panes at the left of the composition, and reduces to a sumptuous whole the austere black Puritan statue of the sitting poet, the languid blondes and grays of the three weary and anxious girls, the crimson floor-cloth, the cherry-colored dinner-chairs, the faded rose of Milton's fauteuil, the pert and saucy blue of the grès-de-Flanders claret-jug, the trembling, darting lights of glass and waxed woodwork, the dulness of the historic window-curtain of threadbare green. Think how a Gérôme would have carved such a group, how he would have dissected the throat and knuckles of the melancholy Lear, how he would have dwelt on cheek-bones and finger-nails, how he would have anatomized Regan and desiccated Goneril, while the present painter, ignorant of English Protestantism, ignorant of Masson's biography, yet strong in synthetic imagination, and secure in the prentice accomplishments of his art, creates with the rod of the enchanter a symphony of palpitating colors and a mirror of heart-subduing and mournful drama.

The rest of the collection is there in its entirety, and furnishes various documents in the history of art. Not only are the noble dead masters of the times of yore represented, but others are represented with whom Mr. Lenox in his green age forms a living link, though for us they are dead and done with like the old masters.

There is a large group of orders given to Leslie—perfunctory scenes of Bible history, chalky in method, orientalisms of the Regency, proofs how an American cockney is a more thorough cockney than an English one. There is a splendid, lurid Turner in glorious preservation. Leslie's life, another link with the past and with the collector's present, gives us the clue: "It fell to my lot to select the first of Turner's pictures that went to America. Mr. James Lenox, of New York, who knew his works only from engravings, wished very much to possess one, and wrote to me to that effect. I replied that his rooms were full of unsold works, and I had no doubt he would part with one. Mr. Lenox expressed his willingness to give 500*l.*, and left the choice to me. I called on Turner, and asked if he would let a picture go to America. 'No; they won't come up to the scratch.' I knew what he meant, for another American had offered him a low price for the 'Témèraire.' I told him a friend of mine would give 500*l.* for anything he would part with. His countenance brightened, and he said at once: 'He may have that, or that, or that,' pointing to three not small pictures. I chose a sunset view of 'Staffa,' which I had admired more than most of his works when it was first exhibited. It was in an old frame, but Turner would have a very handsome new one made for it." The very handsome encadrement, a specimen of Turner's taste, the choice of Leslie, when paintings by Turner were far more accessible than now, and one of the dozen recorded speeches of Turner, are perpetuated in this transaction. The "Staffa" is a triumph of cloudy Turnerian glory, more realistic than the "Slave-ship" in Boston, more poetical than the Welsh scene owned by the painter Moran. "Mr. Lenox soon after came to London," pursues Leslie, "and bought another picture of Turner's at a sale, and would have bought the 'Téméraire,' but Turner had then determined not to sell it." This second purchase was the "English Ship of War Stranded on the French Coast," obtained at Christie's in 1850, one of Turner's efforts to get luminousness without chiaroscuro—brightness obtained without tricks of black contrast, and perhaps as successfully as is possible with that disadvantage.

There are three fine Sir Joshuas. One of them, the "Mrs. Billington Surrounded by Angels," a masterpiece, and the largest canvas in the gallery. The dappled English sky in this picture is in perfect preservation, as sweet and transparent a bit of azure flecked with warm white as is ever furnished by your Ziems and Français, and itself a lesson in landscape-painting. The crystal transparency of this canvas sky suggests porcelain-painting. The "Writing-boy" alongside shows Reynolds' pregnant study of Murillo in his "Beggar-boy" painting mood, and the "Kitty Fisher," with all the color "restored" out of it, reveals him in his occasional Vandyke-like elegance of pose and drawing, albeit applied to a worthless English lorette. There are a good Constable, a fair (landscape) Gainsborough, a capital Morland, several unimportant yet piquant Wilkies, and some fine Gilbert Stuarts.

The individuality of the collector is apparent all through the arrangement of the gallery, and removes it as far as possible from the etiquette of the ordinary museum. Between the Morland and the group of Wilkies hangs a chromo-lithograph. A common engraving, not even a proof, glares close beside the incomparable Turners. When the reasons of these selections are looked into, your interest in the kind collector and his life-history only increases. Two painted copies of "Paul Potter's Bull" are found among the unreplaceable originals. You are made at home among the hobbies of an aged and genial eccentric, not driven by a beadle through a perspective of ennui and etiquette. EDWARD STRAHAN.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

ART AT THE NATIONAL FAIR—MRS. HOXIE'S "FARRAGUT"—THE NEW ART-CLASS.

WASHINGTON, November 11, 1879.

THE Art-Department of the national fair which has just closed is considered a success. It is the first time in all her political life that Washington has had anything approaching the exposition which has come to be in other cities the social-industrial event of the year, and it was a creditable beginning. The art-building is good in design, and when the interior is entirely finished it will be tasteful and effective. It is a handsome brick building, consisting of four rooms and a main hall, lighted entirely from above. Three rooms were filled with pictures. Of these, forty-five were from New York. Page, Bierstadt, William Hart, Colman, Cropsey, Bellows, Beard, Nicoll, Charles Miller, James M. Hart, Arthur Quartley, Satterlee, and others were represented. The remaining pictures in the exhibit of about one hundred and fifty were loaned by citizens of this city and Baltimore, and from our local artists. Among the loaned pictures was "Contemplation," a Salon picture by Muraton, marked "Exempt" to show that the artist had received all the medals at the disposal of the Academy and was not allowed to compete further. It is the figure of a monk, head and shoulders only visible, and on the face a calm as rigid as the crucifix on which he gazes. This was owned by Alfred Bujac, who also sent Vely's first-medal picture, a small canvas giving the "Last Interview of Lucia di Lammermoor with Lord Ravenswood." It bears a strong family resemblance to his "Talking Well," which is one of the popular pictures in the Corcoran Gallery. Perhaps it is only that the sentiment is the same. In this, as in that, a lover leans and a woman listens. There was one landscape by Sonntag, a view on the Juniata, with the quiet afternoon light brooding over; a sketchy picture, "The Unfortunate Sportsman," by David Col; three portraits by William Nicholson, R.S.A. The only original portrait of Alexander Dumas in this country, painted by W. H. Powell in 1853, was loaned by A. G. Riddle. There was one Elliott, a portrait of Edwin Forrest; and one Healy, a portrait of Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

Mrs. Hoxie's colossal statue of Farragut is nearly ready for casting, and instead of being cast at Chicopee or abroad, is to be done here at the Navy Yard. An ordinary studio would have been a very pent-up Utica for the Admiral, and so when she began her work, Mrs. Hoxie rented the house next her own on Pennsylvania avenue, and took out the second floor of one room to secure the needed height. And there, up on a high scaffold, the model has for two years been taking shape under the hand of the little artist. They have seen him in all stages of composition—the insatiate public, who have the usual curiosity regarding the sculptor's art. When I am tempted to tell you that there is no artistic atmosphere in Washington, and that to send you art-notes from here is like gathering figs from thistles, I bethink myself of the endless procession of members of Congress, and "society ladies," and strangers within the gates that I have always found filing through the studios of "Vinnie Ream" and of Mrs. Fassett while she was at work on her "Electoral Commission," and I reflect that curiosity and an indefinite interest in things artistic is much better than nothing at all, and may crystallize to definite results.

The most hopeful sign of the times is the Art-school of which I wrote you in my last. It is a success. The classes are growing, and under Mr. E. C. Messer's efficient instruction we have a genuine, live school. The prevailing atmosphere of the school is one of uncompromising hard work. The rates of tuition are extremely low, and the school has no other financial resources; but much as pupils are needed, none are encouraged to come who are not very much in earnest. Mr. Messer will not lower the standard of the school to the level of dilettanteism, and for thus maintaining a high standard he deserves infinite credit. He began with very few pupils; I think Mr. Messer told me that for several evenings the rooms were lighted and warmed, and he came to them for the benefit of one solitary pupil in the antique evening-class. But now there is a growing class, and a young lady, who went last evening for the first time, assures me that it is "splendid! Everybody works so, and Mr. Messer comes around and criticises your work, and once in a while he reads from Couture and—other people—and—I'm going to work all winter!"

To go back to the Admiral. One does fly off at a tangent sometimes, though every one knows it is the very worst kind of literary sinning. Yesterday I was down at the Navy Yard, and in an ordnance building, away up on a scaffold in mid-air, stood the colossal figure, telescope in hand. Mrs. Hoxie goes to the Navy Yard every day, and is putting the last touches on her work. It is nearly finished, and will be ready for casting in a few days. In the museum at the Navy Yard stands Stone's statue of Farragut. There is more action and more animation in that than in Mrs. Hoxie's statue, and I am told that it is preferred by officers of the navy. Of Mrs. Hoxie's work as a portrait I cannot speak. The only admiral I am familiar with is the one who never went to see. But the final decision was left to Mrs. Farragut, and the face and figure satisfied her.

Among the old paintings loaned to the Art Gallery were the "Lady with the Miniature," by Lamqua in 1600; a portrait of Napoleon I. from life; the first landscape painting of Benjamin West, a river scene on the Delaware, good in drawing but crude in color; some specimens of painting on copper, old and odd; an antique painting of "Prince Salerno," by an unknown artist; and a genuine Jordaens, which was loaned by Thomas Wilson, the energetic chairman of the Art Committee, to whose efforts the success of the department was greatly due. A. J. H. Way, of Baltimore, sent two pictures of still life, "The Friar's Breakfast" and "Lunch," which were very realistic pieces of painting. Our local artists were well represented. Mr. Seibert exhibited some strong work, a head from life, vigorous in drawing and in color; also landscape and figure sketches. From Max Weyl we had landscapes—portrait landscapes for the most part. Mr. Weyl has been a faithful interpreter of the country that lies about Washington, and I cannot help thinking that when he goes sketching out on "Rock Creek" he is doing more for American art than if he were in Italy, lying in wait for stray sunsets. He is going to Europe soon, however. Mr. Fisher went abroad some weeks ago, intending to remain several years; and Mr. W. H. Holmes, who had at the exhibition some of the exquisite water-color landscapes of the Colorado country done when he was the accompanying artist with Dr. Hayden's National Survey, is also in Europe for a year. He gives all his time there to water-colors. Mr. Messer was represented at the exhibition by landscapes and a bright little picture, "Inspecting an Ironclad," with a turtle for the ironclad, and two chickens, alive and alert every feather of them, "inspecting." Mr. Poole had a number of landscapes; Mr. Guillaume an Oriental desert-scene and flower-pieces painted with the wonderful technical finish with which he works in that specialty. There were a dozen or more flower-pieces, done in such widely differing methods that it was an interesting study to contrast them.

A mass of flowers in the rich but rather hard and decorative method of Jan Van Kessel was among the loan pictures; there was a panel of Lambdin's roses—why will Mr. Lambdin set his superb flowers against those hard, black, unsympathetic tin backgrounds? He does not quite monopolize roses. Across the room was a little flower-piece by Miss Helen Searle, a Washington artist now in Düsseldorf, which was exquisitely done. There were Mr. Guillaume's flowers, conscious and almost faultily faultless; and a contrast, and to many a grateful one, was the style in which Mrs. Julia Dillon painted "Chrysanthemums." Most of us would rather that detail should be somewhat sacrificed to effect. The artist should be content to talk in paint; he need not parse his sentences. We like those flowers over which the light flickers and the wind blows. Mrs. E. Jeanette Messer exhibited flower-panels done with much taste and feeling. Mrs. Lotta A. Raymond, of Cincinnati, sent wood panels done in oil, studies of wild flowers, and also flower-panels in water-colors. Miss Emma S. Hutchins, of Cincinnati, had a water-color landscape and "Morning Glories;" Miss Clunie Abbott, of Covington, Ky., water-color flower-painting and some good work on porcelain. Noticeable among the crayons was the strong sympathetic work of Mr. Miller; Mrs. Fassett exhibited a portrait of Justice Miller and an ideal head.

The room set apart for decorative art was more of a loan exhibition than an exhibit of work actually done. Mrs. Hoxie's marble statue "The Spirit of the Carnival" was among the limited amount of statuary. From Mrs. Ketcham's studio came a bust of Justice Miller and a bust of a lady. Eight pieces of work, large and small, of the faïence designed and decorated by T. J. Wheatly, of Cincinnati, were sold before they were fairly put in place. Miss Alice Halsey exhibited wood-carving, which showed the characteristics of the Troy school, and panels of Kensington art needlework. The wood-carving, which has only recently been introduced here, has been taken up with an interest attested by an increasing class. Exquisite lace from the convents; some painting on silk, and a case of china decorated by Mrs. D. C. Forney, of this city; two large figure-pieces of tapestry by Mrs. Albinia King—these very nearly complete the list of original work. For the rest, the room was crammed with ceramics, rare textile fabrics, antiquities, and all sorts of bric-à-brac. But thinking that it is not so much what we can buy as what we can produce in the way of decorative work in this country that would interest art amateurs, I let you take the latter for granted. Another thing may be taken for granted, and that is that there is a growing interest here in things artistic, and that there will be more genuine art-work done here this winter than ever before.

CALISTA HALSEY.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HUNT PICTURE GALLERY—IDEAL HEADS, PORTRAITS, AND LANDSCAPES.

BOSTON, November 11, 1879.

I HAVE delayed my letter to the last day of grace in order to give you some account of the memorial exhibition of the works of Wm. M. Hunt which opened to-day, which has astonished us all by its richness and extent, and which I have no hesitation in saying will be accounted the art event of the year in America, making good as it does the calm but decided claim put forward in the opening sentences of the biographical notes prefixed to the catalogue: "William Morris Hunt was beyond all question among the first of American artists. He will certainly always retain that position, whatever may be the success of others in the future. . . . Every picture that he has left bears the stamp of a master; and in certain qualities, at least, he was far beyond any of his predecessors or contemporaries." These are the words, not of a Bostonian, but of a New Yorker, whose name is subscribed to the touchingly earnest and simple though intimate sketch of Hunt's career from the days when at college "his tall and slender frame, his noble features, and his fine but tawny complexion were enough by themselves to make him a distinguished figure in any average group." Incidentally the writer shows critical discernment and experience entitling his eulogistic judgment above quoted to every consideration.

I have said that the exhibition makes good the sweeping claim there preferred. Who can doubt it after entering the gallery, larger than the largest room in your Academy of Design, completely filled with the works of this one painter, works that in an instantly felt *distinction* and nobility, in their rich and mellow tones, and in every individual canvas that catches the eye, recall old masters of European galleries? Such color! such variety! such strength! such sweetness! such living characters! Only ejaculations and superlatives can relieve the first overwhelming impression. And as the bewildered visitor examines painting after painting of this museum, all by one hand, the wondering admiration only grows. There are, in fact, two rooms full: one entirely of paintings, the other of paintings and charcoal drawings and pastels. The catalogue numbers run up to 321. The works embrace the whole art-life from 1849 to 1879, and are the loans of their owners, chiefly resident in Boston and hereabouts.

Let me try to sketch some of the leading types of the different kinds of work in this splendid, glowing, exciting exhibition, premising that I attempt it after the first dazed afternoon's ramble and revel among

these hitherto only half-imagined glories of our genial master. First there are the study heads and figures—children, peasant-girls, and models—such as all young artists bring home as trophies of their Paris life and work. Here are some of the sweetest pictures of children ever painted—the tenderest and most sympathetic insight into child-nature, the most loving, lingering finish in handling, the most sumptuous yet subtly harmonized color and tones. The rich tone and colors of Diaz, the fond, solicitous labor of Millet over expression, combine to load some of these canvases thick with sweetness as of honey in the comb. There are half a dozen set down simply as "Head of a Girl" or "Head," painted in this old mellow nimbus of tone, that might take their places on the same wall with Velasquez heads. One child, with a duskily soft but prim white cap on her head, has a quiver to her upper lip seen in profile that can never be forgotten. Another has the straightforward frank gaze of innocence that penetrates to the heart. The one is in a golden haze, the other in a Rembrandt shadow. Every picture strikes its own chord of color, based on the dominant tone given by its most attractive incident, whether this be a pale, tender cheek, a tress of golden hair, or a pair of brown eyes. The ideal heads of women are in the same fashion significantly and poetically treated, each in its appropriate strain of tone and handling. Each is a song, a poem, a piece of music, a novelette—what you will that is distinct, direct, and delightful in the telling of its story to the heart. A "Head in a Brown Hat," a long, thin, smiling girlish face, the chin resting in a natural, careless way upon a long, thin hand hanging beneath it, is so sweet in its consistency and its instantly recognizable feminine temperament that "the sense aches at it." Fifty different phases and styles of femininity are painted in these studies, but each with its own new background and tone of accessories in keeping, and each in seemingly the only way. All are fully charged with color and broadly painted after the central characterizing effect has been surely made.

In the portraits of persons we know here Hunt's secret is still more plainly told. He seized upon the most characteristic trait of face and mind, and passionately bent, shaped, and persuaded everything else to illustrate and emphasize it. Oftentimes he thus idealized a likeness away, and men saw themselves grow under his enthusiasm into what they ought to be rather than what they precisely were. I have heard it said that he once took delight in painting a sitter, whose penuriousness disgusted him, "awful mean." He shows plainly in one or two of the portraits even in this collection that when he saw nothing interesting in a subject he would paint as uninterestingly as anybody. It is these portraits that are the most faultless in technical execution. Upon such a subject he would work as do the painters by trade, manufactured by shoals in Paris and Munich and every academy in Europe. Let him have the simple work of representing something before him and he would be as mechanically perfect as the average mediocre portrait painter. But there are a dozen or more portraits here in which Hunt was stirred to his depths and brought forth some of his greatest distinctive quality. I am not going to mention the famous full-length portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw, a rugged old gentleman in enormously wrinkled trousers, who is plainly every inch a judge, for that has been much bewritten as Hunt's highest achievement, nor his almost equally well-known head of Abraham Lincoln, rich and strong in rough, unconscious pathos and depth of character, notwithstanding the most unsymmetrical of faces and heads. I have been struck rather with two or three portraits out of private life. One is a portrait of a happy, well-bred, well-educated, well-nurtured, middle-aged Crœsus, a man in active business life, but not merely a money-maker. Hunt has painted him in the most gorgeous tones of golden background and "dregs-of-wine" velvet lounging-jacket, revelling in all the color of the Venetians to set forth this fortunate subject as it deserves, and limning his handsome features through an aureole of color reflected from the velvet. Another is a portrait of a matron who is all maternity, holding up her baby on her ample breast; the breadth is boldly suggested through the lines of the back turned toward the spectator. Another is of a wife in all chaste and wifely dignity, in black dress with a white veil of voluminous fold and length descending from the top of her head down her figure before and behind—a singular but most graceful and expressive composition.

But the landscapes! I have left no space to speak of the marvels of Hunt's infinite variety in catching impressions of the face of nature. The light that glints and gleams across "Gloucester Harbor" in a bright morning, the steady pour of jocund sunlight on the whitewashed and brick walls of the "Mill on Charles River," the rosy mist on the "St. John River," are effects that have rarely been attempted and never excelled in poetic interpretation of nature with color and canvas. GRETA.

ART IN SAN FRANCISCO.

HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN—PROMISING PUPILS—NEW PICTURES.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

IN an article on "Schools of Art and Design," which appeared in THE ART AMATEUR for October, the School of Design in this city is included in the list; it may therefore be of interest to give a short account of its purpose and history so far, which unfortunately cannot be the record of a growing influence. The San Francisco Art Association, organized in March, 1871, had for its object the general encouragement of the fine arts, presumably to be attained by a semi-annual exhibition of paintings at the rooms of the association, and particularly the establishment of an academy and school of design, which was accomplished successfully in 1873. Since that time, although the number of students and the general receipts have fallen off, it has been a persistent nucleus of art work, and the centre of the best art training to be secured in San Francisco. The school is under the control of a standing committee of the Art Association, a majority of which are professional artists; but it is practically entirely managed by Virgil Williams, who has been its Director from the beginning. Until this present term he was ably assisted by R. D. Yelland, Assistant Director, who had special charge of the landscape class. In the summer Mr. Yelland resigned his position at the school, there not being work enough for two directors.

The scholastic year is divided into three sessions, beginning respectively in January, May, and September, with a month's vacation after each term. The daily hours of study are from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M. for those who attend the regular course, the terms being ten dollars a month. There are special classes for the convenience of persons not wishing to take the four years' course, but only regular pupils can compete for the prizes awarded at the end of each third term. Great stress is laid on accurate drawing, and several graduates of the school, who have since gone abroad to continue their studies, have been highly commended by their foreign masters for the thorough manner of their work in black and white. The first prize in drawing is awarded to that pupil, out of ten selected by the Director as most promising, who shall accomplish the best full length study from cast, all drawing the same subject, of the same size. At present there are forty-seven students attending this the third term for 1879. It is understood, though not officially, that Mr. Williams will tender his resignation at the end of the year, when it will not be an easy task for the gentlemen on whom the duty will devolve to select a suitable person to fill the vacancy, or, having chosen, to prevail upon their choice to accept the Directorship of an institution which, apparently through no fault of organization, is slowly losing the patronage of the artistic portion of a not too artistic community. San Francisco owes a debt of gratitude to the School of Design, if for no other reason than because at a time when but slight interest was taken in art education, it has given to some scores of young men and women an excellent training in what is indispensable to all good art work, decorative or otherwise—accurate drawing. That the School of Design could be made much more useful and also popular by certain changes in its curriculum, there is no question, and we hope sooner or later to see it reorganized somewhat on the plan of the School of Design in Cincinnati, some of whose pupils have already made a national reputation in branches of art not at all attempted or understood in San Francisco, namely, the higher class of wood carving, and Miss McLaughlin's faïence.

Among the most promising graduates of our school should be mentioned two young ladies—Miss Matilda Lotz and Miss E. Strong. Miss Lotz, whose ambition follows the path of animal painting, after doing some good work has gone to Paris to study under Von Marché, and a letter from there of very recent date, written by a fellow artist, speaks of her progress in terms of approbation. Miss Strong has also selected animals as her line of work. She has a wonderful eye for color, and has lately painted, as an order, a tan Scotch terrier against a crimson background. Her drawing is good, and her animals have an individuality and intelligence which do not surprise us in a painting of Landseer, but which we are not accustomed to perceive in ordinary work by ordinary artists. San Francisco is already proud of Miss Strong. We believe that her name will yet be known and her pictures purchased away from her native State. Her latest work is the head of a most deliciously impudent Skye terrier, belonging to John F. Swift. She has also very recently painted a dead squirrel on a panel, for Frank Pixley, intended as a decoration for a sideboard.

"Hard times" and political excitement have not been encouraging for artists, but we have seen a number of suggestive sketches, and some good finished work is ready for the wished-for purchaser. Thomas Hill has just finished a "Moonlight View in Yo Semite Valley," an immense stride forward from his last work, a "View in Upper Yo Semite Valley." It is genuine California moonshine, hallowing the grandeur of this superb valley. R. D. Yelland rarely wanders away from this coast, but he has now on view at Morris & Kennedy's an "October in the Adirondack Mountains." At this same gallery is a picture by Jules Tavernier called "The Pioneer." It was painted and sold by him some two years ago, and the widow of the owner now offers it for sale again. It has been much admired—more highly praised than much better works by the same artist. It represents the interior of a miner's cabin, with all the evidences of the discomfort and confusion supposed to be inseparable from a man's hut in the Sierras. The master of this primitive shed of the days of '49 is lying in bed, evidently convalescent after a severe illness; he is reading a letter from home, and does not require the old-fashioned daguerreotype on the wall to remind him of a loved one far away; the faithful dog, man's true friend, is by the side of the cot, gazing wistfully into his master's face; the light of the setting sun comes through the cracks and under the door, touching softly the gray blanket and red shirt of the "Pioneer."

Miss Eliza Williams has at last, it appears, realized that her beautiful flowers would be improved by an appropriate background, and she has just finished a study of lovely morning glories climbing up the stump of a tree.

E. Wood Perry is at work on a portrait of a lady with a wealth of hair uncoiled and covering her almost as a garment; an elaborately flounced muslin dress completes the toilette, however. The background is the lady's own drawing-room. Schab & Breeze have on exhibition at their new art gallery some pictures in black and white oils by an Australian artist, Alma Woodleigh, who made a flying visit to California last month. The effect of these paintings is that of photographs touched up by Indian ink, and it is only by a close inspection that one discovers that they are really painted on canvas in oils.

YERBA BUENA.

THE PROVIDENCE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

ITS EARLIEST BEGINNING—A FRESH START—MR. BARRY'S WORK—ART NEEDS OF PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. October 15, 1879.

THERE is a legend, related to me by a veteran artist, that once on a time, years ago, the venerable walls of Brown University listened with good-natured patience to all that certain learned gentlemen had to say about art and about associating to promote it; that the benevolent Marshall Woods in his enthusiasm gave a liberal sum of money and the use of a well-lighted room in his building; and that casts were purchased and treasures gathered. All that I know of this is from hearsay; but I believe that an organ-

zation was actually conceived, and christened "The R. I. Art Association," though whether it really had an existence is a question shrouded with impenetrable mystery.

It was not until the treasurer of the R. I. Women's Centennial Commission found in the treasury a surplus of $1675, and the ladies voted to give that sum to a board of trustees, for the purpose of establishing a school of design, that the present "R. I. School of Design Association" actually came into being. The purposes of this association, as set forth in its circular, are

First.—The instruction of artisans in drawing, painting, modelling, and designing, that they may successfully apply the principles of art to the requirements of trade and manufacture.

Second.—The systematic training of students in the practice of art, in order that they may understand its principles, give instruction to others, or become artists.

Third.—The general advancement of public art education, by the exhibition of works of art, and of art-school studies, and by lectures on art.

Four admirable rooms were hired in Hoppin Homestead Building for the new school. The office of the head master is a pleasantly arranged room with desks and cabinets, and racks for holding the "flats" used in the school. On the walls are some engravings of Salvator Rosa's. Out of the office we can go into the modelling room through one door, and into the large gallery, or class room, through another. At the other end of the corridor is the work room of the advanced class. It is large and north-lighted.

The association secured for head master Chas. A. Barry, an artist in feeling, enthusiastic, yet given to system, and with talents supplemented by study and experience. He was four years at the Normal Art School of Boston, six years Supervisor of Art in the Boston public schools, and to that we must add an intelligent study of the methods and results of the French and English art schools. With such qualifications Mr. Barry justified the board of management in telling him to do in all things as he thought best in his teaching, and justified the public in expecting much from him,

By September, 1878, Mr. Barry had settled upon his course of instruction and put himself in readiness to teach the one hundred and forty pupils that entered. Each pupil satisfied the head master in regard to his moral conduct, and paid his fee, which is $15 per term for the day school and $5 per term for the evening school. His name was recorded in the school book, and he was given a class member tickets, which bears a number. The pupil's work at all exhibitions must bear that number—obviously a good feature, for fond parents and sympathizing reporters must be impartial, looking at work rather than names. In June, 1879, the first exhibition of school work was given. All were astonished, I think, at the merit evinced in most of the works that completely covered the high walls of the large gallery.

The first term of the second year commenced October 6, 1879; one hundred and sixty pupils are recorded and hold tickets. It is an encouraging advance from last year. A children's drawing class has been formed for children of nine years of age or over, under the supervision of Mrs. M. E. S. Barry, who has had much experience in art teaching, as well as in other branches of education. Geo. M. Porter, who has studied three years at the Lowell Institute School, three years at the Normal Art School, and one year at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has been chosen as Mr. Barry's first assistant. I should say that he is a man of much ability, although I have seen but little of him. Besides Mr. Porter there are four pupil assistants.

Now let us briefly see what reason we have to think that the school will be of use to the city and the world, and what it has done, is doing, and might do, so far as art is concerned. Providence has been in a profound slumber that no ordinary movement could break. Pictures have been bought by wealthy men at great prices, it is true, and some have gone so far as to give a few words of "sympathy" to the artists; but such men are so few, and their motive is so generally that of fashion, that art has gained little thereby. The artists have received no patronage of the solid sort, and would have starved if Boston and Philadelphia salesrooms had not been open to them. What has been the cause of this stupidity none can tell; but it is proverbial, and existing among all classes, although designs are certainly needed in Providence, for here are vast manufacturing interests—jewelry establishments, silver-ware factories, and print works.

Now this School of Design had to awaken an interest in art matters deep enough to draw money from purses, and so hidden was the coin that the task was not a light one; but it has been accomplished in a pleasant degree. The school, however, still needs a thousand dollars' worth of materials; new teachers must be hired as assistants and to teach the modelling class.

Mr. Barry and Mrs. Barry have sacrificed much and given their utmost energy to this work. The result is our people, who have hitherto been an artistic jest, have—what it had been predicted they never could have—a School of Art. Now it is for the people to support it in its growth. There are artists, too, that should coöperate with Mr. Barry, even if only from motives of self-interest.

There is no reason why Providence should not rank high as a city of art; and if our citizens value their own and their children's interests they will rid themselves of their timidity and prejudice and give liberally in money and art-treasure to this school. And in so doing they must not forget that there are artists struggling here who would bring honor to the city if they could be aided in their labor. The city will gladly claim the honor of producing them after they leave, though it gives not one look of recognition or one cent for support. Some of these artists have genuine ability, but they must have a chance to use it. They must be aided by our wealthy men, otherwise they must flee the city, as others have done, to seek a refuge in a land where the people know art and love artists.

HJALMAR STURLESON.

COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS.

I.

A WELL-COLORED photograph is far more lifelike and pleasing than an uncolored one, with its uniformity of tint, from which it is almost impossible to guess whether the person represented is possessed of golden hair or raven tresses, light eyes or dark. Any one by carefully following the directions here given should, with very little practice, be able to color a photograph at least equal to those usually sold.

Complexions should be carefully studied, as every one has a clearness or density peculiar to him or herself, and even if with no positive pink in the cheeks, there is either a general or particular tinting which should be carefully represented. In eyes, gray (in ordinary parlance) ranges from the vapid yellowish-green to the deep beautiful Irish gray, and it would render a photograph as unnatural to give the latter to a girl with the former as *vice versâ*; blue varies in equal gradations from pale sky color to the true blue seen in babies and the violet; brown includes a vast number of colors—the bright rusty shade, which in some lights looks almost red, the greenish, hazel, and dark brown, with many intermediate shades. Hair should be remarked with equal or even greater care, as from being in larger quantity the color is more conspicuous, and a very trifling variation from the correct tint will completely alter the appearance of the face. None but those who have known, or, at any rate, seen the originals, can truthfully give the right coloring to the numerous varieties of flaxen, gold, red, auburn, nut-brown, chestnut, deep brown, and black.

The materials are not expensive, all that are necessary being ordinary cake water colors, two sable hair pencils (Nos. 1 and 3 in tin ferrules are the best), a bottle of clean gum water, and a small piece of sponge. One of the hand magnifying glasses is of great service in enabling the worker to see whether the pupils of the eyes and other minute touches on dark grounds are correctly made. It is a great saving of time to have three or four subjects in hand at once, as while a color is drying on one, another can be commenced or continued. No color must be put on the top of another till the first is perfectly dry. A good light is essential. It is useless to attempt putting on even the most simple color by any artificial light.

Place the photograph to be colored on the top of as many books as will bring it within a convenient distance of the sight, as it is a mistake to have it far off, even though it is apparently no strain to the eyes to see. Keep a piece of white paper over the photograph for the fingers of the left hand to rest upon. First, using the large brush, wash over the photograph with clean water to ascertain if it be in a proper state to take the colors; if the water runs off the surface unevenly, forming globules, as though it were greasy, wipe off the water, and then pass the tongue from the bottom edge upwards over the whole face of the picture. Repeat the process twice, and on again trying the water it should lie smoothly over every part. Several preparations are sold for producing the same result, but nothing is so good as the use of the tongue.

For the first flesh-wash put two drops of water on the palette, and rub down raw sienna, close to it the same quantity of Naples yellow, and a third patch of pink madder, but about as much again of this as of the other two if for a tolerably fair skin, and the fairer the complexion the more pink madder; should the complexion be very dark add a little vandyke brown. With the brush mix all these together. A little practice will enable the artist to judge whether there is the proper amount of each color to produce the tint wanted. This wash must be put on thin and lightly, using the larger brush well filled, beginning at the parting of the hair, and continuing over the face and neck; no care need be taken that it should not go over the background, collar, and dress, as after the second flesh-wash is also applied, and both are quite dry, all that is superfluous can be removed; also wash the hands and any part of the flesh shown in the same way. Unless passed over the portrait quickly the wash will look blotchy or streaky. Let this become thoroughly dry before using the second flesh-wash, which is pink madder alone, very thin, and put on with extreme lightness, so as not to disturb the color beneath, or it would give a scarred look.

We shall continue these instructions in a succeeding number of THE ART AMATEUR.

Art News.

Prof. William Elliot Griffis, author of "The Mikado's Empire," and formerly of the University of Tokio, Japan, will deliver four illustrated lectures next January before the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, on "Japanese Art," as follows: 1. "History and Symbolism;" 2. "Technical Processes;" 3. "The Ceramic Art;" 4. "Bronze, Ivory, and Crystal." The illustrations have all been prepared by artists in Japan expressly for these lectures.

The society formed by students and graduates of the school at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the ends and aims of which have already been described in THE ART AMATEUR, held its inaugural exhibition from the 15th to the 22d of November in the Art Club galleries.

The public statues of Boston are steadily rising before the public attention. The silver-tongued Phillips has even bent the knee to them. In a very recent article he picks them up one after another, "in imagination's ponderous paw," and after brushing off the dust of "ignorant popularity," holds them up as what he evidently expects every one to believe to be "the most outrageous abortions and abuses of the noble art." Thomas Ball, the originator of many of the above "abuses," now sixty years of age, is at present visiting in Boston. He lives in a lovely little villa of his own construction, just outside the Roman gate, at Florence.

Boston will pay Miss Anne Whitney $4800 for her statue of Samuel Adams, which is to be cast by the Ames Manufacturing Company, and erected in July, 1880.

Foxcroft Cole, the cattle painter, has just moved into his new home at the head of Mystic Pond, Winchester, Mass. Mr. Cole was his own architect, and has produced what must rank among the picturesque homes of America.

Parker's portrait of the poet Whittier, for which he made such a struggle to obtain the sitter, is now completed, and is very satisfactory to the poet and his friends.

A bust of Emanuel Swedenborg, executed by Preston Powers, is now upon exhibition. It was the ambition of Hiram Powers to produce this, and, dying, he bequeathed the desire to his son. It is almost entirely ideal, and in strength and finish it is some of Mr. Powers' best work.

The indefatigable Mr. John Rogers, who combines to a wonderful degree the qualities of artist and business man, has lately turned out a new and attractive group of statuary which he calls "The Balcony." It illustrates extremes of wealth and poverty in the shape of a rich mother lifting up her little son so that he may reward two poor but picturesque street musicians with a well-earned coin.

INDUSTRIAL ART

MODERN DECORATIVE GLASSWARE.

DR. Salviati, in re-establishing the art of ornamental glass manufacturing in the island of Murano, near Venice, a few years ago, little thought what an important effect this revival of a slumbering art would have on decorative glass manufacture in Europe. In the fifteenth century, when Venice alone possessed the secret of glass making, severe penalties had been decreed against workmen who left the city to carry elsewhere the State secrets of the factory. The terrible Council of Ten, governing the Republic, were not content with threatening the fugitive with death from the hands of an unknown emissary: it also threatened imprisonment and suffering to all who might be dear to him at home. The nineteenth century is not so barbarous or jealous of its industrial secrets, yet it is worthy of notice that Venice has still its peculiar style of manufacture as it had in olden times, and those curious "Vasi a reticuli," where white or colored threads of opaque glass cross each other, forming a net-work in the mass of the glass, or the "Vasi a retortori," where these threads follow each other in spiral lines, still remain a prerogative of Venetian manufacture.

The glass manufactured at Venice is what we may unquestionably call "fancy glass." It is blown, and the mass or body of the glass is of different tints, according to the style of the period to which the copied piece belongs. Yellowish bottle glass, greenish, pink or blue glass may be seen among the different specimens of this art, but one of the most interesting is the opalescent glass, for which Venice was celebrated. This glass, the color of which resembled that of water in which a few drops of eau de Cologne have been dropped, was cloudy and uneven; but if a poisonous beverage was placed in it, it would at once be shivered to pieces. The modern imitations have lost this magic power, and we suppose that the owners of ancient vases think them too valuable to attempt the experiment. Venice also made gold glass, which is rarely manufactured now. It was first suggested by a desire to imitate the "aventurine" or gold stone. One of the novelties of the Murano manufactory is a quantity of vases of small dimensions, for the most part of antique shape, of dark ground color, and decorated with splashes of gold and of light colors, which give them the appearance of having been rolled, while still hot, in powdered enamels, then in powdered gold, and last of all placed in the furnace just long enough to melt, partially, all these substances and blend them together. Nothing can be more charming in color than these pieces, and no cabinet can be considered complete without at least one specimen of the quaint glass of Venice, which seems to have been coaxed or tortured by the ingenious craftsmen of the middle ages into purposely difficult forms.

Two excellent examples of Venetian glass are shown in our illustrations.

The modern Bohemian glass, like the Venetian, retains its peculiarities. That made in ancient times was seldom white; it was generally of the bottle glass order, but its beauty consisted in the richness of the enamelled decoration. Those tall glasses, called "Vidercome," all covered with heraldic emblems and crests, and out of which every guest took a deep draught, are reproduced at the present day, and are very ornamental on an oak or a light wood buffet. Engraved glass also originated in Bohemia. First, we are told, the diamond was used to cut the surface, but this process proving too long and too tedious, different modifications were made, which led to the machine in use to-day. It consists in a small lathe, generally worked with a treadle, but capable of attaining a tremendous velocity. The head of the spindle carries different shaped circular cutters of copper or soft iron, varying in size from that of a pin's head to that of a half-dollar silver piece, according to the work to be done. Diamonds of inferior quality, called "borts," are reduced to a powder, mixed with oil and applied to these wheels or cutters. The soft metal becomes impregnated with it; and if, while revolving with great speed, a piece of glass is brought in contact with the wheel, the diamond dust cuts into it.

The main difficulty of this work is that the cutting tool is stationary, and that it is the piece to be engraved which must be turned and twisted about so as to present successively to the cutter the different spots where the engraved lines must pass. Yet this work is not so expensive as it might seem at first thought, and a dozen capital letters can be engraved on a dozen glasses for one dollar. A more recent invention consists in eating away the glass with hydrofluoric acid, protecting the parts to be left



GERMAN "VIDERCOME."

intact with a prepared varnish. This method is better suited for large and coarser work, such as shop windows or advertising signs, than for the delicate work on table-glass, for here the process would take quite as long as the wheel-engraving. But for large pieces, difficult to handle, the wheel-cutting is next to impracticable, while etching is easy.

Some Bohemian glass is of a bright purple, and some is amber yellow. If the coloring is only superficial the cutting shows through in white with a very pleasing effect.

Another Bohemian invention, which has been extensively used everywhere, is what is called crackled or frosted glass. When the piece is shaped, but still warm, it is rolled on a table covered with fragments of broken glass, the size of which varies with the effect to be produced. Of course these small pieces adhere to the surface of the warm glass. When a sufficient quantity is attached the piece is replaced in the muffle till all the fragments are thoroughly incorporated into the surface.

Among the most recent innovations in decorative glass is the Electron glass, which also comes to us from Bohemia. It was first made of amber color, and from this took the name of Electron, which in Greek signifies amber. Since then it has been made with good effect in red and in bottle green.

The pieces are slightly crackled and often decorated with seaweeds or plants. In plain vases the sides are pressed in while the glass is hot, presenting in the dents and bosses fine effects of light and shade. From Bohemia also comes enamelled glass similar to the mosque lanterns of the Arabs and Persians.

Colored enamels were applied to the surface of glass at an early period as a means of decoration, especially in Persia and Arabia. In many mediæval inventories we find pieces of such glass mentioned as having been brought to western Europe, and as being "of the fashion of Damascus," or as painted "à la Moresque." The bottle, called a "surahé," and the mosque lamp shown in the illustrations, are good specimens of this style of decoration. The lamp shows particularly what artistic use was made of letters and inscriptions. A few years ago a French artist named Brocard succeeded in producing some exquisite specimens of this kind of glass, following oriental designs. This work is highly valued, and is extremely expensive, for the smallest glass he makes is worth at least twenty dollars. The house of Lobineyr, of Vienna, is now making glass of the same style but much less expensive.

The latest French innovation is a glass which is heavy and very thick. It is worked into Chinese or Japanese shapes, and fully justifies its name—rock-crystal glass. The decoration consists of lines deeply cut in, representing flowers and birds, painted with gold, bronze, silver, or low tone colors.

Another French novelty in the glass trade is a lustred glass with metallic iridescence of green gold or red copper. Much old glass from Pompeii and Herculaneum, from Roman tombs, and from the Cypriote temples, possesses iridescence, and reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Peligot, the celebrated French chemist, thinks this glass was originally plain and became iridescent from long exposure to air and moisture at a high temperature.

The modern artificial process is said to consist essentially in submitting the glass, under pressure, and at an elevated temperature, to the action of water containing 15 per cent of hydrochloric acid. This acid is thought to act by dissolving the alkaline silicates, and leaving the surface of the glass finely corrugated, and thus capable of refracting the light like mother-of-pearl. If the exposed surface be ground off, the iridescence is instantly lost.

This glass, which has a very glistening surface, is exceedingly beautiful as the iridescent lustre plays about it on all sides. The ornaments consist in long drops running down the sides, "à la Japonnaise," and panels in enamelled colors.

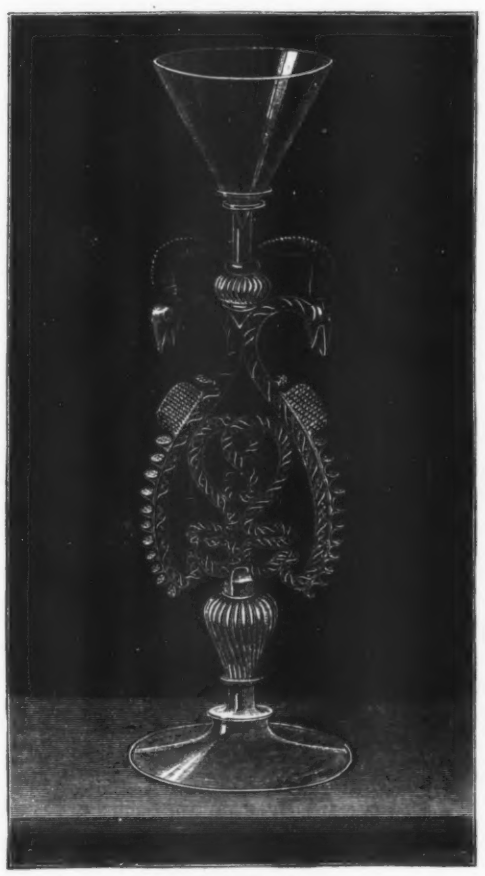
The German iridescent glass, which created a sensation at the Vienna Exhibition when it first appeared, seems to have gone a little out of fashion, but it will doubtless soon regain public favor when its more ambitious rivals have settled into their proper places. Dark iridescent glass, suggested by the pieces found by Dr. Schliemann in ancient Ilium, has been very successfully made in England, and has a rich effect among lighter pieces of glass. Indian glass, in imitation of the pieces brought back from his journey by the Prince of Wales, has been made by Webb in England. It is of a yellowish-white, semi-transparent body, with wide spiral or parallel bands of color. Never has there existed a greater profusion of glass fit for decorative purposes than at the present day; and as glass in general is not very expensive, and is exceedingly ornamental, the amateur can easily brighten up dark corners in his abode by judiciously distributing here and there a few pieces of these different styles of modern glass.

FRÉDÉRIC VORS.

A TALK ABOUT CARPETS.

BEFORE the spirit of this age had conceived so engrossing a love for artistic house-furnishing as has manifested itself during the last half dozen years, the subject of carpet design had already been well discussed in the literature of art. Nevertheless the average artistic intelligence, when tried by the carpet test, is still not up to as desirable a standard as has been gained in some other directions. Society has not wanted for such instruction as that strict propriety allows only flat ornament in carpets, and demands a neutrality of effect in color. So far as one or two primary rules can go, this instruction has been undoubtedly serviceable. Indeed, one who manifests no scruple about grinding the faces of cherubs beneath his heels in his own house is now rarely to be met with; and æsthetic conscience, if it may be called so, has quickened in many an aversion to treading, day after day, over well-rounded vases bearing flowers after gigantic models, with variations of basket and trllis-work, united with an assortment of extravagant forms calculated to illustrate the great kingdoms of nature on a magnified scale.

It is well to remember that carpets were originally identical with tapestries, and remained so down to a late period. Thus, an item in an inventory of furniture at Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, in 1603, was "one large coobard carpett of Turkeye work;" and there were "carpets for the windows of Inglish work, wrought with eglentynes." Carpets were among the "bancaria" or bench-coverings in the choirs of cathedrals, and were put to various uses as draperies in which decorative effects would not be reprehensible. In the still more ancient and limited manner of using the carpet a greater picturesqueness of design was alllowable than can be the case where nearly or quite the entire floor is covered with the fabric. Where a pattern singly wrought upon a rug spread before an ancient couch might be a special object of gratification to the eye, it would be greatly cheapened by repetitions in a regular series over numerous square yards of carpet surface. In the celebrated spectacle given by Ptolemy Philadelphus, where there were golden couches, with feet made like sphinxes, on the



VENETIAN GLASS.

two sides of the tent, a hundred on each side, it seems not unsuitable that there should have been handsomely embroidered rugs of elaborate designs spread in front of these resting-places, while thin Persian cloths covered the centre space. But representations of natural forms, turned out by machinery and presenting themselves at equal distances over our floors, are without much justification, since this is not a field for the free exercise of fancy for fancy's sake, even where the work is done by no mean art.



BOHEMIAN TABLE GLASS.

The best European styles of carpets, with all the artistic skill which is now employed upon them, are still surpassed by the Oriental styles. In consequence of their tedious process of manufacture the carpets of the East are always necessarily expensive, yet they are less so than fabrics made in the same manner in Europe, as those of the French Government works, some of which are worth sixty dollars a square yard. Formerly Persian and Indian rugs were of small size, and, when designed for Eastern use, to sit or recline upon, they continue to be made so; but many are made larger to meet the European demand coming largely through Smyrna and Constantinople, and some of those recently manufactured will cover as many as forty or fifty square yards, still being wrought all in one piece.

Among the various Eastern carpets, neither lengthwise nor crosswise forms any part of the motive, and the forms, although of unlimited variation, are usually no more than suggestive of anything real in nature. Wherever natural forms are to be distinguished they have an altogether conventional treatment. One of the most common of these is the Persian pine, the sacred tree of the Persians, which is always to be seen growing in their cemeteries. Occasionally the pine form is the only decoration employed, and this is understood to signify that the carpet was designed to remind those for whom it was made of their dead. A slight arc or crescent form is also often introduced. No two of these carpets are ever exactly the same in grouping of forms and in color. Sometimes the intermingling of hues is such as to produce a curious changeableness, varying at every turn of the observer, and suggesting the wings of certain varieties of butterflies. Most usually these carpets are without natural representations, the Persian religion prohibiting any introduction of forms of life, and this is undoubtedly the true doctrine as applied to the carpet. But, strange to say, there is not always a strict adherence to this excellent custom; and to one who was much bewildered at observing animals very accurately represented on some of the Persian carpets displayed at the Centennial Exhibition, a gentlemen well versed in Eastern ideas and products remarks: "You will understand that in those countries, as in ours, there are differences in conscience." Among the carpets brought here are some having the pattern pointing all in one direction; these are prayer-carpets, of which one end is laid carefully toward Mecca, when the faithful devotee prostrates himself thereon.

An almost unlimited use of colors is allowed by the method of producing the designs in Oriental carpets, each tuft of worsted being knotted separately into the warp, and the rows of tufts finally locked into position by a woofshot passed over by the fingers. The process is about the same as that of making French tapestries, with the exception that for the latter work a shuttle needle is used in attaching the worsteds of the warp-threads. Usually the colors of the Persian carpets are warm negatives, with gorgeous hues so intermingled that a beautiful mellow effect is obtained.

The partly worn rugs picked up in various Persian districts, and known to the trade as "antiques," are accounted to be fifty or a hundred years old, but are still in excellent condition, and capable of a durability which can hardly be imagined to have any limit. They make their appearance in the American market, either in the soiled state in which they were purchased, or cleaned by some Eastern process, such as rubbing salt into the tuft of a carpet and placing it for some time in a running stream.

Persian carpets are almost invariably of wool, while among Indian productions, although the greater proportion are likewise of that material, are those velvet carpets with embroideries of gold, such as are exported from Benares and Morshedabad, and certain rich varieties wrought at Wurrungal, Lahore, and elsewhere, all of silk with full deep pile. These luxurious styles are well illustrated by the specimens brought home among the gifts of the Prince of Wales; and various noted examples, wrought by the Reformed Thugs in the Government School of Industry, are in the possession of his Highness.

Of varieties suitably designed for window-draperies and portières is a fine Kielim carpet recently imported, bordered at the lower end with netted work



VENETIAN GLASS.

forming lacelike points edged around with a row of little tassels.

The Moorish rugs resemble the Persian and Indian fabrics, but are generally distinguishable by the yellows occurring either separate and pure or in a tertiary

form. In many pieces from Morocco the utmost harmony results from a free use of lemon and orange yellows, as well as citrine and yellow greens, and such may very properly be welcomed in some of our rooms which are unvisited by the sun.

A single large pattern converging to the middle point, and uniting colors which are dark and rich and well harmonized, is the general description of one kind of design in the Turkey carpet. But one much better adapted to various rooms is that in which a dark ground bears small figures in several rich colors, forming a representation, as is supposed, of inlaid jewelled work. The former style has been considered by authorities on Oriental ideas as intended for some use which would leave the central representation free to the glance; and Owen Jones noted in evidence the case in which Turkey carpets cover a raised platform or dais at the end of a saloon with cushions all round the edge on which the Turks recline. But Europeans and Americans making use of these carpets usually cover the central portion with tables and other furniture, and never sit about the edge in a possible contemplation of the middle.

It has been generally and erroneously supposed that green, the color sacred to Mohammed, is never used in these carpets, and that in case of its being seen the fabric is probably not genuine. The truth is that green repeatedly appears in genuine Turkey carpets; its presence is possibly to be explained on the "differences of conscience" theory.

In consequence of their quiet character and capacity for service the Eastern carpets are well suited for common usage. They seem never out of place in the furnishing of either the plain or the sumptuous apartment, but particularly for library, sitting and dining rooms nothing else is so desirable.

For covering the entire floor the richest carpets in use are those from the Government manufacturing establishments of France, made by a modification of the Eastern process, and having the texture of Turkey fabrics. The Gobelins are more rare, and during the reign of Napoleon III. were designed only for imperial palaces, so that in the breaking up of a court establishment was the millionaire's only hope of ever securing a piece of this most beautiful textile.

The Aubusson carpet with its beautiful delicacy of tone is also in demand for elegant furnishing, and there are hand-wrought carpets from the "Manufacture Royale de Tapis" of Tournai, in Belgium, which are similar to these French varieties.

Next in rank are the Axminsters, formerly only made to order of the size required, and by the hand process, but now produced in breadths also, and of a value from $25 down to as low as $10 per square yard. Among the best varieties are those now made at Glasgow, although both Wilton and London have been noted for excellence in this style. In a specimen lately shown the ground is composed of two delicate shades of sage, the lighter as pale as green ivory, both in slight and irregular bars interlacing at intervals; over this negative field lies a light scattering of red and yellow tulips; the border unites these colors upon a band of peacock blue.

All these styles are suitable for palatial establishments. The Wiltons are designed for very handsome rooms also, being next to the costlier hand-wrought styles. One of the best recent examples for an ordinary parlor combines olive green with a trace of pale blue over ivory white, and follows the Eastern idea in the forms and distribution. Another of similar design has a higher tone of color through its Indian red and peacock blue, with a yellowish white as a negative. This is better than the preceding style for a north room, as one of the things we have always to consider in furnishing is the character of the light entering a room.

Regarding the tone of our carpets we must hold council with all the various objects to be associated with them. Some will urge that a carpet should be darker than the general tone of a room; but correctness will depend very much after all on what we propose to realize, which may be a quiet accordance or a completion of our harmony through deeper contrasts. In such case we are mostly left to study it out for ourselves, being able to borrow but little that can be of use from the authorities.

MARTIN FRAZER.

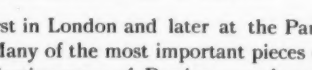


COPPER BAPTISTERY OF PERSIAN MAKE.

PERSIAN ART.

I.

MORE than ordinary attention has been paid for some time to Persian art, a new interest in it having arisen from the oriental collection which the Prince of Wales brought back from India, and which was exhibited first in London and later at the Paris Exposition. Many of the most important pieces of this valuable collection were of Persian manufacture, for, though they were presented to the Prince by Indian grandees, such is the reputation of the Persian craftsmen, even to this day, that they were called upon to produce their masterpieces.



ORNAMENTAL ARABIC INSCRIPTION.



ILLUSTRATION FROM A PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT.

From the earliest history of art in Asia the art of the Persian race has had a distinct character. Like all other styles, it has passed through many different phases, but has still retained its peculiar merits. The ruins of Persepolis recall those of Nineveh and give us an exalted idea of the power and artistic importance of Persia many hundred years before the Christian era. The tomb of Cyrus and the ruins of Pasargardae are also fine monuments of art history. After the Roman conquest the art of Persia, like that of Greece, under the military rule of the victors, was crippled and lost its strength and independence, though it rose again after the downfall of the Roman empire and reached its highest point of excellence at the end of the sixteenth century. At that time the route to India and China round the Cape of Good Hope was hardly known, and, for centuries before, all the trade between Europe and the eastern part of Asia passed through Persia, and the markets of the country, supplied from China, India, and other manufacturing districts in Asia, and with the wares, arms, textile fabrics, and carvings made by the inhabitants themselves, were frequented by purchasers coming not only from Constantinople and the shores of the Adriatic, but from distant parts of Europe.

The best information we possess in regard to Persia is furnished to us by a French traveller named Chardin, who gives very minute and accurate details of what he saw there in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but, however interesting his narrations may be, he lacked the technical information necessary to explain their arts and manufactures in a manner which would have been beneficial to manufacturers of other periods. One of the interesting points of the history of the manufacture of pottery in Persia is the similarity of their wares to those of China; but Chardin seems not even to know the distinction between porcelain and pottery, and indiscriminately uses one expression for the other.

After the conquest of Persia by the Arabs, the conquerors carried away with them the principles of the decorative art of the vanquished, and probably many of their artisans, and gradually Persian art, after undergoing slight modifications, which did not change its original character, and after having travelled all along the northern coast of Africa and Sicily, again asserted itself in the magnificent arches, vaults, and niches of the Alhambra, which in architectural style closely resembles, though on a larger scale, the modern houses in Persia.

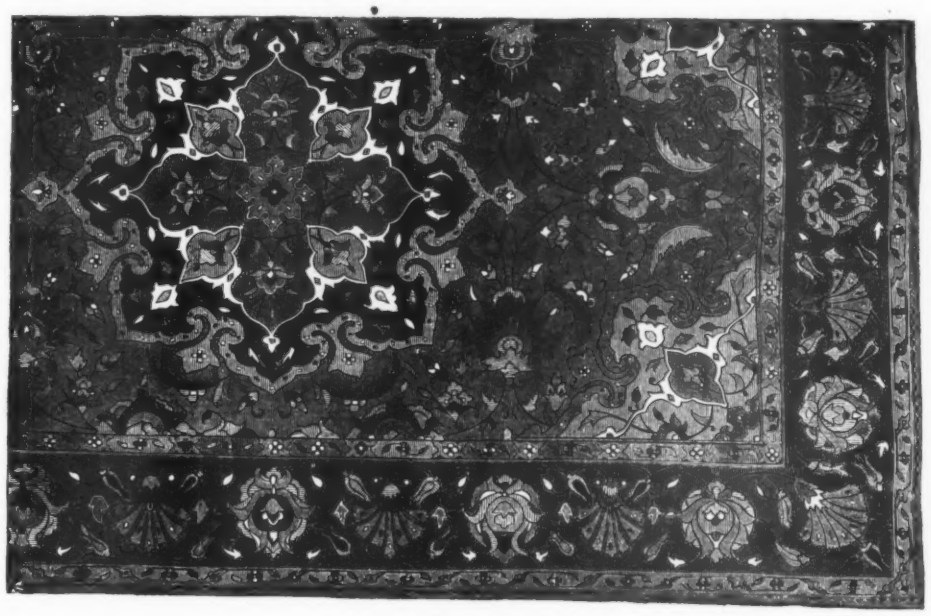
One of the peculiar methods of decorating earthenware, which originated in Persia, is the use of metallic oxides, which, in passing throuhg the baking-kiln, are partially reduced and assume a metallic iridescence or lustre. In true Persian pieces these tints are yellow on a white ground or of a fine lapis-lazuli blue. The Moors, who, through the Arabs, learned this art, made great use of it, and the numerous decorated dishes or plaques they have left are classified as Siculo-Moresque if made during the occupation of Sicily by the Moors—that is to say, from 827 to 1090—and as Hispano-Moresque if made during the time that the Moors ruled over Spain—that is, from 1200 to 1609—the Alhambra dating from the middle of the fourteenth century.

The only important modification made by the Arabs in the Persian style of decoration is the omission of the representation of any living object, in accordance with the orders of Mahomet. To replace the figures they introduced inscriptions in Kufic and other characters, which produce a very ornamental effect. The inscription illustrated herewith is found on several metal pieces, and signifies "Made by the Master, Mohammed, son of Zein-ed-din, to whom may God be merciful."

As metal workers the Persians have been celebrated since the earliest records of history. The blades of Damascus are still famous and sought after even more than those of Toledo, in Spain, where probably the secret of the Persian manufacture had been carried. Many stories more or less probable, are told of the manufacture of these sword blades, such as that they were forged out of horseshoes and nails, and tempered by being carried through the cold air by warriors mounted on swift Arabian coursers. The more probable tale is that they are made out of a peculiar kind of iron, which, after it

has been forgedinto the shape required, is placed for six or eight days in the furnace of a hot bath, where the greatest attention is paid to the even heating. When the blade is taken out of the furnace it is left at the temper it has therein acquired. The peculiar grain or damascene is produced probably by the traces of oxide left in the ore. Some authors say that it is brought out by polishing it while hot with a certain mineral. Under the same name, "damascene," are also included the gold and silver decorations illustrated and described in the November ART AMATEUR. The best way to familiarize our readers with the peculiarities of Persian ornament is to place numerous illustrations before their eyes, for one picture in such matters teaches more than many long descriptions.

In the Museum of the Louvre, in Paris, is a curious Persian copper vase, about five feet in diameter, engraved in the same style as the ewer illustrated in the last number. This piece is very old, and is supposed to have been brought back from the crusades. It was used as a baptismal font for the children of the kings of France, and was carried to Fontainebleau for the baptism of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII. This vase is ornamented with what the ancient writers who describe it call silver, but it is probably tin-foil. This is applied on the smooth surface left between the lines cut by the graver, and the method of making the tin adhere to the copper is similar to that used in damascening to unite the precious metals with the iron or steel. Round the edge of the surface to be covered with tin small sharp cuts are made in the copper, but instead of being completely cut off the pieces are left standing up, like small thorns; on the surface thus prepared the tin-foil is laid and then burnished; the pressure of the burnisher causes all these thorns or points to rest on the metal, but in doing so each one grasps a certain portion of the tin. If a magnifying glass is used to examine work of this kind the points of copper or brass which have been flattened down appear as so many rivet-heads holding the tin in place. The figures on the vase represent Persians and Chinamen. A king seated on a raised platform with his guards by his side is repeated in two medallions. Other medallions represent sporting or military scenes, and between these are six warriors on horseback fighting with spears, bows, and battle-maces. The principal personages have a nimbus round their heads. The "fleur de lys" of France also occurs in the ornamentation, but that may easily have been added after the piece was brought to Europe.

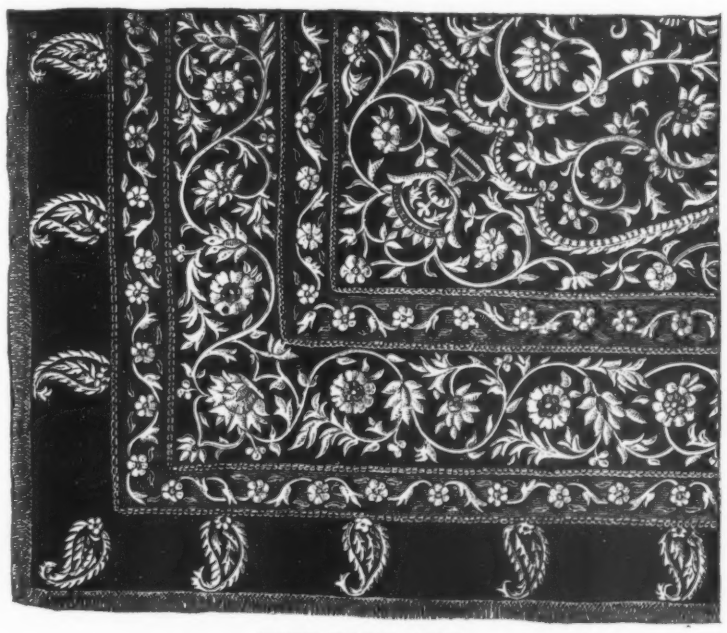


SILK PERSIAN CARPET.

Persia has produced many textile fabrics which have been extensively used and imitated in other countries. It is to them that the invention of block-printing on stuff is attributed, and the chintzes which were so popular a few years ago for bedroom or country-house upholstering were originally made in Persia, and are known in France under the name of "Perses." Damas or damask cloth was first woven at Damascus, and gauze takes its name from the town of Gaza.

But the two articles for which Persia is most celebrated are shawls and carpets. Carpets are made in different parts of Persia, but principally at Kurdistan, Khorassan, Feraghan, and Kerman, and in each of these places distinct styles are manufactured. The finest are made at Kurdistan, where are also manufactured some rugs called Do-ru, very thin, smooth, and alike on both sides. The rugs are generally long and narrow, and several of them, side by side or crossing each other, are used in one room. They are woven on a hand loom, the shuttle even being propelled by the workman. We give in our illustrations a dark blue velvet embroidered carpet from the collection in the South Kensington Museum, and a silk carpet of the sixteenth century from the collection of the Marquis de Saint Seine. Shawls are made at Kerman not much inferior to those of Cashmere; they are woven by hand like the carpets. The material principally used is called "koork," and is the under wool of a peculiar kind of wild goat somewhat similar to the merino sheep of Spain.

Gold and silver brocades have been made in Persia for centuries back, some of these stuffs figuring among the presents sent to Charlemagne. As a natural appendix to the art of weaving, that of embroidery has always been an important feature in Persian work. Colored silks and gold and silver threads are used to produce elaborate effects. The most peculiar kind of needlework is one that resembles patch-work. Several pieces of plain material, similar to the Persian shawls in texture, are selected and let one into the other, one piece being cut out of one color and replaced by a piece of another color, exactly filling the cut. These pieces are shaped geometrically, or made to represent the outline of some flower. They are sewed together with a chain-stitch, following exactly the outline, and covering the joints of the pieces. On this groundwork, already giving the flat tints of the decoration, the more elaborate embroidery is done.



VELVET PERSIAN CARPET.

Another important feature of Persian art is their manuscripts. They held handwriting in high esteem, and knowing nothing of the printing-press, took great care of the appearance of their written books. The illustration is taken from a manuscript in the National Library in Paris, dating from the thirteenth century. There are 198 leaves in the work and 101 pictures, which in many cases cover entire pages. These show a brilliant reception at court, a group of soldiers on the march, an assembly of savants, a funeral, a halt in the desert, a slave market, in fact all the different episodes which occurred in the life of a kind of wandering Jew called Abou-Zeïd, and which are related by his friend Hareth-ben-Hamman. A very fine Persian manuscript is on exhibition in one of the show-cases in the Astor Library in this city.

FRÉDÉRIC VORS.

NOTES ON PORCELAIN.

PORCELAIN, or china as it is commonly called, can be distinguished from pottery, or faïence, by holding it against a strong light. Porcelain will then appear *translucent*, pottery, or earthenware, *opaque*. According to the relative hardness of the paste after firing, porcelain is divided into hard-paste porcelain and soft-paste porcelain. Hard-paste porcelain can only with difficulty be scratched with a file or a steel point, has a semi-vitreous fracture, and will stand without injury sudden alternations of high and low temperature. It feels cold to the touch, and is bluish milk-white. The rims or projecting rings upon which specimens of hard-paste porcelain rest are generally left without glaze, which affords a ready method to distinguish them from specimens of soft-paste porcelain.

Soft-paste porcelain is more easily attacked by a file or a steel point, less dense, of a fine porous fracture, feels warm and soapy to the touch, and has a cream-white enamel-like appearance. The supporting rims are generally covered with glaze. The paste after firing is nearly equally translucent and sonorous as hard porcelain.

The different degrees of hardness in hard-paste and soft-paste porcelain are due to different proportions of silica and alkalies in the body. The larger the proportion of silica present, the more compact the resulting porcelain. The average amount of alkaline oxides in oriental porcelain appears to be 6 per cent, in Dresden 6.3 per cent, in Bristol 4 per cent, with about 60 to 65 per cent silica and 30 per cent alumina. The soft English porcelains often contain no less than 33 per cent of alkaline matters, with only 40 per cent of silica and 25 of alumina. Soft porcelain is an artificial combination of an alkaline flux with bone-ash, sand, chalk, or gypsum. Hard porcelain is composed of *kaolin* and *petunse*, both natural products. *Kaolin* alone would form an opaque body, but by the admixture of a perfectly transparent substance, *petunse*—called "moorstone," or "china-stone" in England—the paste is rendered capable of transmitting light.

CERAMICS

ARTISTIC DECORATIVE POTTERY.



LATELY a growing taste for the adornment of home interiors has been developed with astonishing rapidity, and the knowledge of artistic decoration which had been for centuries the prerogative of the higher ranks of society is now spreading through all classes. This growth in public intelligence has drawn great attention to pottery, because of the assistance it gives to the home decorator. Pieces of earthenware present an endless variety of color, from the most brilliant hues to the most subdued tints, and these colors are permanently fixed and retain their brilliancy despite the effects of light, dampness, or excessive heat; the sizes and shapes are innumerable, and the prices range from the most modest sums to thousands of dollars. No wonder, then, that pottery should be so popular, and that manufacturers should rival each other in producing the best pieces at the lowest cost.

Many potteries at the present time reproduce the famous wares made in the past. At Copenhagen, for instance, Madame V. Ipsen, a widow, is at the head of a large factory where the antique Grecian, Egyptian, and Etruscan terra cotta vases are carefully reproduced, and sometimes elaborately decorated. The famous Wedgwood also reproduced many antique patterns, among which is the celebrated Portland vase, which was originally in the Barberini collection; and when Flaxman, the artist, assisted him by furnishing the designs which have made the name of Wedgwood so familiar, we find in all of them the influence of the pure taste of the ancient Greeks applied even to the ordinary teapot shown in our illustration. Everybody knows the blue or gray ware, with delicate white figures on it, producing the effect of cameos. This ware, technically called Wedgwood jasper, is always pleasing and decorative. The factory originally started by old Josiah Wedgwood now turns out many different styles of work, and has recently revived an old-fashioned porcelain with a light buff ground, known as the "Queen's ware," because the first set made was purchased by Queen Charlotte for her own use.

The Terra Cotta Company of Watcombe, near Torquay, the celebrated bathing place in Devonshire,



WORCESTER TEAPOT AND STAND.

makes terra cotta ware both decorated and plain. The light-tinted clay that they use is so fine that it enables them to make baskets of flowers as delicately modelled as if made of wax. They also imitate the ancient Etruscan ware. The Lambeth pottery, under the able management of the Messrs. Doulton, is established on a spot where once stood a factory of "stone ware and delft," established in the seventeenth century by some Dutch emigrants. The particular nature of the clay enables the manufacturers to imitate admirably the old Flemish stone ware. The warm brown tint of this ware is relieved by two distinct methods of decoration. The one consists in scratching lines on the clay before it is baked, and is termed "scrafito;" in the other the decoration is produced by drops of colored enamel, usually blue and white, and is called "jewelled." Miss H. Barlow has acquired a great reputation by her sketches of animals done in "scrafito" on the Doulton ware. To give more prominence to the work, a dark glaze is run over the piece, which naturally settles more thickly in the cuts than on the smooth surfaces. The jug in the illustration is partly decorated with



MINTON DISH, DECORATED BY SOLON.

ornament modelled in the clay and partly "jewelled." The Doulton works have also produced within the last few years what is termed the Lambeth artistic faïence, which they claim is decorated by the same methods as the old majolica. This may be, but the result is very different; the colors of the Lambeth ware are generally dull, browns and yellows predominating. One of their artists, Mr. Bennett, has immigrated to New York, and has certainly improved very much, both on his first productions and on those of the English factory, though he retains the same general manner of treatment. Pitchers, tankards, beer mugs, vases (some of which are especially designed to hold flowers on church altars), and many other fancy pieces are made at the Lambeth potteries.

The Royal Worcester Porcelain Works have been established since 1751, though it was only in 1788, after a visit from the king, that they took the title of Royal and added the crown to their trade-mark. Their extensive works produce every article imaginable that can be made of porcelain. One of their specialties is the "ivory porcelain," an exquisite ware of a creamy white and unglazed, resembling closely in aspect and texture the tusk of the elephant. The forms are generally oriental, and the decoration, in gold of different colors or in low tints, produces admi-



CROWN DERBY CUP AND SAUCER.

rably the effect of Japanese lacquer work. The teapot with stand in the illustration is a good specimen of their style. Another specialty of this manufacture is "reticulated porcelain." In pieces of this description there are two thicknesses of porcelain a certain distance apart; the outer one is cut into a very delicate honeycomb net-work. It is unnecessary to dwell on the risk and difficulty of making such pieces, which, though rarely of large dimensions, are always expensive, a small teapot, for instance, costing $80.

The works of Minton & Co., at Stoke-upon-Trent, have existed since 1790. They produce the most varied collection of articles imaginable, from large rustic stands and jardinières and life-size birds and animals for the decoration of gardens and conservatories, down to the most delicate trifles for étagères or cabinets. Since 1850 they have made the "English majolica," which has a higher glaze and stronger coloring than the Italian. They employ some of the most celebrated decorators, and Solon, who decorates his wares with transparent white, cameo-like figures, made in "pâte-sur-pâte," or by applying one layer of paste upon another and then scraping them down, has obtained fabulous prices for his productions. The engraving of a dish decorated by Solon illustrates this peculiar method of ornamentation, and also the poetical subjects he always uses for his central motives.

Messrs. Brown-Westhead, Moore & Co., of Cauldron Place, in Staffordshire, are now imitating the style of



WEDGWOOD JASPER TEAPOT.

Solon, using white on a dark green ground. Though far below the originator of the style, this firm pro-

duces some very good work of about medium price. The Mintons are also well known as manufacturers of tiles and tile slabs, and make a specialty of expensive dinner plates. Maw & Co., of Moseley, are also large tile makers.

Copeland & Co. are likewise well-known manufacturers. The founder of the house was William Copeland, a partner of Josiah Spode. They manufacture fine porcelain of unsurpassed quality, including dinner ware and cups and saucers. Their jewelled porcelain, which looks as if it was studded with gems, is expensive, but fascinating. They manufacture also Parian statuary in large quantities, and employ an extensive corps of artists, the decoration on their pieces often being admirable.

The Derby works, which, soon after their foundation, incorporated the Bow and the Chelsea potteries, have revived their old style of manufacture and retain the old name of Crown Derby, to which they have been entitled since the visit of the king in 1773. Their pieces are remarkable on account of the strong effects obtained with red, blue, and gold. Sometimes the ground is left white and very delicate tracery used for ornaments. The cup and saucer in the engraving are of this type of manufacture.

In France the principal manufactories which reproduce the old styles of faïence, for which Moustiers, Nevers, Rouen, Marseilles, and many other places were so celebrated, are at Gien, in the Loiret, at Nancy, where the celebrated earth of St. Clément is used, and at Blois. These factories also produce new wares of some merit. Barbizet & Son make a specialty of reproducing the quaint works of Bernard Palissy,



DOULTON JUG.

the "inventeur des figulines du Roy," and have done so very successfully. The fish, sea-weeds, snakes, and shells are as slippery and life-like as in the pieces of the old master. They have also skilfully adapted these colored glazes to decorating statuettes in a charming manner. The most popular are a pair of "incroyables" of 1793, and two old soldiers in uniforms of the time of Napoleon I.

The discovery some years ago of a certain composition, containing oxide of iron, which acts as a "repellant" for melted enamel, that is to say, forms a boundary line over which the enamel does not pass, caused a revolution in the method of decorating earthenware. The colors inside of the outlines painted with this composition assume a form which cannot be better indicated than by the name given by the workmen—that is, "tallow-drop." The resemblance of the method to that used in preparing certain pieces of enamel caused the ware to be named "cloisonné faïence." Collinot, at Auteuil, first manufactured it, and adopted in general oriental designs. Parvillée, the well-known author of an important work on Moorish and Turkish ornamentation, with the help of his sons produced some magnificent pieces, but they were extremely expensive, the vases costing several hundred dollars a pair. Collinot's productions were also exceedingly expensive. At the present time, Vieillard, at Bordeaux, reproduces the style of Parvillée and other oriental styles with great success and at very moderate prices. This house makes large pieces for wall decoration of exquisite design. A factory at Longwy did for Collinot what Vieillard did for Parvillée, and turns out exquisite "faïence cloisonné" at extremely moderate prices.

Pillevuyt, Bourgeois, Gibus, Houry, the Havilands at Limoges, and many others, produce pieces of merit. Another manufacturer worthy of attention is T. Deck. He was one of the first, if not the very first, to start the revival of pottery manufacture in France. He applied himself successfully to produce the magnificent colored glazes which the Chinese and the Japanese use with so much skill and talent, and his productions at once ranked with the best in quality and in price. Like the other leaders of the movement he has found imitators, and the Longwy factory reproduces his glazes in a wonderful manner and at a reduced price. The plaque of which we give an illustration is painted on a gold ground under the glaze; this gilding is one of the difficulties which Deck's perseverance has conquered. Plaques of this kind, measuring from two feet six inches to three feet across, are sold by him for about $1000.

The most important innovation made in modern earthenware is known as "faïence artistique." A painter in oils named Chapelet found that by mixing mineral or enamel colors with very fine clay, or "barbotine" as it is technically called, and painting on unbaked clay, he could produce all the effects of oil-painting. Laurin, a potter who has a factory at Bourg-la-Reine, near Paris, was the first to produce some vases and plaques decorated in this way, but soon the secret escaped and the Havilands started a branch of their Limoges factory at Auteuil, near enough to Paris to avail themselves of the Parisian talent, and quickly produced magnificent pieces signed with well-known names. They added modelling to the decoration, and fruits and flowers, nymphs and cupids, in high relief, adorn the vases. As these pass directly from the hands of the artist to the baking kiln, they lose none of their strength and freshness, as would be the case if they had to go through the mechanical processes of moulding and mounting. Charming effects are produced by leaving the flesh parts that are uncovered of the natural tint of the terra cotta, and only coloring the draperies. The vase in our illustration, made by Haviland & Co., and painted by Mme. Camille Moreau, is in the Museum of Ceramics of Limoges. At the present day many manufacturers produce this style of work; the most important are Bourgeois at Choisy-le-Roi, and Thoron at Sèvres. In America, Miss McLaughlin and Mrs. Plimpton of Cincinnati have produced some very creditable work.

In the present article we have merely touched upon the subject of artistic decorative pottery with special reference to some of the wares which are now most popular in this country; but even in this limited field much has been left unsaid which might have been added but for the small space at our command.

CURIO.



HAVILAND VASE. DECORATED BY MOREAU.

THE mineral decalcomanie which Messrs. Palm & Fechteler are importing from Germany when transferred to china is imperishable, and so closely resembles actual hand-painting that it takes an expert to detect it. We hear that some young ladies who have failed to learn how to paint on china are using this transfer process and delighting their credulous friends by the results of their talent and industry,

DECORATION & FURNITURE

DRAWING-ROOM FASHIONS.

IT by no means follows because a lady's drawing-room is not arranged and decorated in the height of the prevailing fashion that she is not possessed of good artistic taste. The charm of old associations is often more powerful than that of mere novelty. We must agree, however, with a prominent English newspaper authority on such subjects, that the fashions of to-day are, in general at least, "more artistic and beautiful than were those of yesterday." Take, for instance, says this journal, a drawing-room timepiece; it is no longer considered the thing to display on the centre of a mantelpiece a large gaudy, ornate, ormolu clock, surmounted by a long-legged nymph pouring gilded water from an overturned pitcher, preserved from the dust or the flies by a still larger glass shade. These French clocks, which were often fancied as wedding presents, are now never seen in a well-arranged fashionable drawing-room, and have departed to other regions in company with the cut-glass lustres and the alabaster statuettes under glass shades, by which the timepiece was supported on either side, and which formed the only ornaments of the mantelpiece. These heavy, cumbersome articles are now replaced by anything quaint, original, pretty, or beautiful in the way of Dresden or Chelsea china, Wedgwood or Minton wares, Worcester or Japanese, anything antique, or anything modern; but whatever the ornament, whether large or small, it is never placed under a glass shade, but stands on the velvet mantelboard, and it is not by any means necessary that these ornaments should go in pairs.

The best mantelboards are straight ones, with a deep border of lace, and nails and fringe are out of date. Heavy gold-framed mantelpiece mirrors, topped with a heavy cornice, are not purchased to-day; and those ladies who can discard them either modify the frames to a small gold beading or velvet band, so as not to attract the eye, or, when the rooms are not very large and lofty, oval or octagon-shaped mirrors are preferred in velvet or china frames or Venetian mirrors. Plate-glass mirrors from ceiling to floor are now very little in request in ordinary-sized drawing-rooms; and, indeed, large pier-glasses have rather gone out of fashion than not. It is left to the Parisian hotels to glitter and reflect from their many mirrors.

Fender-stools are considered to be very low, and are inadmissible in a fashionable drawing-room. Hearth-rugs, with full-blown colored flowers or any kind of pattern, are replaced by Persian or sheepskin rugs; black, white, or colored are equally fancied. When the drawing-room floor is a parquet one, it is covered by a variety of these rugs placed about the floor; others have a square carpet in the middle of the room, with only a parquet border. As the heavy cornices are discarded over the mantelpiece mirrors, so are they equally discarded, when possible, over the windows, or reduced to the smallest proportions in the matter of gilding; draperies, or the severe Queen Anne style, being the prevailing mode.

It is now quite a feature to ornament the panels of the drawing-room doors with pictures painted for the purpose and let in under glass, so that the door presents a level surface, the panels being thus filled up; or the panels of the doors are painted with floral designs, and the beadings are painted black, red, blue, or gold to harmonize with the style of decoration.

Some adopt the plan of placing a shelf for china ornaments and china jars at the top of the drawing-room door inside the room. Handsome jars of every description of china are placed upon massive brackets at a considerable height on the walls, so that the jars are but a few inches from the cornice of the ceiling. The much-sought-for blue china jars on red brackets have a good effect. The supports of the mantelpieces are often panelled in the same way as are the doors, and some even panel the shutters of the windows and the walls on either side of the glasses with floral designs, interspersed with birds or arabesques. When the glasses have narrow bead frames, or when the glasses are let into the walls in small recesses for the purpose, this panelling looks remarkably well.

Drawing-room chairs (uniform in make and covering), usually of walnut-wood, are no longer the fancy of the hour, and the predilection is for low chairs, spring chairs, divan chairs, wooden chairs, cane chairs, Louis Quatorze chairs, Chippendale chairs, Queen Anne chairs, kitchen chairs, Windsor chairs—in fact, every kind of chair. The Windsor and kitchen chairs are rendered acceptable in the drawing-room by being painted black and relieved and touched up with gold, and little cushions covered with some thick pretty material are placed on the seats. Gentlemen are rather partial to these substantial-looking chairs when not inclined for one very low, very fragile, or luxurious. Sofas, ottomans, and settees are not covered "en suite" as heretofore, except in large rooms which are used for receptions only, when the family lives principally in boudoirs and morning-rooms. Fancy coverings are mostly preferred, whether costly or inexpensive, stuff or cretonne, dark blue with a crimson border, dark claret with a light green border, dark green with a cream and green border; but nothing incongruous in the way of coloring or covering is introduced. There is one prevailing tone, and all other colors introduced either blend well or contrast well with it. In cretonnes and chintzes for loose cases, again, the idea is variety rather than uniformity, but it is not now the custom to have all the drawing-room chairs and sofas covered in loose chintz or cretonne cases; these covers are rather put on when the family is out of town. When washing materials are used, small patterns are chosen in preference to large, flowery ones, and the same remark applies to carpets, which cannot be of too unobtrusive a character. Some people fancy whole-colored carpets, blues or grays or greens, without any pattern whatever.

Folding screens are a great feature in the drawing-rooms of to-day. They cut off the corners and fill up the angles of rooms, and form a good medium for the display of china and photographs. Among the latest fancies of the day are the bird-screens; storks, wild ducks, and flamingoes are painted at the base of the screens among grasses and tangled weeds on a gold ground; on the upper part of the screens are painted smaller birds, with bright plumage; and leaves and stalks of pampas and other long grasses are painted on one side only—the hinge side, that is to say. Other screens are painted in panels with birds, fruit, and flowers; others are covered in velvets and foreign-looking fabrics or satin, with gold beading; on these screens innumerable photographs are hung, and china plates and small velvet brackets with ornaments of china. Wicker screens, which are placed at the back of writing-tables and other convenient spots, are also ornamented with brackets for holding flowers; sometimes these screens are covered with ivy, and have a tray for flowers.

In the arrangement of the furniture, tables are never placed in the centres of the rooms, but about them at convenient corners or spots. Pianos, when they are not grand, but have backs that require covering, do not stand with these backs against the wall, but the reverse way, the back facing the room across one corner of it, and many are the devices resorted to for rendering these backs pretty and ornamental. Velvet and satin, trimmed with lace, are employed for this purpose, upon which china plates, knick-knacks, and photographs are hung. Cretonne looks well arranged in this manner, with a table covered in velvet standing against it, as some ladies complain that velvet rather muffles the tone of the piano, and prefer something lighter.

It is not considered necessary that the curtains should match the coverings of the furniture of the rooms; indeed, it is in better taste when they do not, as it affords more variety to the eye, the one great thing to be achieved is harmony in place of monotony, agreeable contrasts instead of dreary sameness. The most fashionable curtains are those that have an originality about them, whether of silk, woollen, or cotton texture. Wealthy people indulge in antique brocades, and in new brocades both of oriental Chinese, Japanese, and Indian manufacture; people less wealthy invest in pretty woollen materials, with curious patterns and subdued colors; or in cretonnes or whole-colored curtains of cotton materials, arranged with a contrasting border; but the things to be avoided in the way of curtains are the stereotyped plain or striped reps and damasks, with ubiquitous border to match.

Every variety of stuff is indulged in for portières, from satin, silk, and velvet to homespun, with linings from China crêpe to cotton. Curtains of lace are often added and placed inside these portière curtains, but no one possessing any idea of the fitness of things would have curtains of lace or muslin unsupported by something more substantial. Portières are made a great feature in some drawing-rooms, and when lofty enough to admit of it, they are finished with handsome valances, hand-painted on silk or beautifully worked in silk. Unused doors are usually draped with curtains of brocade so that the door is not visible, and for the sake of symmetry a corresponding rod and curtains are arranged at a given distance, either on the same or opposite wall.

NOVEL DINNER-TABLE DECORATIONS.

SOME novel decorations at the dinner-table of an English country-house are noticed by a writer in the London Queen. At intervals down the sides of the table one night were placed low, antique brass candlesticks upon small ovals of silvered plate-glass, and surrounded by garlands of maidenhair. Between each of these was a low vase containing one or two flowers of the yellow allamanda, a scarlet geranium, and a good deal of maidenhair. Trails of the fern, geranium, and allamanda, laid on the white cloth, led from each candlestick to the centre of the table, where was an épergne, arranged with allamanda, eucharis, geranium, and various ferns. At each end of the table was a yellow croton in a large brass jardinière. The effect of the scarlet and yellow with the brass ornaments is described as particularly striking, and all was so simply done that the writer thinks that any one might reproduce the effect with very little trouble. Most houses have some brass suitable for the purpose, and any pale yellow and scarlet flowers would do nearly as well as those mentioned. Another evening the table was literally covered with china ornaments. Two large Amstel baskets were at each end of the table, filled with fruit and flowers, tastefully arranged together; and down each side were lovely Dresden figures alternately upright and reclining, each with a basket, which was filled with flowers, the lines being broken half-way down by two large Dresden open-work baskets, with the same arrangement of flowers. A magnificent Dresden centre-piece in the middle was surrounded by small Berlin figures holding china shells full of bonbons and comfits; trails of fern on the cloth joined each piece of china, and tendrils stretched to all parts of the table from a beautiful Dresden candelabrum suspended from the ceiling over the centre-piece. Of course, it is not given to everyone to possess so much cabinet china that they can use it for the dining-room without its absence from its usual place being noticed. No special arrangement of flowers was used in this design, except that all were stove blossoms of the rarer kind; but for this very reason particular care and taste were required for the grouping of the colors. A trellis-work all over the

table, formed of sprays of winter jessamine, with a flower of the pink anemone japonica at each corner of the square, is described as very pretty, and one night a novel effect was produced by hanging wreaths and garlands from some tall bronze figures, these forming part of an elaborate design of foliage plants and colored leaves. A curious and beautiful centre-piece was made for this device with a set of pink Chinese soapstones, which held bonbons and were surrounded with flowers. In a more ordinary style, but a very lovely one, was a device of dark red roses, white lilies, and Adiantum farliense. These were arranged in three great bowls, the centre being the largest, and the other two at each end of the table; among the dishes were laid labyrinths of fern and young rose-leaves, small petals of pale pink roses being strewn along these borders of green, and the design being marked out by little nests of moss and fern, with one white lily on the top. The silvered plate-glass, mentioned above, covered with water-lilies is very pretty—the reflection of the flowers, leaves, and buds being most effective.

CHIMNEY-BOARD VALANCE.

THIS tasteful design is shown in miniature in Fig. 1, and of the full working size in Fig. 2. The material is plush and the appliqués are satin, sewed down at the edges with a narrow fancy silk passementerie. The scallops at the edge are buttonholed and ornamented with fringe to match. This valance looks particularly well made of light claret plush with appliqués of old-gold satin and passementerie, in which the two hues are combined. The colors should accord, of course, however, with those in which the room is upholstered.

EMBROIDERY IN FLOSS SILK.

THE materials required for this work are: a well-chosen foundation, a frame in which to fix it (if the object of the work allows), and a bundle of skeins of different-colored floss silks. The work can be done with any ordinary coarse needle (about 4 or 5), provided the eye be large enough to thread with the silk.

The foundation may be either silk, satin, fine cloth, velvet, linen, or any other material that is neither too loosely woven, on the one hand, nor too hard and close, on the other. A soft but substantial gros-grain or ribbed silk is the best, if a silk foundation be chosen. Moiré is apt to pucker, and Persian silk is too loose to work upon. The first process in starting a piece of embroidery is to fix the foundation firmly in the frame, taking care to stretch it to an equal tightness throughout.

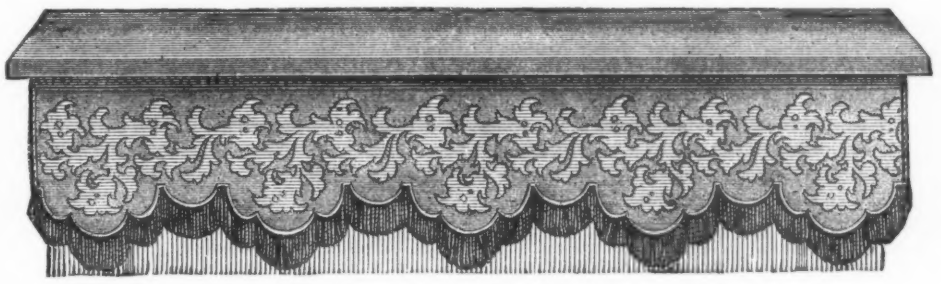


FIG. 1. DESIGN FOR CHIMNEY-BOARD VALANCE.

It is very necessary to select a suitable variety of colored silks. A large proportion of dull shades should be chosen, which will harmonize when brought into contact, and which will give the work the richness of coloring seen in old brocades, etc. A few bright shades may, however, be introduced with advantage. Faded salmon-color is very useful, and may be used with safety, as it blends with all the other tints throughout the work, and gives a mellowness to the whole. For stalks and leaves (in flower patterns), dull sage-greens and yellow-browns—the "feuille morte" shades of the present day—should be used. For flowers themselves, deep Turkey-red, indigo-blue, and dull peach are good colors, and look well with gold or bright yellow centres. But on this subject no actual rule can of course be given; it must be done entirely according to taste. If a flower have six or more petals, four should be of the local color; the other two may be worked in white, or any other pale shade that corresponds, for the sake of variety and to mark where the light falls. For leaves, one shade only is generally sufficient. Rich browns have the best effect for stalks; a dark shade if the ground be light, and an ochre or cinnamon tint if dark.

The kind of patterns seen in the best old silk embroidery are either rambling, somewhat grotesque flower patterns, or else formal scroll devices. Both these are equally handsome in a different way.

FRENCH CURTAINS.

AMONG the French novelties are transparent colored curtains of Madras cloth in bright colors and designs, that are brought out most effectively when the light shines through them. Another novelty is white batiste curtains, a soft muslin fabric in square meshes like grenadine, and with wide lace-like stripes. These are either trimmed with antique lace, or are edged with painted borders. Other curtains have plain batiste centres, with insertion and edging of antique lace, or else of yak lace. Such curtains of striped, sprigged, or dotted muslin, gathered and arranged close against the sash to move with it, are also much used in France for bedroom and basement windows, and for vestibules. Dark green silk cur-

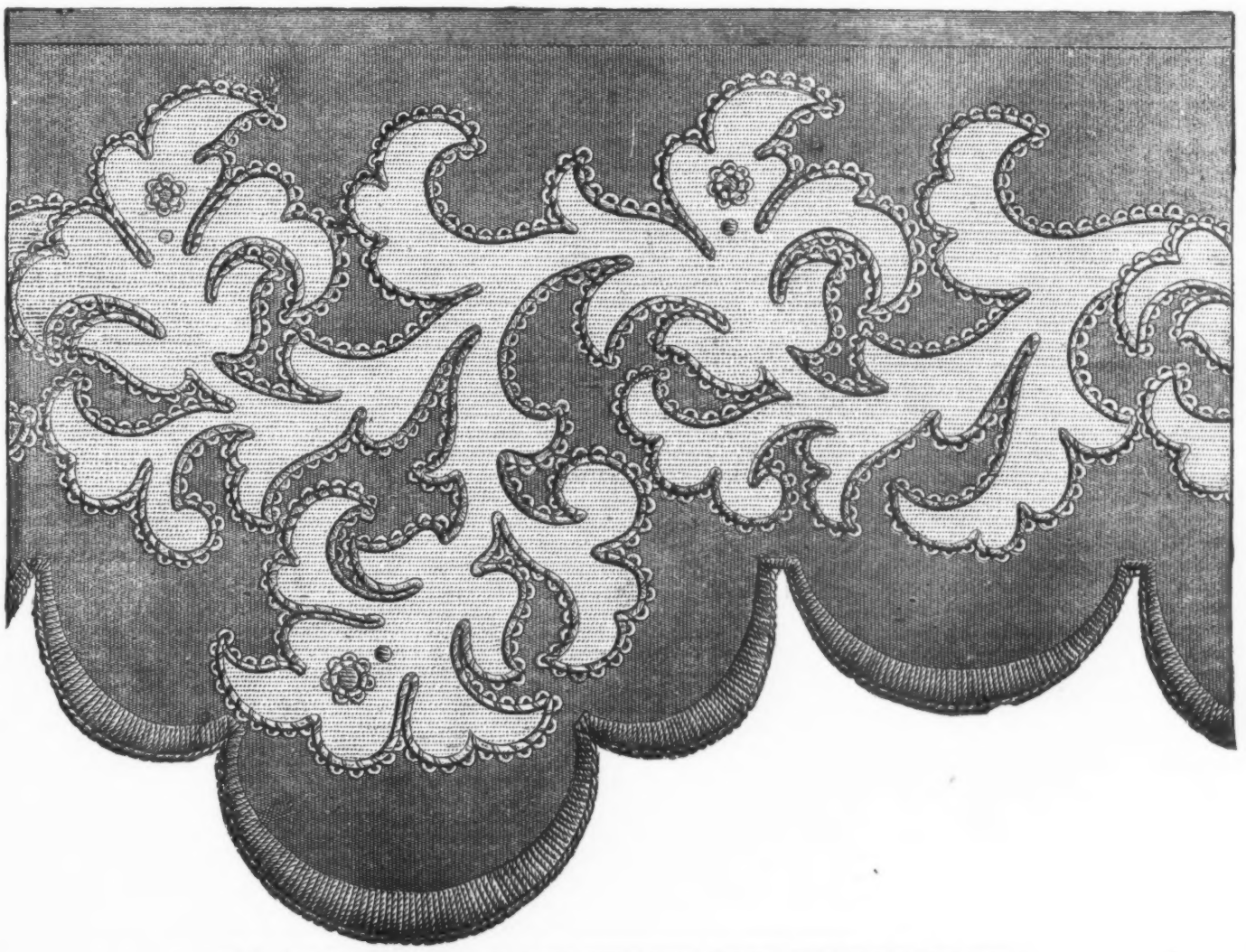


FIG. 2. FULL SIZE WORKING PATTERN OF THE CHIMNEY-BOARD VALANCE, SHOWN IN MINIATURE ABOVE.

tains are used in the same way in the summer for darkening rooms; these take the place of white and écru and Indian red blinds. Two long flowing curtains of tapestry, plush, or other rich fabric, bordered across the top and bottom to match the furniture, are selected for grand drawing-rooms. They are strung on poles, or else they hang from a cornice that is built in the wall. Cretonne valances, very much festooned, and edged with ball fringe, are put above muslin or striped lace curtains in country houses. Curtains for some special rooms may be specified as follows:

BEDROOM CURTAIN.—In either muslin, chintz, cretonne, or washing silk; it is bordered by a ruching, which, on the lower edge, surmounts a flounce. The heading is concealed by a bouillonné, ornamented with a satin bow; holders to match.

BOUDOIR CURTAINS.—Overlapping curtains of Swiss or Madras muslin, trimmed with a goffered flounce, which also composes the holders. Double curtains in twilled silk, foulard, or satin, with a wide band of pomegranate embroidery or appliqué work. The outlining cord, of mixed colors, edge also the head galloon, and forms trefoils on the box plaits. Between the curtains falls a narrow valance, with fringe and heavy tassels to match the cordelières.

DINING-ROOM CURTAINS.—In serge, satin cloth, or plush, finished with a fringe in alternate coils and tiny balls harmonizing with the cord and tassels; shaped silk holders, either plain, embroidered, or, newer still, of painted ribbon. Carved cornice, supporting a flat mediæval valance, with side peaks inclosed between two box plaits.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE plaque of Diana (Fig. 1), by Prof. Camille Piton, given in our supplement this month, will be found a suitable companion for that of Apollo, in the September number of THE ART AMATEUR. The sky is bluish gray; the color is made by mixing ultramarine and raven black. Scratch the stars out sharply with a penknife. The moon also is the white of the porcelain. The goddess may be gray, according to the strength of the grounding. Her hair is black (brown and black), and her drapery violet (violet of gold). The outlines are black.

The Japanese plaque design (Fig. 2), also by Prof. Piton, furnishes a variety of decorative motives suitable for embroidery, china-painting, or etching on linen. The other Japanese design (Fig. 5), representing a warrior suddenly assailed by a bird, is intended for tile decoration.

The needlework designs, including an ingenious monogram of the name Augusta (Figs. 3 and 4), require no special explanation.

AMATEUR LACEWORK.

THE following information will tell our correspondent "Selma" what she wants to know: "You will require a small cushion, not the square kind used for pillow lace, but one three times as long as it is broad. A very small hassock, similar to those used in churches, does very well for the purpose, covered with strong glazed Holland. It must be weighted with lead, and can be plainly covered, or can be made very pretty with blue silk. You must also have pins with colored heads, and unbleached linen thread to work with. Pin double lines to work upon from top to bottom lengthways; cut each skein once, and pass the ends of each separate thread under the line, drawing it through the loop. The knotting together forms the lace, the principal thread having each thread worked twice on it. Lessons can be given at most fancy shops. It is very easy to do; but descriptions cannot give a fair idea of this really pretty work, which is an old Italian style of lace-making, and long ago was much used for decorative purposes. It was introduced into England in the reign of Charles II." In England this beautiful work is still quite popular. Hardly anything produces a richer effect than macramé lace over silk velvet as a covering for a mantel-board.

Some admirable work just now is being done by amateur lace-makers; but there are ear-marks to it which make it easily distinguishable from old lace to the eyes of an expert. This difference is chiefly in pattern. The distinction between the patterns now used for point lace and the old specimens is that, while the modern lace consists of an exact and continuous repetition of a design, which is contained in four or five inches of space, the old lace displays a constant variety and change in the pattern throughout the entire length of the piece; there is also a freedom and originality in the design which constitutes its chief beauty. In this consists the superiority of *hand* over *machine* made lace. The iron machinery can repeat net-work stitches by the million, with greater precision and rapidity than any fair fingers can attain, but at best such repetition is tedious to the eye. The charm of variety and the beauty of novelty can only be found in the work of skilled hands, guided by fanciful minds, and not in the productions of iron wheels set agoing by steam. In order to a complete restoration of the art of point-lace making, each worker should design and amplify the pattern as the work progresses; but this would require an amount of invention not possessed by many.

IN a large and artistically arranged English country-house, the owner, who was a great traveller, having seen many things in many lands, had the wall separating the two long drawing-rooms removed, and in place of folding doors or portière curtains, the space was filled in with one large sheet of unsilvered plate glass, leaving space of the size of an arched doorway on one side over which a handsome portière was draped. Thus a long unbroken vista was gained on entering the first drawing-room, terminating with a conservatory, without detracting from the warmth and convenience offered by having two drawing-rooms. Settees and lounges were arranged on either side of this glass screen, as they would be in the centre of a long drawing-room; so there was no fear of inadvertently attempting to walk through it.

Decorative Art Notes.

An improved sort of spatter-work has lately been devised abroad, where boxes have been prepared, containing a regular collection of cardboard flowers and foliage; these do not require much delicacy of touch, and are easily pinned. The ground may be either splashed or washed over with contrasting color; then leaves and flowers are removed, and the veining, stamens, and other finishing touches are put in with a fine brush. Such an easy method calls for no previous knowledge of painting, and is far more ornamental than the plain ink spattering; by its means cushions, panels, and various medaliions can be got up.

Some new and peculiar but pretty hand screens are of French origin. Slightly oval-shaped, they are composed of a kind of coarse open linen, very similar to that used by cheese-makers and pastry-cooks. On this material a landscape is wrought in very fine wool, intermingled with chenille or silk, and in the foreground stand in relief and in graceful attitudes small figures dressed up like dolls in the richest materials, their heads and hands being in painted cardboard. The subjects generally chosen as most picturesque are outdoor scenes, with shepherdesses and peasants. In other screens of satin cloth, the figures are merely placed in the centre with no surroundings. The dressing and gumming of these dolls is not easy; it requires an artistic taste and very deft fingering, which gives a certain value to such knick-knacks.

Old-gold and blue, claret and old-gold, light blue and brown, are good mixtures for sofa blankets.

Old corks may be put to some quaint ornamental uses. Cork baskets are made by breaking up corks, threading the pieces on wire, and winding them round boxes and strawberry baskets. To make rustic cork boxes cut old wine corks into thin rounds, and each round into six pieces. Thread them, and plait eight for the outside and six for the inside, and when varnished this resembles leather. An ingenious walking stick may be made by stringing corks on a stiff wire and carving them with a sharp knife.

Charming mats are contrived with Japanese squares of embroidery, lining them with red twill and inserting a padding of perfumed wadding, double folds of flannel, or swansdown. A variegated chintz-galloon not only binds the edge, but projects beyond in inch-wide scallops of waved, fringe-like loops. The whole is set off by fluffy tassels, sewn on underneath in order to spread flat on the table.

Large stands of glass, three feet high, filled with grasses or flowers, form a favorite corner-piece in many English drawing-rooms.

An English lady, struck with the beautiful effect of painting in oil colors on gilding, resolved to try the experiment on pottery. She accordingly procured some earthenware saucers about fourteen inches in diameter, made for her especially, washed them with soap and water mixed with a little soda, and then laid on a thin coating of gilder's size; when quite dry (which was in about twenty-four hours), a thick coat of flake-white oil color was added, carefully smoothed and softened down with a badger-hair softener, and when dry another coating of size. In a day or two it was ready to receive the gilding. She found the best way of gilding was to procure a book of leaf gold, and instead of applying it with a brush to take one of the blank leaves from the book, rub it over with white wax, press it slightly on the gold, which will adhere to it, then apply the leaf to the sized saucer with a smooth even pressure, and detach the blank leaf, which will come off easily, leaving the gold on the saucer, repeating the process until every part is covered. One of her pupils painted a landscape with figures on one of these saucers, first prepared by sizing and covering it over with flake white, proceeding as on canvas, and afterwards putting on two coats of white hard spirit varnish, leaving a margin of four inches gilded. These saucers proved very ornamental for standing in a glass cabinet, or for wall decorations.

A novel and pretty tea-tablecloth is made of cream oatmeal cloth, edged with thick, fashionable lace, and, above, four or five rows of different colored satin ribbons, about an inch and a half wide, stitched on at a little space from each other, each ornamented at the edges with herring-bone stitches of silk of the same color as the ribbon. This is a bright, easy style of ornamentation, and has a very pretty effect. If several colors are not liked, the bands may be all of the same. Plain oatmeal cloth, with a deep lace fall and large colored satin bows at the corners, looks well.

A new cover for a footstool is worked in ordinary cross-stitch on canvas with field flowers; the novelty is the grounding, which consists of a silk cross-stitch and a bead alternately.

Miss S. L. Phelps has recently painted to private order a cup and saucer of great beauty. A tangle of ox-lips and marguerites, supporting the handle of the cup and extending on either side to the front, which bears the monogram of the owner, is on a ground of delicate blue. The edges of the cup and saucer are gilt. The work is creditable in every way to the lady, and has been much admired.

At the rooms of Mr. Watson, the art collector, in Union Square, there is an oxidized silver medallion of Sara Bernhard, from the original by Louise Abbema, of which a drawing was given on the front page of the August number of THE ART AMATEUR.

Some admirable specimens of painting on silk have recently been done by Mr. Charles A. Chapin for his own amusement. He should give the benefit of his experience to some of those amateurs who need instruction in this charming work. The greatest of the old masters did not consider the practice of decorative art below their dignity, and there is no reason why our modern artists should think it derogatory to theirs.

A recent and very curious application of the art of wood-carving is to be met with in a fashionable French shoe. This is made in various woods, as cedar or rosewood, and modelled in the shape of the wooden shoes worn by the peasantry of France. The new artistic "sabot, however, is not only an example of beautiful carving, but is farther adorned by steel knobs and various settings of silver and other metals.

R. P. Pullan has prepared and placed on exhibition in London a design for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is proposed to divide the inner surface of the dome above the windows into eight sections by means of richly decorated ribs of an architectural character. These ribs, which converge toward the centre, will spring from thrones on which are seated figures of prophets about three times the life-size, and over each throne there will be a standing angel. The spaces between the ribs will be filled in the lower parts by an architectural composition, above which the space will be filled with a multitude of angels on a blue ground. On the top of the upper dome, but imperfectly visible through the eye of the lower, the Holy Lamb on a gold ground will be painted.

An English writer describes the making of "sea-weed doyleys" as follows: "I put the pieces of sea-weed into a large basin of water, so that they spread out in full beauty. I then slipped a piece of net on paper underneath and lifted it gradually out of the water. I placed the whole between blotting-paper between weights and left it for a day or two. When quite dry I removed the paper underneath the net, cut the net into a circular shape, and added an edge of very fine lace with a needle and thread. No gum is required. The sea-weed looks well on pink or blue net."

Modern requirements have created many articles of virtu and use which could be embellished with ceramic paintings. Panels and medallions for inlaying furniture ought to receive more attention than hitherto. Small medallions and plaques may be applied to blotting-books, envelope-boxes, stationery and card-cases, postage scales, and door-plates, or inlaid in the tops of walking-sticks, in umbrella and parasol handles, in door knobs and smelling bottles. A multitude of articles in common use can be beautifully and advantageously decorated in this way.

The MUSICAL AMATEUR



ON PIANO-PLAYING.

THREE things go to make a perfect piano-player; three things, that is, outside of God-given talent, which cannot be acquired. These three things are "tone," "velocity," and "clearness." From a long and careful study of the great pianists who have visited our country, I have come to the conclusion that any two of these can be acquired, but that the three together are never found, and are perhaps unattainable. Rubinstein had "tone" and "velocity," but not "clearness;" Von Bülow, "velocity" and "clearness," but not "tone;" Essipoff, the same as Von Bülow; Rummel, the same as Rubinstein (whom as a pianist he greatly resembles); Joseffy, the same as Von Bülow (with the addition of poetry, which Von Bülow lacked); our own S. B. Mills has "tone" and "clearness," but not "velocity." I have been vehemently fought by Mills' friends on this latter statement, but it is easily susceptible of proof. Let any one metronomize a composition performed by Joseffy, for example, and the same as rendered by Mills; and it will be found that Mills is from one seventh to one fifth slower in his "tempi" than Joseffy. Mills' large "tone" deceives the ear into believing that he uses more velocity than he does; it so fills the air and binds the notes of a passage together that it produces the impression of velocity without the fact.

Of course, in using the terms "tone," "velocity," and "clearness," I use them in their most extreme sense; I mean in each case the acme of "tone," of "velocity," of "clearness." And when I say that even a great pianist can have but two of the three, I mean he can have but two in perfection; he would be no great pianist if he had not also a large proportion of the third element.

Now, our amateur pianists usually make the mistake of sacrificing all things to "velocity;" the exceptions are rare. And in their strivings after this end, "tone" suffers considerably, and "clearness" is generally sacrificed entirely.

The causes of this fault are various. First in order comes, undoubtedly, the abominable work dignified by the name of "teaching," and doled out to misguided pupils at starvation rates by a crowd of needy men and women, either untaught themselves or careless of their pupils. The finest teacher in the world could not afford to undergo the nerve and brain wear necessarily resulting from honest and analytical teaching for the eight, ten, or fifteen dollars per quarter charged by these worse than charlatans. Worse, because hopeless; and hopeless because their very ignorance makes it impossible to show them that they are ignorant. Next comes the generally received impression that a cheap teacher and cheap instrument (and "cheap" in both these cases means always "bad") will do for a pupil to begin with. It seems impossible to make people see that the beginning is the very time when the best of both should be provided. As well might one undertake to erect a good house upon a bad foundation as to make a good player out of one badly taught at the commencement. If a good teacher is a luxury which can only be indulged in for a short time, by all means have that luxury to start with. After eight or ten quarters from a really good teacher, the pupil should be able to continue with comparatively little assistance; at any rate, a good position of fingers, hands, and arms will by that time have become so much a second nature that the pupil will be in little danger of losing it. As for the instrument, there are enough difficulties in the path of a beginner without unnecessarily increasing them by providing him with bad material to work on. The first steps in piano-playing are heart-breaking and patience-trying enough under the most advantageous circumstances, and it is the height of folly to make them more so.

A third cause may be found in the unwise impatience of the parents and friends of the pupil; and the better and more thorough the teacher, the more he will suffer from this. This is a point on which I speak feelingly, for I have gone through many a disagreeable experience from this cause alone. At one time I became roused to such a pitch of determination by unwise interference and complaints that I refused to accept any beginner unless bound to me for three years; and the few who accepted this condition found no cause for complaint when the stipulated time had passed. Parents and friends very naturally cannot see either the intention or the results of continued scale and exercise practice. "Susan Smith plays the 'Maiden's Prayer,' and she has only had two quarters' lessons; my child has been studying a year and you give her only one or two pieces, and they are so easy that there is no show about them." It is in vain that the teacher responds that he does not want his pupil to play the "Maiden's Prayer," and that if he did he would not give it to her yet, for she is not ready for it. In vain does he point out that the simple pieces his pupil plays are performed with finish, with good tone and in good taste, whereas Miss Smith's execution of the "Maiden's Prayer" is truly an "execution" in the wrong sense of the word. All this the parent cannot see. Miss Smith makes a show and her child does not. What is the teacher to do? If he be a poor man, whose bread and butter depend upon the immediate pecuniary results of his teaching, he must give way; the pupil is spoilt, the teacher misjudged by those who know, and the parent beholds the ruin of what might have been a good pianist with satisfaction and pride.
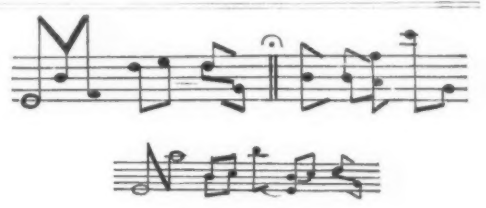
A fourth cause lies in the pupils themselves. As I have already said, the beginnings of a proper study of the piano are tiring, uninteresting, and exacting; and the student has frequently to spend weeks on studies the use or aim of which he cannot be made to understand. As a natural consequence they are slighted, or entirely neglected, while the pupil scrambles through the more melodious of his exercises, or through pieces surreptitiously obtained and carefully hidden from the knowledge of the teacher, who, unless he has had experience enough to open his eyes to this favorite deception of impatient pupils, wonders how it is that his carefully taught and apparently industrious scholar makes such very slow progress. Here is where the parent *should* step in and give to the teacher the aid of his influence.

A pupil must frequently be content to study in faith a great deal of which he cannot at present see the use. It is not interesting nor amusing to spend every day fifty minutes in slowly and patiently raising a single finger and letting it fall over and over again; carefully watching at each repetition the position of the hand and arm and the action and continued flexibility of the muscles. Yet this is a necessary—an indispensable—study. Five minutes on each finger of each hand makes fifty minutes; and at least five minutes should be spent on each finger.

Five-finger exercises, scale practice, and octave practice contain the elements of all good piano-playing; but they are all very uninteresting until a pupil has got far enough to analyze and appreciate his own gradual improvement. Until that time arrives, he must be content to do them as a necessary but unpalatable bit of daily labor.

Finally, and above all things, practise slowly, *very* slowly. No matter how rapidly a composition is intended to be performed, the practice on it must be slow; indeed, the more rapid the intended performance, the slower and more carefully analytic must be the preliminary practice. It is from the neglect of this important rule that we get the muddy runs, uneven passages, and weak trills of our great body of amateur pianists. It is needless to say that every mark of "forte" or "piano," "accellerando" or "ritardando," accent or pause, made by the composer must be rigidly obeyed. *First* get these so thoroughly practised into your piece with the notes that you unconsciously obey them as you play; *then* form your conception of the composition, incorporating these marks; and, if Heaven has intended you for a tone-poet, your performance will then be one of those which make of music a language at once too beautiful and too definite for words.

C. F.



WITHOUT doubt there is considerable dissatisfaction with the Mapleson operatic troupe this year; bitter complaints are made that the public are asked to pay "Nilsson prices" for inferior singers. Why "Nilsson" prices? This complaint shows the wide misapprehension that obtains here on all musical matters. It is undoubtedly quite true that there is no artist in the troupe as sensationally attractive as the much over-appreciated Mme. Nilsson of some seasons ago, or the equally overrated Mme. Gerster of last year; but an opera cannot be honestly represented by any one person, or two, any more than a fine and just performance of a great orchestral work could be given with one good first violin and a surrounding of botchers who can hardly hold their instruments. The "star" business is not only overdone: it should never be done at all—at least in so high a branch of art as opera.

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The company now at the Academy of Music is one well fitted to give opera in a manner thoroughly satisfactory to every musician and to every judicious person; for it is able to give that most important of all points, a perfect *ensemble*. The principals (with, perhaps, one exception) are artistic, painstaking, and fully up to the requirements of every part yet entrusted to them; the seconds are as good as the principals who supported the much-quoted Nilsson; some of them are indeed better, as witness Mme. Lablache, and the chorus and orchestra are excellent in material, thoroughly well trained, and under most competent conductorship. Rehearsals are not spared,

and the concerted music is consequently given in a concerted style—a point never attained here before save by Mapleson's company last year, and Miss Gertrude Corbett's three and a half years ago. Each opera, as presented, becomes for the listener a complete whole; not a succession of scenes in which one or two persons occasionally appear and astonish the public as a relief to a painful stream of incapable endeavors. As a consequence, it is now possible to witness an opera which shall be a steady climax from overture to fall of curtain, when the composer has taken proper care so to write it; and the result is infinitely more artistic and satisfactory than could be the badly supported efforts of the one or two finest and greatest artists in the world.

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There is one possible ground of dissatisfaction with Mapleson's company, though it is hardly one which would occur to the general public or be felt as a serious fault, even if recognized. It is this: Satisfactory as the company is within certain limits, it *has* its limits, and they are rather narrow. It is capable of giving well all the older school of operas, and even the more modern ones up to "Carmen," and, perhaps, "Aida;" but there it must stop. The really modern operas (in style, not chronological order of production), those of Wagner, of Rubinstein, of Goldmark, must never be attempted by the Mapleson troupe. With the exceptions of Campanini and Mme. Lablache, and (possibly) Mlle. Valleria, there are in it no singers who are musically (not vocally) fitted to cope with these. The attempted performances of "Lohengrin" last season fully proved this. All the singers but Campanini and Lablache were overweighted—Gerster was completely crushed—the chorus had evidently much more than it could grapple, and even Arditi, good conductor as he is, showed that he was out of his element, and occasionally floundered about beyond his depth. But so long as the company sticks to the work for which it is fitted, the public will find no cause to complain that it does not receive full value for the money asked of it.

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Mr. Mapleson's troubles with his orchestra are an additional proof (if any were required) of the utter lack of ordinary business principles and even of honesty in the main body of our German musicians. They had, in the first place, no right to sign the contracts they did, if, as they assert, they were against the rules of the tyrannical society to which they are forced to belong; but, having signed them, they had then no right to refuse at the last moment to fulfil them, and thus to force Mr. Mapleson either to agree to their suddenly increased demands or give up his advertised performance. The musicians throw the blame on the society, the society on the musicians. Meanwhile manager, conductor, and public suffer. The opera of "Linda" had to be given the other night without flutes, because, although the flutes were there and had received precisely the same satisfaction as the other members of the orchestra who did play, they refused to go into the orchestra until other demands of theirs were complied with. They doubtless thought that they were doing a brilliant and safe thing, as "Linda" is an opera in which the flutes are of unusual importance. But Arditi proved himself equal to the emergency (no small or ordinary one), and took the performance through safely and satisfactorily without these two important gentlemen.

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It is amusing to see how Mapleson's orchestra musicians have, so to speak, cut their own throats by their late action in the contract and salary matter. They were, according to their contracts, to receive some thirty, and some thirty-five, dollars per week, no matter how many or how few opera performances were given. Under their new understanding they receive seven dollars for each performance. As the ordinary number of opera performances per week is four, it needs no great arithmetical skill to discover that they will now receive only twenty-eight dollars in place of the thirty or thirty-five they would have had had they been honorable enough to keep the engagement they had voluntarily made.

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By the time this number reaches our readers Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, of "Pinafore" fame, D'Oyley Carte (their manager), and the English "Pinafore" company will be already here, and probably at work. Those who have heard this operetta murdered and misrepresented will feel no little interest in seeing it in its original form; but they must go to the performance with the full understanding that they are going to have their previous conceptions of the work very severely upset.

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Of the many ridiculous things done in "Pinafore" in this country, the most ridiculous is making "Cousin Hebe" a pretty, saucy girl. This idea was the outcome of the pitiful vanity of the actress who first took the part here. The original intention is to have "Cousin Hebe" a stiff, prim old maid, corkscrew curled and sharp featured, who clings limpet-like to "Sir Joseph"—greatly to his annoyance—and who finally worries him into marrying her.

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A London paper, which is usually both careful and correct in its statements, speaking of Arthur Sullivan's visit to this country, says that, in addition to any other drawbacks which he may find here, he will have to encounter the bitter opposition of Theodore Thomas. This is excruciatingly funny. The idea that Mr. Thomas will in the slightest way notice either Mr. Sullivan (as a conductor) or his "Pinafore" is about as sensible as would be the declaration that a mouse with a bit of cheese in its mouth was in danger of being robbed by a lion in its vicinity.

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The same paper speaks of Mr. Thomas's "labors in Philadelphia, where he has been settled for the last two years." This will be news for Mr. Thomas. It is amazing how completely English writers, well informed upon other points, are at sea upon the geography of this country. A trifling discrepancy of five hundred or a thousand miles in their statements does not seem to trouble them in the least.

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It is with real regret that I note here the abandonment of the intended Chickering Symphony Soirées. The conductor, Mr. Carlberg, was—in spite of the somewhat severe criticisms bestowed upon him in certain quarters—a welcome addition to our very small list of conductors of classic music. He has an individuality of his own, and gave us some new readings of old works which were interesting and acceptable. His chief point of difference from our other conductors is his possession of a fire and passion almost Italian in intensity. I shall not readily forget the rendering of the slow movement of Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony" under his bâton last season; it was the first time I ever heard an orchestra "phrase" the melody as an artistic singer would have done. An insufficient subscription list is the reason given for this disappointment. CARYL FLORIO.

RECENT MAGAZINE ART ARTICLES.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND AMERICAN ART. V. Wm. Wetmore Story. Ill. Magazine of Art, Oct., 4 pp.
ART EDUCATION, INDUSTRIAL. J. J. Talbot. Penn Mo., Oct., 15 pp.
ART IN LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION. E. S. Crosier. Louisville Mag., Oct., 26 pp.
ART IN THE WORLD, THE OLDEST. W. J. Loftie. Louisville Mag., Oct., 5 pp.
ART, TALKS ON. W. M. Hunt. Dwight's Journal of Music, Sept. 27, Oct. 11, Nov. 8.
ART AND CRITICISM. S. Colvin. (Fortnightly Rev.) Appletons' Jour., Oct., 7 pp.
BUTLER, ELIZABETH ("née" Thompson). Ill. Magazine of Art, Oct., 5 pp.
CASTING IN PLASTER AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS, THE ART OF. W. W. Story. International Rev., Nov., 21 pp.
CERAMICS, DECORATIVE TASTE IN. G. B. Griffith. Ill. Potter's American Mo., Oct., 12 pp.
CERAMIC CLAYS, AMERICAN. Journal of Franklin Institute, Oct.
CHRISTIAN ART. The Van Eycks; Memling; Dürer; Holbein. Catholic World, Nov., 11 pp.
CHRISTIANITY AND ART. Rev. B. Hawley. National Repository, Oct., 2 pp.
CLEANING PAINTINGS, A NEW PROCESS FOR. J. J. Jarves. Art Jour., Oct., 2 pp.
FINISH, AN UNFINISHED DISCUSSION ON. Art Jour., Oct., 4 pp.
FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA. Ill. Magazine of Art, Oct., 4 pp.
FRENCH ART, THE TRADITIONS OF. M. Rondani. Revista Europea, Sept.
FURNITURE, HISTORY OF. XIII. M. Jacquemart. American Cabinet Maker, Sept. 27.
GROSVENOR GALLERY, THE. (Continued.) American Architect, Sept. 20.
JAPANESE ARTIST AT HOME, THE. W. E. Griffis. Leslie's Popular Mo., Nov.
LAMBETH PALACE, SOME PORTRAITS AT. Art Jour., Oct.
OIL PAINTS, PROPERTIES OF. Painter's Mag., Oct., 3 pp.
ORNAMENTATION OF THE HOUSEHOLD AND THE PARIS EXHIBITION. Builder, Oct. 4.
ROMANTIC ART, HEGEL ON. III. Destruction of the Romantic Form of Art. Journal of Speculative Philosophy, Oct., 21 pp.
ROOF DECORATION, THE ARCHITECTURAL PRINCIPLES OF. Builder, Sept. 13, 2 pp.
ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY AND GLASGOW INSTITUTE EXHIBITIONS. Geo. R. Halkett. Ill. Magazine of Art, Oct., 3 pp.
TERRA COTTA IN ARCHITECTURE, THE USE OF. W. Smith. American Builder, Oct.
WALL DECORATIONS IN ENGLAND. Painter's Mag., Oct., 2 pp.

Correspondence.

POLISHING SHELLS—IDENTIFYING JAPANESE VASES.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: You would oblige a subscriber by giving, if it would prove of sufficient interest to your readers, a method of removing the rough integuments adhering to certain shells and polishing them so as to exhibit the exquisite nacrious tints found on most shells with a rough exterior.

I have several vases purchased here by chance (price paid $2.50 per pair) said to be Japanese. They are decorated, red and gold, on a hard white enamel ground, covered with flowers of a warm red (and a laky one) and bright green leaves. There are also branches of pine with spiky leaves. The painting seems similar to that of "faïence cloisonné," that is, each color is circumscribed by a dark line and appears slightly raised or convex. I send you rough pen-and-ink sketches of the form and the factory marks, and shall be much obliged if you will tell me what ware they are.

ED. LIVINGSTON, New Orleans, La.

ANSWER.—The first operation in polishing shells is to remove the outside irregular crust with a knife, a file, sand-paper, or any other convenient means. This crust once taken off and a comparatively smooth surface obtained, finer sand-paper may be used, and after that emery powder and water or rotten-stone. The finishing touch is given with putty powder rubbed on with a cork.

The Japanese vases are of Hizen porcelain, and the inscription indicates the name of their maker to be Fka-Wa. Confusion of names sometimes occurs in classifying Japanese porcelains, from the fact that the three names, Hizen, Arita, and Tmari, are indiscriminately applied to the same ware. Hizen is the name of the province; Arita is the place where most of the potteries are; and Tmari is the port or principal warehouse of the ware. The Arita factories were started in 1510 by Goradayu Schansui, who learned the art in China, and was the first Japanese who made the "Sometzukè," or true blue and white.

A RASH UNDERTAKING.

Editor of the Art Amateur:

SIR: Would it pay me to design a set of plates and have them published at my expense? W., Philadelphia.

ANSWER.—The samples you send us are creditable, but there is not the least probability that you would be able to publish them profitably at your own expense.

PLASTER CASTS FROM LIFE.

Editor of The Art Amateur:

SIR: Please inform me how to proceed to take a cast in plaster from some living object. STELLA, Troy, N. Y.

ANSWER.—Put about a pint of water in a basin, dye it with a color powder (any color will do), and then strew in the plaster with one hand, stirring evenly with the other. When the mixture has about the consistency of thick cream it is ready to work with. Have the hand or foot well oiled to prevent the plaster from adhering to it, place it in the position desired, and pour the mixture over it evenly. When the plaster is crisp take out the hand or foot. Give the mould thus formed a thorough oiling with a soft brush, and then pour in white plaster, mixed in the same way as before, except that the color is of course omitted. When the cast is hardened chisel off the mould with care. The most charming models are babies' hands and feet.

Pretty colored satin puckered napkin-rings, on white elastic about an inch or so in width, are very easy to make and very ornamental when made. The circumference should be six inches. Cut the elastic to this length, stretch it out, sew on the colored ribbons (which should be an inch wider) along each edge of the elastic, then allow it to relapse. The satin will thus looked puffed. Join it into a ring, and add a dainty little bow to hide the joining. Members of the same family could each have their own special color. Another way of making these rings is to cover a piece of cardboard about two inches broad with a piece of rich-looking colored velvet, embroider the edge with a design in gold-colored filoselle, and add stars of the same at distances. A little piece of silk should line the ring before it is joined. Gold perforated cardboard looks well lined with a color, with a button-holed edge of thick silk or shaded wool.

Children's balls are now in great vogue in France. The latest novelty for them is the ribbon dance. Eight ribbons of different colors are attached to a ring in the ceiling. Four girls and four boys hold the ends of the ribbons. The orchestra strikes up, and the eight children dance a measure which enables them to plait the ribbons. The orchestra then starts another measure, the children another step, and the plait is unplaited. Each of the dancers may be dressed according to the color of the ribbon that he or she holds, and the mingling of the colors will be all the more brilliant. The idea might be easily taken for a cotillion figure.

Several Book Reviews and Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably crowded out of this number.

THE FOUR REPRESENTATIVE

European Art Journals.

I.

L'ART: An International Art Journal.

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III.

THE PORTFOLIO.

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